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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
SON of ULYSSES.

By Mons. *FENELON*,
Tutor to the Princes of *France*, Archbishop and
Duke of *Cambray*, and Prince of the *Holy Em-*
pire.

Translated from the *French*,
And illustrated with a compleat Body of *Notes*
Mythological, Historical, Poetical, Chorogra-
phical, and Chronological.

Adorn'd with a beautiful Set of CUTS, engraven
by SCOTIN and FOURDRINIER.

By J. KELLY, of the *Inner Temple*, Esq;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WALTHOE, over-against the *Royal Ex-*
change, in *Cornhill*; and T. WALLER, at the *Crown*
and *Mitre*, over-against *Fetter-Lane*, *Fleet-street*.

M DCC XLIII.

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P R E F A C E.



THE Adventures of Telemachus being written for the Instruction of a Prince who, in all Probability, was to reign over a great Kingdom, the Archbishop has, throughout his Work, endeavour'd to explode the Folly of an unjust Ambition; painted, in lively Colours, the Miseries attendant on War, and by such a Scene, heighten'd the Blessings introduced by Peace, that he might inspire the Mind of his Royal Pupil with a Love of Justice, and with a Tenderness for his future Subjects. As these were his Views, he lays down the sure Methods to make a Prince and People happy at Home, revered and feared Abroad; and shews, in their full Point of Light, the Failings of weak Princes, who, by mistaken Notions of Grandeur, and by stretching their Prerogatives beyond the prescribed Limits of the Law, have made both themselves and Subjects unhappy, and not seldom subverted the Power they were so ambitious to extend. He also shews the Artifices of intriguing and self-interested Courtiers, and exposes to his Pupil the fatal Consequences, which commonly attend a Prince who suffers such designing Men to get an Ascendant over him: and at the same time that he admonishes his Royal Charge of, he prescribes him Rules to avoid, the Danger. Thus the Archbishop's Views seem to be limited to the forming a good and a wise Monarch: These are visibly his primary Intention; but whoever reads his Work attentively, will find it contains excellent Lessons of Morality, adapted to all the different Classes of Men, from the Prince and Courtier to the Peasant and meanest Artificer, not less necessary for the rendering a Nation great and happy, by drawing down the Blessing and Protection of Heaven. The good Prelate also sets to View, on the one Hand, the

P R E F A C E.

Advantages which result from Oeconomy, Trade, and Industry; and on the other, the Ruin introduced by Luxury, and the Vanity of Men, who might live comfortably, would they live prudently; but who rather squander their Fortunes, in Shew and Equipage, to appear what they are not, by a foolish Imitation of the Great and Wealthy: In a Word, our Author endeavours, throughout his Work, to recommend Virtue to the Practice of Men of all Ranks, as the Basis of the Peace and Happiness of a Nation; Blessings, which the wisest and most just Prince cannot procure to his People, without their own Concurrence.

As to the Conduct and the many Excellencies of this Poem, the Chevalier Ramsey has made it needless for me to say any thing: wherefore I shall only add, that I have, in this Version, endeavour'd rather to give the Sense of my Author, than to make a literal Translation, and for that Reason have, sometimes, taken the Liberty of introducing Epithets, which, however, are generally such as are couch'd in the Author's Terms, or tend to rendering the Version more intelligible. I have endeavour'd to imitate his Stile, as much as I could without departing from his Sense, and therefore have often made Use of the poetical, as he himself does, in his Descriptions, but which he departs from (as it would be unnatural) in relating Matters of Fact, which require not the Embellishment of poetical Diction.

The Notes I have added will, I hope, be thought both useful and entertaining, especially to the fair Sex, few Ladies being acquainted with the Fictions of the Ancients. If I have been guilty of any Oversights, my Readers will, I hope, imitate the Candor of Horace, who says: Non ego paucis offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura; and that they will correct such Errors, as are almost unavoidable from the Press, especially in the Pointing.

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TELEMAQUE, conduit par **MINERVE**, & couvert de son Bouclier, renonce aux Charmes des Plaisirs, de la Volupté, & de l'Orgueil qui ont à leur suite l'Intemperance, l'Envie la Trahison & le Desespoir; guidé par le Génie de la véritable gloire il s'avance par un Chemin escarpé vers le Temple du Timon vertueux, au milieu des Vêpres opposés aux Vices qui l'ont précédé, comme la Provoyance, le secret, la Modestie la Force la Paix la Justice la Liberté la Concord & la Force toutes reconnissables à leurs attributs.



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THE
ADVENTURES
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TELEMACHUS,
Son of *Ulysses.*

BOOK the FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, conducted by Minerva, under the Form of Mentor, is by Shipwreck forced upon the Island of the Goddess Calypso, who yet grieved the Departure of Ulysses. The Goddess affords him a favourable Reception, conceives a Passion for, and makes him an Offer of Immortality; she enquires into his Adventures. He gives her an Account of his

VOL. I.

B

Voyage

Voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his Shipwreck on the Coast of Sicily; the Danger he had been in of being sacrificed to the Manes of Anchises; the Succour he and Mentor gave Acestes, in an Incurſion of the Barbarians, and the Care the King took to acknowledge their Services, by furniſhing them a Ship for their Return to their own Country.



*ALYPSO**, inſoleable for the Departure of *Ulyſſes* †, in the Anguiſh of her Grief thought her Immortality an Increate of Woe; her Grotto was no longer heard to Echo with the Melody of her harmonious Voice, and her Nymphs were awed into a reſpectful Silence; ſometimes ſhe ſolitary wander'd o'er the enamell'd Sod, with which an everlaſting Spring ſurrounds her Iſle: but theſe delightful Scenes, far from mitigating, added to her corroding Grief, recalling to her tortured Mind the melancholy

* *Calypſo* was Daughter of the Ocean, and *Tethys*; according to others, of *Atlas*; ſhe reigned in the Iſland of *Ogygia*; both her Story and her Iſland have been eſteem'd pure Fiction.

† *Ulyſſes* was King of two ſmall Iſlands in the Ionian Sea, *Ithaca* and *Dulichium*; he was Son of *Laertes* and *Anticlea*, Daughter of *Antolychus*; ſhe was violated by *Sifyphus*, and is thought to have conceived *Ulyſſes* by him before ſhe was married to *Laertes*; with which *Ajax* reproaches *Ulyſſes*, in their Diſpute for the Arms of *Achilles*. The King of *Ithaca* is deſcribed as a political, eloquent, artful Prince, whoſe Stratagems contributed not leſs to the Subverſion of *Troy*, than did the

Book I.

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Book I.

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Book I. of TELEMACHUS.

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lancholy Remembrance of *Ulysses*, with whom she had so oft beguiled the Time, in these agreeable Retreats; sometimes motionless she stood upon the flow'ry Marge of the vast liquid Plain, watering with her Tears the verdant Shores, while her drown'd Eyes incessantly were fix'd to that Point

B 2

where

the Bravery of the most remarkable Heroes; he married *Penelope*, the Daughter of *Icarus*, some little Time before the entering upon the *Trojan* Expedition. To be excused from going to that Siege, and that he might stay with his Wife, of whom he was extremely fond, he counterfeited Madness; but the Feint was discovered by *Palamedes*, who, when *Ulysses* was ploughing with an Ox and an Ass, and sowing Salt, laid his Son in the Way; *Ulysses* perceiving the Child, stopp'd the Plough, and, being thus detected, was forced to accompany the other Princes: but this Stratagem cost *Palamedes* his Life; for *Ulysses*, to be revenged on him, forged a Letter in the Name of *Priamus*, wherein that Monarch is made to return him Thanks for his intended Treason, and to mention a Sum of Gold, that he had sent him as a Reward. This Letter found and read, *Palamedes* was called upon; *Ulysses* undertook his Defence, and alledged that no Credit ought to be given to the Letters of an Enemy: but, said he, if such Gold is found in the Possession of *Palamedes*, it would then be a convincing Proof of his Guilt: his Tent was search'd; the Gold, which *Ulysses* himself had there hidden, was found, and *Palamedes* stoned to Death.

As *Ulysses* was noted for his Eloquence and Subtlety, he was sent by the Chiefs of the Army, before their Embarkation for *Troy*, in Search of *Achilles*, to the Island *Scyros*, where he had got Intelligence he lay concealed; for *Thetis*, his Mother, knowing the Siege of *Troy* would prove fatal to him, the better to conceal, had disguised him in a female Habit, under the Name of *Pyrrha*, and hid him among the Daughters of *Lycomedes*, King of *Scyros*. *Ulysses*, to discover him, pack'd

up

where *Ulysses'* Ship, ploughing the foaming Surge, vanish'd from her aching Sight. While in this Attitude, and absorb'd in Thought, the Goddess suddenly espied the shatter'd Pieces of a Ship new wreck'd; the Rowers Benches, with their Oars, lay scatter'd on the Sand; the Rudder, Mast, and Shrouds

up some Arms among a Parcel of Toys; the pretended Damsel laid Hands on these, neglecting the trifling Bawbles with which the other Maidens were amused; thus betray'd his Sex by his natural Propensity, and was oblig'd to accompany the other Princes. This Adventure however is not mention'd, on the contrary it is refused by *Homer*, when he says that *Nestor* and *Ulysses* went to *Peleus* and *Menæti*us, and brought away with them *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, whom those Princes readily agreed should accompany them; whence it appears that this is a Fiction, invented since *Homer* wrote. Towards the Conclusion of the *Trojan* Siege *Ulysses* was sent to *Lemnos*, in Search of *Philoctetes*. This the Archbishop mentions in the fifteenth Book.

The *Trojans* had a wooden Image of *Pallas*, which in the Reign of *Ilus*, Grandfather of *Priam*, they imagin'd fell from Heaven into a Temple then raising, but not cover'd; and the Oracle declared, that *Troy* would be impregnable as long as that Image continued there: This *Diomedes* and *Ulysses*, having slain the Keepers, carried off.

Ulysses slew *Rhesus* King of *Thrace*, and brought away his Horses the very first Night of his Arrival to the Assistance of the *Trojans*; he perform'd several other remarkable Exploits, and met with several Adventures in his Return from *Troy*, which are the Subject of the *Odyssey*, and are just mention'd by the Archbishop, in the second Book. *Calypso* detained him seven Years in her Island, and suffer'd him to depart at length, upon *Mercury* being sent to her from *Jupiter*, but not without great Reluctance and many Tears; as our Author says, and *Ovid* sings, *Lib. 6.*

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Shrouds floated near the Coast. She next discover'd, from afar, two Men; the one seemed to be advanced in Years; the other, tho' a Youth, bore a near Resemblance of *Ulysses*; his graceful Mien spoke the same Nobleness of Soul; the same was his majestick Form and Gait: The Goddess instantly perceived he was *Telemachus*, that Hero's Son. But tho' the Penetration of the Gods surpasses far the bounded Knowledge of the wisest Men, yet could not she discover who was the venerable Person his Companion; for Gods of a superior Order conceal whatever they please from Deities of an inferior Rank: and *Minerva* *, who under the Form of † *Mentor* accompanied *Telemachus*, would be concealed from the *Ogygian* Queen. However, *Calypso* exulted in the Wreck which cast the Son of *Ulysses*, and Image of his Father, upon her Isle. She advanced to meet him; and, dissembling her Knowledge of, accosted thus the Prince: Whence this Presumption, that you have dared to land upon my Isle? Know, thou young Stranger, that, with Impunity, none enters my

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* *Minerva*, Goddess of Wisdom and of all Arts, sprung from the Brain of *Jupiter*.

† *Mentor* was a Friend to *Homer*, who, to eternize his Name, has given him a Place in his *Odysse*, in Gratitude for the kind Reception he had given him, when in returning from *Spain* he put into *Ithaca*, where he was detained some time by a Defluction on his Eyes; which was so very troublesome to him, that he could not pursue his Voyage. *Homer* makes him one of the most faithful of the Friends of *Ulysses*; and him, to whom, at his setting out for *Troy*, he entrusted the Care of his Family. My Author carries on the Fiction; and as this Work was undertaken for the Instruction of the Duke of *Burgundy*, to whom he was Tutor, he

feigns

Dominions. Thus with imperious Words she strove to hide that Joy which swelled her Heart, and in Spite of all her Efforts sparkled in her Eyes.

Telemachus replied, O! whoe'er thou art, of Mortal, or of Race divine (tho' thy Countenance the Goddess speaks) canst thou be void of gentle Pity to the hapless Misfortunes of a Son, who, in his Father's Search, expos'd to all the Fury of the Winds and Waves, has seen his Vessel perish on your Rocks! What then, rejoined the Goddess, is this Father whom you seek? *Ulysses*, said the Prince, he's named; one of the *Grecian* Kings, who, after a tedious Siege of full ten Years, buried in her Ruins the once famous Troy: his Bravery in War, but yet much more his Wisdom in Councils, has spread his Fame throughout all *Greece* and *Asia*: Now wandering o'er the Bosom of the Deep, 'midst dreadful Shoals and Rocks, his Country seems to fly and to elude his Search; his Queen *Penelope*, and I, his Son, despair to see him more. Dangers no less than his I risque, to learn what Land detains this Author of my Birth; but possibly, alas! he now is buried in that vast A-

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feigns that *Minerva* assumed the Form of that old Man, that his Precepts might carry greater Weight, as dictated by the Goddess of Wisdom. This Duke of *Burgundy* was *Lewis*, the Grandson of *Lewis* the Fourteenth; after the Death of his Father he was Dauphin of *France*: He was born the 6th of *August* 1682, and died the 18th of *February* 1711, in the 29th Year of his Age; a Prince of great Sagacity, naturally thoughtful, reserv'd, but affable and humane. He was an Enemy to all Superfluity, Pomp and Splendor; they say, that even his Grandfather, who was of a contrary Humor, was in some Measure aw'd by, and concealed from him, as much as possible, his extravagant Expences.

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byfs. View thou with pitying Eye our adverse Fate; and if thou, Goddess, knowest what Destiny has decreed, to save or to destroy *Ulysses*, vouchsafe t' impart it to his Son *Telemachus*.

Calypso's Heart with gentle Pity moved, surprized to find such Wisdom and such Eloquence in so unripe an Age, with Eyes insatiable survey'd the Youth, and for some time a thoughtful Silence kept. At length she thus address'd him; *Telemachus*, we will relate to you the Adventures of your Father; but his Story is long, and it is Time you should repose you after your Fatigues. Follow to my Grotto, where I will receive you as my Son; come, *Telemachus*; you shall be my Comfort in this Solitude, and find, in me, the Author of your Happiness, if you have Prudence to enjoy the offer'd Good.

Telemachus followed the divine *Calypso*, encompass'd by a numerous Train of Nymphs, whom she, by the full Head, surpass'd in Stature, like a tall Forest-Oak, whose aspiring Branches upward shoot, and overshadow the neighbouring Trees; he gazed with Admiration on her surprizing Charms, on the rich Purple of her long flowing Robe, on her bright Tresses, gathered in a negligent yet graceful Knot behind, on the keen Lightning darting from her Eyes, and on that Sweetness with which their Radiancy was temper'd. *Mentor* with downcast Eyes and modest Silence followed the Prince *Telemachus*.

They arrived at the Entrance of *Calypso's* Grot, where the young Prince was much surprized to find, under the Appearance of a plain Rusticity, what ever could charm the Sight; there was indeed nor Gold nor Silver to be seen, no polish'd Marble, lofty Columns, Paintings or Statues, to

attract the Eye. This Grotto, hewn in the solid Rock, was contrived with different Apartments, whose vaulted Roofs were crufted o'er with Shell and Rock-work inftead of Tapiftry : A tender Vine, on ev'ry Side, equally fhooting forth its fupple Branches, cloathed and adorn'd the Walls; Spite of the Sun's tranfpiring Beams, the gentle Zephyrs wantoning around preferved a conftant and refreshing Coolnefs in every Part; foft murm'ring Springs, gliding thro' th' enamell'd Meads, which glowed with Violets and Amaranths, form'd different Baths, clear and transparent as the Chryftal Rock: the verdant Soil, encompassing the Grot, was painted with a thoufand fpringing Flowers; here flood a Grove of thofe thick fhady Trees which bear the Golden Apple, whose Bloffoms, reviving in all Seasons diffufe a Fragrancy beyond the moft exquisite Perfumes: this Grove feem'd to bound at once and to compleat the Beauty of the lovely Meads, and form'd a Shade impenetrable to the Solar Rayes. Nought on the Silence of this Recess broke in but the foft Warblings of the feather'd Choir, or the delightful Sound of ruftling Streams, which from the Summit of a Rock, in large and foaming Bubbles, fell precipitate, and traversed haftily the painted Meads.

The Grotto of the Goddefs, feated on the Declivity of a Hill, with a full Profpert of the Sea, regaled the Eye; one while its Surface fmoother and clear as a chriftalline Glafs, and at another menacing with idle Rage the unmoved Rocks, againft the which, dafhing its mountain Waves, it groaning broke. On the other Side a River opened to the Sight, forming different Ifles, bordered with blooming Linden Trees, and the afpiring Poplar, whose tow'ring Heads menaced the diftant Clouds.

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Book I. of TELEMACHUS.

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Various Canals, by which these Isles were formed, appeared to Sight to wanton through the Plain: while some their limpid Streams with rapid Course urged on, others slowly crept, as if the tranquil Waters slumbred in their Course; others, again, with various Windings flow'd, and retrogading seem'd to brave the Tide, aiming to join their Source, as loth to quit the gay enchanting Banks. A yet more distant Prospect yeilded to the Sight a sweet Variety of Hills and Mountains intermix'd; the latter pierc'd beyond the Clouds, and form'd a romantick Boundary to glad the Eye. The neighbouring Hills with verdant Vines were cloathed, which in large Festons hung, the Lustre of their Grapes shaming the Brightness of the Purple-dye, frequent from beneath their Leaves appear'd, and bow'd the Branches with oppressive Weight. The Fig, the Olive and Pomegranate Tree, with every other Species known, covered the Country o'er, and of the Whole one spacious Garden formed.

Calypso having shewn the Prince these Beauties of productive Nature, said, It is Time you should withdraw to Rest, and change those Garments which are wet; after which I will again see and acquaint you with such Particulars as must melt your Heart: At the instant she conducted him and *Mentor* into the most private and remote Part of another Grot, adjoining to her own; in this the Nymphs had taken Care to light a Fire of sweet-smelling Cedar, which diffused through every Part its fragrant Odours; they also had here provided Garments for the new-come Guests. *Telemachus* perceiving that designed for him was a Tunick of fine Wool, which in Whiteness surpassed the Snow, and a Purple Robe with Gold-embroidery,

conceived a Pleasure natural to Youth, in contemplating this Magnificence.

Mentor, in a severe Tone, thus address'd the Prince, Are these, O ! *Telemachus*, Thoughts to engross the Mind of great *Ulysses'* Son ! think rather how to support the Reputation of your Father, and to triumph over the Persecution of an adverse Fate ; the Youth who, Woman-like, is fond of being deckt in the gay trifling Ornaments of Dress, unworthy is of Wisdom or of Glory ; Glory, is the Reward of Fortitude in the Support of Toil, and in a noble Triumph over Pleasures.

Telemachus with a Sigh replied, Rather may the Gods decree my Fall, than suffer enervating Ease and sensual Pleasure to take Possession of my Heart : No, *Mentor*, no ; *Ulysses'* Son shall never yeild to the Allurements of an effeminate and shameful Life of Indolence : But say, what Benevolence of Heaven, after escaping from the Wreck, has directed us to this Deity, or this Mortal, who heaps these Favours on us ? Fear, replied *Mentor*, her heaping on you Ills ; fear more her deceitful Carresses than those very Shelves on which our Vessel split : Shipwrecks and Death are less fatal than are those Pleasures which make War on Virtue ; take care you give no Credit to her Words : Youth is presuming, depends upon itself ; frail as it is, thinks nothing insuperable, and foresees no Danger ; therefore is it easy of Belief, and void of all Precaution : Take heed how you listen to the captivating Flatteries of *Calypso*, which like a Serpent, gliding beneath the painted Flowers, will insinuate themselves, and seize the Heart ; dread you the Poison they conceal, doubt your own Strength, and never once neglect my Counsels.

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They after this joined the fair *Calypso*, who waited to receive them; her Nymphs, with braided Hair, drest in white Garments, served in a plain Repast, but exquisite both for Elegance and Taste; it consisted of Fowls alone, which they had taken in their Nets, or of such Quarry as in the Chace had fallen by their Darts: Wine more agreeable than Nectar flowed from large silver Vessels into golden Cups, crown'd with Flowers; in Canisters were brought the various Fruits that Spring can promise, or that Autumn yeilds: At the same Time, four Nymphs began the Song; first they sang* the Battle of the Gods and Giants, next the Amours of *Jupiter* and *Semele*†, the Birth of *Bacchus*, and his Education under the Care of old

* Sang the Battle of the Gods and Giants. *Jupiter*, *Pluto*, and *Neptune* having subdued their Father *Saturn* and the *Titans*, divided the Empire of the Universe among themselves; Heaven fell to *Jupiter*, Hell to *Pluto*, and the Sea to *Neptune*. The Giants resolved to dethrone *Jupiter*, and besieg'd Heaven. *Apollodorus* says, these Giants were of a monstrous Stature, of proportionable Strength, extremely arrogant, of fierce and terrifying Countenance; the Hair of their Heads and Beards of great Length, and their Leggs and Feet like those of a Dragon. They inhabited the *Phlegrei* Plains, and there was fought the Battle between them and the Gods.

† *Semele* was the Daughter of *Cadmus*, King of *Thebes*; she was Mother to *Bacchus*, whom she bore to *Jupiter*: *Juno*, jealous of her, assumed the Form of *Beroe*, her Nurse, and artfully made her suspect *Jupiter* being the God he pretended to be, pretending, that she possibly had been imposed upon by a Mortal, who had taken the Name of the Deity; wherefore, to be satisfied, she advised her to insist on his visiting her in the same Majesty he did *Juno*. *Semele* having

old *Silenus* *; the Race betwixt *Hippomenes* † and *Atalanta*, in which he owed his Triumph to the Golden Fruit gathered in the Garden of *Hesperides* ‡; at

having followed this Advice, and obstinately persisting to be thus satisfied, notwithstanding the Remonstrances of her Lover, *Jupiter* visited her cloathed in the Majesty of the Father of the Gods, but, his Light'nings firing the Palace, she was consumed in the Flames. She was then seven Months gone with *Bacchus*, whom *Jupiter* took out of her Womb and enclosed in his Thigh for the two Months he wanted of his full Time.

* *Silenus*, Fosterfather of *Bacchus*, was born at *Malea*, or *Malæa*; he was, in the Opinion of *Cicero*, *Plutarch*, and others, a very great Philosopher, and of a great Genius: *Lucian* tells us, he was of middle Stature, and fat.

† *Hippomenes*, Son of *Macareus*, he became enamour'd of *Atalanta*, Daughter of *Schæneus* King of *Scyros*. This Princess had vow'd Virginitie, except she could be overcome in a Foot-race. She propos'd to her Lovers the Starting before her unarm'd, while she pursued with her Dart; if she overtook them, their Lives were to pay for the Temerity of seeking her in Marriage; but the Man who could out-run, and get clear off, was to have her to Wife. She had thus been the Death of many, when she became the Object of *Hippomenes*' Passion; but he, not daring to trust to the Swiftmess of his Feet, invok'd the Assistance of *Venus*: she gave him three golden Apples, and order'd him, when he found *Atalanta* on the Point of overtaking him, to throw them three different Ways; with this Encouragement he ventur'd upon the Race, and following the Instructions given him by the Goddess, the Virgin was so allured by the Beauty of the golden Fruit, that she could not refrain gathering them up, and thus gave *Hippomenes* Time sufficient to reach the Goal, and to gain the Price.

‡ The *Hesperides*, the Daughters of *Hesperus* Brother to *Atlas*, their Names were *Ægle*, *Arethusa*, *Hesperethusa*;

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at length was sung the War of *Troy* *, the Combats and the Wisdom of *Ulysses* were even to the Skies
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Ja; they had Gardens in *Africa* which bore golden Apples, and were guarded by a Dragon slain by *Hercules*, who robb'd the Gardens. *Diodorus Siculus* tells us, that in the Country called *Hesperitis* formerly flourished two Brothers of great Fame, named *Atlas* and *Hesperus*; that *Hesperus* having a Daughter born whom he named *Hesperis*, he married her to his Brother *Atlas*, and that from this Daughter the Country derived its Name. *Atlas* had by her seven Daughters, who were called *Atlantides* from the Name of their Father, or *Hesperides* from the Name of their Mother: As they were of extraordinary Beauty and Prudence, their Fame tempted *Bufris*, King of *Spain*, to endeavour to get them into his Hands; and to this end he order'd some Pirates to make a Descent upon their Country, and bring them off to him: these, finding the Daughters of *Atlas* diverting themselves, seiz'd and expeditiously bore them off to their Vessel; but *Hercules* coming upon them unawares, while they were taking some Refreshment on the Coast, and being told by these Virgins their Misfortune, slew the Ravishers, and restored the *Atlantides* to their Father, who, as a grateful Acknowledgment of the Service, made him a Present of the Golden Fruit which he was come to seek.

The Mythologists disagree with regard to these Apples; some will have it, that Golden Fruit actually grew in some Gardens in *Africa*, belonging to the *Hesperides*, and that they were guarded by a terrible Dragon, who watch'd Night and Day: Others are of Opinion, and among these is *Varro*, they were possess'd of rich Flocks of Sheep, whose Fleeces were of great Value; and that the Dragon was no other than a resolute and vigilant Shepherd, who would suffer none to rob him. In this Sense, we may justly call our Country the Garden of the *Hesperides*; but our Dragon has seem'd of late to be either fallen into a Lethargy, or to have wink'd at our Neighbours gathering and carrying off our Apples.

* *Troy*, this Siege is so well known, we may pass it by.

extolled; *Leucothoes*, Chief of these Nymphs, with skilful Hand ranged o'er the trembling Lyre, and joined the vocal Harmony. When the *Ithacian* Prince heard his Father named, the flowing Tears which bedewed his Cheeks heightned the Lustre of his Beauty; *Calypso* perceiving that he forbore his Meat, and was seized with inward Grief, gave a Signal to her Nymphs, and instantly they sang the Battle of the *Centaurs* * and the *Lapithæ*; next the Descent of *Orpheus* †, to grim *Pluto's* Realms, thence to retrieve his dear *Euridice*.

The Repast finish'd, the Goddess took *Telemachus* aside, and said, You see, O Son of Great *Ulysses*, with what Distinction you are here received; I am immortal, and none but a Deity can enter upon this Isle, without suffering the Punishment of his Rashness; even your Shipwreck would have been no Excuse to have skreened you from my Resentment, had not my Affection interpos'd: The same good Fortune did your Father find; but he, alas! knew not how to improve it: Long I detained him in this Island, and it depended solely on his Choice, here to have shared with me a State immortal; but the blind Passion of returning to his wretched Country made him reject all these Advantages: You see what he has lost for *Ithaca*, which he has not been able to revisit; he would leave me, he departed, and by a Storm my Vengeance was compleat; his Ship, after

* *Centaurs* and *Lapithæ*: The former were a People of *Thessaly*, near Mount *Pelion*; the latter were also of *Thessaly*, these fell out at the Wedding of *Perithous*, and the *Centaurs* were by this Quarrel extirpated.

† The Story of *Orpheus* is too well known to mention here.

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ter having been long the Sport of Winds, was buried in the Waves: Do you take Warning by his sad Example; after his Wreck no Hopes are left you ever to see him more, or to succeed him in the Throne of *Ithaca*: Comfort yourself for his Loss, since you have found a Deity ready to make you happy, and a Kingdom which she offers to your Acceptance. The Goddess to these Words subjoin'd a long Harangue, to shew the Happiness of *Ulysses*, while with her; she related his Adventures in the Cave of the *Cyclopes**, *Polyphemus*†, and with

* *Cyclopes Cave*; it is thus described in Mr. Pope's *Odyssy*,

*The Cave we found, but vacant all within;
(His Flock the Giant tended on the Green)
But round the Grott we gaze, and all we view
In Order rang'd our Admiration drew:
The bending Shelves with Loads of Cheeses prest,
The folded Flocks, each sep'rate from the rest:
(The larger here, and there the lesser Lambs;
The new fall'n Young here bleating for their Dams,
The Kid distinguish'd from the Lambkin lies;)
The Cavern echoes with responsive Cries;
Capacious Chargers all around were laid,
Full Pails, and Vessels of the milking Trade.*

† *Polyphemus* was the most celebrated of the *Cyclopes*; *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid* have mention'd him in their Works, and thus made him famous. The Adventure of this *Cyclopes Cave* is thus related by *Homer*: *Ulysses*, landing in *Sicily*, enter'd the Cave of *Polyphemus*, who soon after came with his Flocks, and that Night devoured two of his Men, who were six in all; but the Hero making him drunk with some Wine which he presented him, the Giant in Gratitude promis'd, he should be the last which he would eat; and fell fast asleep: *Ulysses* and his Men bored out his only Eye which was in the Middle of his Forehead, and escaped under the Bellies of his Flock, when the next Morning he had rowl'd away the Rock which closed the Mouth of his Cave.

with *Antiphates* * King of the *Læstrigions*. She was very particular in recounting what happen'd to him in the Island of *Circe* †, Daughter of the Sun, and told the Dangers which he ran between the

* *Antiphates*, King of the *Læstrigions*: These were Men-eaters, who devour'd several of *Ulysses's* Men; and he himself narrowly escap'd, by having anchor'd without the Bay.

† *Circe*, Daughter of the *Sun* and *Perse*: She was very skillful in Virtues of Herbs, of which she made an ill Use; she poison'd her Husband King of the *Scythians*, which render'd her so odious that they thrust her out of the Kingdom: She withdrew to the Coasts of *Italy*, to the Promontory, at this Day called *Monte Circello*; tho' *Homer*, by his poetical License, has placed her in an Island.

Ulysses, having escaped the *Læstrigions*, anchor'd in the *Æean* Bay, in the Isle of *Circe*; he sent a Party to reconnoitre the Country, they discover'd *Circe's* Palace, (whom the Poet makes a Magician) are invited to enter, which all do, except their Leader *Eurylochus*, and are entertain'd with great Hospitality, but by the Repast are changed into Swine, and enclosed in Sties. *Eurylochus*, after long expecting their Return in vain, goes back and gives an Account of their Loss to *Ulysses*; he alone resolves to go in Search of his Men: When he drew near to *Circe's* Palace *Mercury* met, told him the Fate of his Companions, shew'd the Danger, and gave him the Herb *Moly* as a Counter-charm, to secure him: He was receiv'd and regaled by *Circe*, who, finding her Charms had no Effect upon him, restored his Men to their pristine Form, and invited *Ulysses* and his Crew to bring their Treasure on Shore, swearing by *Styx*, that she designed no Fraud: They here drown'd their Cares in Mirth; at length the Men urged, and *Circe* permitted his Departure. *Ulysses* had a Son by this Princess, named *Telegonus*.

As *Circe* lived about the Time of the *Trojan* War, 'tis not impossible but *Ulysses* put in at some Place where she

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the Rocks of *Scylla* and *Charybdis* *; she the last Storm described, raised against him by the great Ruler of the Sea, on his Departure from her Isle; and as she would insinuate that then *Ulysses* perished, suppress'd his safe Arrival in the *Pheacians* Isle.

Telemachus, who, at first, abandoned himself to a too sudden Joy, finding so favourable a Reception, from *Calypso*, now at length seeing through her Artifice, and perceiving the Prudence of that Advice *Mentor* had so lately given him, answered in few Words, Excuse, O Goddess! the corroding Grief which preys upon and has engrossed my Heart; Time may perhaps enable me to taste with Joy

resided, and that he became enamour'd with her. The Charms of this Princess making him neglectful of his Reputation, and his Companions being drown'd in the sensual Pleasures of a voluptuous Court, *Homer* feigns them changed into Swine: the Herb *Moly*, which preserved *Ulysses* from the Power of Spells, is no other than the Prudence of *Ulysses* (on Reflection), by which he wean'd his Men from the Pleasures of *Circe's* Palace.

* *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, a Rock and Gulph opposite to each other, near *Sicily*. As the Bishop mentions nothing of *Ulysses* but in general, and that in few Words, it may not be amiss to take Notice, that he, having pass'd the Danger of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, arriv'd at *Trinacria*, where his Companions slew some of the Herds belonging, and sacred to *Apollo*; for which Offence they were pursued by the Vengeance of the incensed God: the Ship founder'd in a Storm, and they all perish'd, *Ulysses* excepted, who was preserved by the Means of the Mast, and thrown on *Calypso's* Island.

The *Pheacians* Isle, now called *Corfu*: The Gardens of *Alcinous* King of *Pheacia* were so very magnificent, that they admitted of no Comparison with any but those of *Adonis* and *Semiramis*. When *Ulysses* left *Calypso*, he was cast on this Island, and by the *Pheacians* landed in *Ithaca*.

Joy that Fortune which your Bounty offers : Allow me now to weep a Father's Loss, you who better know than even I how much he merits these my filial Tears. *Calypso*, fearing then farther to urge the Prince, feigned, on the contrary, to share his Grief, and to commiserate *Ulysses'* Fate; but that she might with greater Certainty find Means to captivate the Heart of the *Ithacian* Youth, she asked the Particulars of his late Shipwreck, and of those Adventures which had brought him on her Coasts? The Detail, said he, of my Misfortunes would prove too tedious. No, replied the Goddess, 'tis with Impatience that I expect your Story; wherefore delay it not: So long she urged him, that at length, compell'd by her Importunity, he thus began,

I loosed from *Ithaca*, to gain some Tidings of my Father, from such Monarchs as were returned from *Troy*; the Pretenders to my Mother were surprized at my Departure, for, acquainted with their Treachery, I had carefully concealed it from their Knowledge: Neither *Nestor**, whom I visited at *Pylos*, nor *Menelaus*†, who received me with Marks of Friendship at *Lacedæmon*, could inform me, whether *Ulysses* was still numbered among the Living. Weary of continuing in Suspence and never ceasing Doubt, I resolved to steer for *Sicily*‡, having heard that my Father had

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* *Nestor* was the Son of *Nekus* and *Chloris*, King of *Pylos*; he had eleven Brothers, who were all slain by *Hercules*. He was one of the Sovereigns confederated against *Troy*, whither he went attended by ninety of his own Ships.

† *Menelaus*, Son of *Atreus*, Brother of *Agamemnon* Husband of *Helen*, and King of *Lacedæmon*.

‡ *Sicily*, an Island in the Mediterranean, divided from *Italy* by a narrow and dangerous Stream: 'tis of a triangular

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been cast upon that Island, by tempestuous Winds; but sagacious *Mentor*, whom you now see, opposed this rash Attempt: On the one hand he represented to me the *Cyclopes**, Giants of enormous Size, voracious of human Flesh; and on the other, *Aeneas*† with the *Trojan* Fleet hovering upon those Coasts: These latter, said he, irritated against all the *Greeks* in general, would in particular rejoice, to shed the Blood of *Ulysses*' Son; rather, continued he, return to *Ithaca*, 'tis possible, your Father, Favourite of the Gods, may reach that Isle as soon as even you; but if the Powers divine have doom'd his Loss, at least you ought thither to bend your Course, to revenge his Injuries, free your Mother, give the attentive World Proofs of your Sagacity, and let the *Grecian* States behold in you a Monarch, as worthy of the Throne as was *Ulysses*. His Advice was salutary, but I wanted Prudence to pursue it, and listened to the Dictates of my Passion only; however, such was the sage *Mentor*'s Tenderness, that he would accompany me in the rash Voyage which I undertook even contrary to his Advice, and in which

gular Form, and 600 Miles in Compass, having three Promontories, *Pelorum* opposite to *Italy*, *Pachynum* looking towards *Greece*, and *Lilibæum* over-against *Africa*; now under the Dominion of a Son of *Spain*.

* *Cyclopes*, the Sons of *Neptune* and *Amphitrite*; these were mighty Men, and the ancient Inhabitants of *Sicily*, feign'd by the Poets to be Giants, and the Forgers of *Jupiter*'s Thunder-bolts under *Vulcan*.

† *Aeneas*, the Son of *Anchises* by the Goddess *Venus*, a *Trojan* Prince, famous for his filial Piety; after the Subversion of *Troy* he settled in *Italy*: *Virgil* has by his Poem immortaliz'd his Name.

which the Gods suffer'd me to commit so gross an Error, that it ought to guard me for the future against too much presuming on my own Sufficiency.

While *Telemachus* was speaking, *Calypso* attentively considered *Mentor*; the Goddess was alarm'd, as she thought she discovered in him something divine; but, in the Confusion of her Thoughts, she could form no solid Judgment; wherefore, in the Presence of this unknown Person, she remained both in Doubt and Apprehension: but fearing to discover her Inquietude, she said to the *Ithacian* Prince, Proceed to gratify my Curiosity. *Telemachus* continued,

The Winds for a considerable Time stood fair for *Sicily*, at length a low'ring Storm ravish'd from our Sight the Day, and wrapt us in the Horrors of nocturnal Darknefs; by the Lightning's Gleams we perceived other Ships expos'd to the same Dangers, and knew them for the *Trojan* Fleet, not less formidable to us than were the Rocks and Shoals; I now perceived, but too late, what the Impetuosity of imprudent Youth had before prevented my considering with due Attention: In the midst of this Danger *Mentor* appeared not only unmoved and intrepid, but even more chearful than usual; 'twas he encouraged, and I perceived that he inspir'd me with Fortitude invincible; he calmly gave the necessary Orders, while our Pilot was in the greatest Perplexity and Confusion: O *Mentor*! said I, why, O why did not I follow the Advice you gave! Am I not truly unfortunate, by having thus depended on my self, and in an Age which wants due Foresight of Events to come, Experience of the past, and Temper to improve the

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Book I.
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Opportunity present ! O, if ever we escape this Storm, I will be as diffident of my self as of my most dangerous Enemy ! *Mentor*, I will always follow the Advice you give.

Mentor answered with a Smile, Far be it from me, to reproach you with your Error ; it is enough if you are sensible of it, and if it makes you more moderate in your Desires for the future ; but, when the Danger is past, you may possibly again relapse : All we have now to depend upon, is our Fortitude ; we ought to foresee and apprehend a Danger, before we attempt it ; but when once involved, we have no Remedy, but to look upon it with a generous Contempt : Be you then worthy to be called *Ulysses'* Son ; shew you have a Heart, not to be overcome by threatening Ills.

I was charm'd with *Mentor's* Mildness and Intrepidity ; but I was still more surprized to see with what Dexterity he saved us from the *Trojans* : The instant that the Sky began to clear, and that they, perceiving us but a small Distance from them, must infallibly have discovered what we were, he observed a Ship of theirs, nearly resembling our's, separated, and aloof from the rest of their Fleet ; its Stern was deckt with Flowers ; *Mentor* immediately fix'd a Garland of the same Sort, with Bandage of the *Trojan's* Colour, upon our Taffarel, and ordered the Rowers to lie as close as possible stretch'd on their Benches, that they might not be distinguish'd by the Enemy : Thus we pass'd through the midst of their Fleet, which saluted us with joyful Cheers, as Companions whom they had given over for lost ; we were even for some-time, by the Agitation of the Sea, oblig'd to keep them Company ; at length we fell a little astern, and while a strong Gale drove them towards the Coast

Coast of *Africa*, we used our utmost Endeavours, and plied our Oars, to reach the neighbouring Shores of *Sicily*.

We arrived there, 'tis true; but what we wish'd was not less fatal than the Fleet which caused our Flight: We found upon this Coast other *Trojans*, not less Enemies to the *Greeks*; for here reigned aged *Acestes**, descended from *Trojan* Blood: Scarce were we arrived upon the Coast, but the Inhabitants, mistaking us for other People settled in the same Isle, and coming with an armed Power to surprize them, or else for Strangers, to take their Colony, in the first Transport of their Rage set Fire to our Ship, and slew our Ship's Company; *Mentor* and I were the only two reserved, to be presented to *Acestes*, that he might learn from us what were our Designs, and whence we came: We entered the Town, with our Hands bound behind us; and if our Death was deferred, it was only to exhibit a pleasing Spectacle to an inhuman People, as soon as they should discover us to be *Greeks*.

We were immediately presented to *Acestes*, who, holding a Sceptre of Gold in his Hand, administer'd Justice to his People, and was preparing for a solemn Sacrifice; he sternly asked our Country, and the Reasons of our Voyage: *Mentor* instantly replied, that we came from the Coasts of Great *Hesperia*†, from whence our Country was but little distant. Thus he evaded saying we were *Greeks*. *Acestes*, however, concluding us Strangers,

* *Acestes*, a King, as here said, of *Sicily*, Son of the River *Crinifus* and a *Trojan* Lady, Daughter of *Hippotes*.

† *Hesperia*; all the Western Regions of *Greece* went by that Name, amongst the *Greeks*.

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gers, who would not discover what were our real Designs, refused him farther hearing; but condemned us to be Slaves to his Herds-men, and to be sent, to that end, to an adjoining Forest: This wretched State of Life appearing to me less tolerable than Death itself, I cried, Rather, O King! sentence us to die, than treat us with such Indignity; behold in me *Telemachus*, Son of *Ulysses*, King of *Ithaca*, who leave no Sea unvisited to seek my Father; If I can neither find him, return to my native Soil, nor avoid Slavery, ridd me of a Life, become intolerable.

Scarce had I uttered these Words, but the People, in Commotion, cried, The Son of the inhumane *Ulysses*, whose Artifices had razed the City *Troy*, ought instantly to die. *Acestes* addressing himself to me, said, O Son of *Ulysses*, I cannot refuse your Blood to the Manes of such a Number of *Trojans*, as your Father headlong drove to the dire Banks of *Cocytus* *; you and your Tutor, both shall die. At the same Instant one of the Croud, a Man in Years, proposed to the King our being sacrificed on the Tomb of *Anchises*: Their Blood, said he, will be acceptable to the Shade of that Hero; even *Aeneas*, when he hears of the Oblation, will be sensibly affected to find how much you love what in this World was dearest to him. The Proposition was received with general Applause, and our Sacrifice alone employed the Minds of all. Behold us led to the Tomb of old *Anchises*, where two Altars were erected, and the sacred Fire lighted up; our Heads were

* *Cocytus*, a River in Hell; the Word signifies Grief.

were crown'd with Flowers, and no interposing Pity could have snatch'd us from impending Death. All Hopes were extinguish'd, when *Mentor* calmly asked an Audience of, and thus addressed the King,

O *Acestes*! If the unhappy Fate of young *Telemachus*, who never bore Arms against the *Trojans*, cannot incline your Pity, may you however be moved by your own Interest. By my acquired Knowledge of Portents, and of the Will of the immortal Powers I am taught to know, that ere three Days elapsed, you'll be invaded by a barbarous People, which like a Torrent, from the Mountain Tops, pour down to overwhelm your Town, and lay your Country waste; be expeditious to prevent them, arm all your Subjects and delay not a Moment driving within the Circuit of your Walls the valuable Herds and Flocks which grace your Plains. If my Prediction prove not true, you are at Liberty to proceed in the intended Sacrifice; but if, on the contrary, my Words are verified by the Event, remember that none should deprive him of Life, to whom he stands indebted for his own.

Acestes, alarm'd with this Discourse, which *Mentor* utter'd with such an enforcing Steadiness, that the King, who had never before observed the like in any other, answered, I perceive, O Stranger, that the Gods, who with a scanty Hand have dealt you out the Goods of Fortune, have endowed you with Wisdom, preferable to the most flourishing State of Life. He then postponed the Sacrifice, and instantly gave the necessary Orders to withstand the Invasion with which *Mentor* had menaced him. Immediately, from every Part, were seen trepid Wo-

Book I.

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men, ancient Men, bow'd by the Weight of Years, and Children, bath'd in Tears, hasting to the Town; the lowing Herds and bleating Sheep were driven from the fertile Pastures in Drovers and Flocks, so num'rous, there were not Sheds and Stalls sufficient to skreen them from the Inclemency of the Skies: Ev'ry where was heard a Noise confus'd of People, crowding one upon another, who in their Perplexity mistook a Stranger for an Acquaintance, and ran, not knowing whither; but the Chief of the City, thinking themselves much wiser than the rest, look'd upon *Mentor* as an Impostor, who had uttered a false Prediction, to avoid Death.

Towards the Close of the third Day, while they were yet possess'd with this Opinion, a Cloud of Dust was seen arising from the Declivity of the neighb'ring Hills; and immediately after appear'd an innumerable Host of armed Barbarians: These were the *Himerians**, an inhumane People, join'd with the Nations which inhabit the Hills of *Nebrodes*†, and the Summits of *Agragas*‡, where never Zephyrs moderate the rigid Cold, and an eternal Winter reigns. They who had slighted *Mentor's* Prediction were spoil'd of all their Slaves and Cattle. The King

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addressing

* *Himeria*, the Town of, was in *Sicily*, to the West of a River of the same Name: for a hundred and forty Years it was in a very flourishing State, but at the End of that Time it was subverted by the *Carthaginians*, under the Command of *Hannibal*, about 400 Years before *Jesus Christ*.

† *Nebrodes*, a high Hill in the same Island, vulgarly call'd *Madonia*.

‡ *Agragas*, a Hill, also called *Agrigentum*.

addressing *Mentor*, said, I consider you as *Greeks* no longer, our Enemies we find our most trusty Friends, sent by the Gods to save us from impending Ruine; and I expect not less from your Courage than from the Prudence of your Counsels; wherefore, delay not your Assistance.

A Resolution sparkled in the Eyes of *Mentor*, which intimidated the boldest Champions; he took a Shield, a Sword, a Helm, a Lance, and disposing in their Ranks the Troops of old *Acestes*, placed himself at their Head, and advanc'd in good Order to meet the Enemy. *Acestes*, though of undaunted Bravery, could not, on Account of his Age, follow him but at a Distance; I kept nearer to his Person, but he far out-went me in the Bravery of his Exploits: His Armor, while in the Battle, resembled the immortal *Ægis* *; Death waited on his directing Sword, and ranged from Rank to Rank, like a *Numidian* Lyon, which, stimulated by raging Anger, breaking in upon the Folds of timid Sheep, rends, tears, and deluges
the

* *Ægis*, the Breast-Plate of *Minerva*, which none of the Gods but *Jupiter* and she could wear: This was the Skin of a Goat, according to the Etymon of the Word, on which was represented the Head of *Medusa*. Others are of Opinion, that this Cuirass or Breast-plate was the Skin of a Monster named *Ægis*, which vomited Fire, and made great Havock in *Phrygia*, *Phœnicia*, *Ægypt*, and *Lybia*; it was killed by *Minerva*, who engrav'd upon it the Head of the *Gorgon*, encircled with Snakes, which none could look upon without being struck with a panick Dread. 'Tis probable *Minerva* destroy'd some notorious Robber named *Ægis*, which gave Rise to the Fable.

the Place with Blood, while the pale Shepherds, far from succouring their fleecy Charge, trembling flie, to shun his Rage.

These Barbarians, who hoped to surprize the Town, were themselves surprized, and put into Disorder. The Troops of *Acestes*, animated by the Example and the Encouragement of *Mentor*, were sensible of an Ardour of which they before thought themselves incapable. The King's Son of these hostile People I overthrew with my Lance; he was of my Age, but exceeded me in Stature: for this Nation was descended from a Race of Giants, and had the same Origin with the *Cyclopes*. This Prince look'd with Contempt upon so weak an Enemy, but I, no way dismay'd by his prodigious Strength, or savage brutal Air, urged my Lance on his Breast, and made him vomit forth his Soul in Torrents of black Gore; he had like to have crush'd me in his Fall; the Clank of his Arms made the Mountains ring: I seiz'd his Spoils, and measured back my Steps to old *Acestes*. *Mentor*, having entirely broken the Enemy, hew'd them in pieces, and pursued the flying Troops beyond the Skirts of the Forest.

This surprizing Success made *Mentor* esteem'd a Man both favour'd and inspired by the Gods. *Acestes*, moved by his Gratitude, let us know that he apprehended for our Lives, if the Fleet of *Aeneas* should come back to the *Sicilian* Coasts; he gave us a Vessel, that we might not delay returning to our own Country, loaded us with Presents, and urged our Departure, to prevent the Misfortunes he foresaw: but he would let us have neither a Pilot nor Rowers of his People, fearing they would run too great a Hazard on the Coasts of *Greece*; he procured us some *Phaenician*

Merchants, who, carrying on Trade with all Nations, had nothing to apprehend, and these were to navigate the Ship back to *Acestes*, when they had landed us on *Ithaca*; but the Gods, who sport with the Designs of Men, reserved us for other Perils.

End of the First Book.

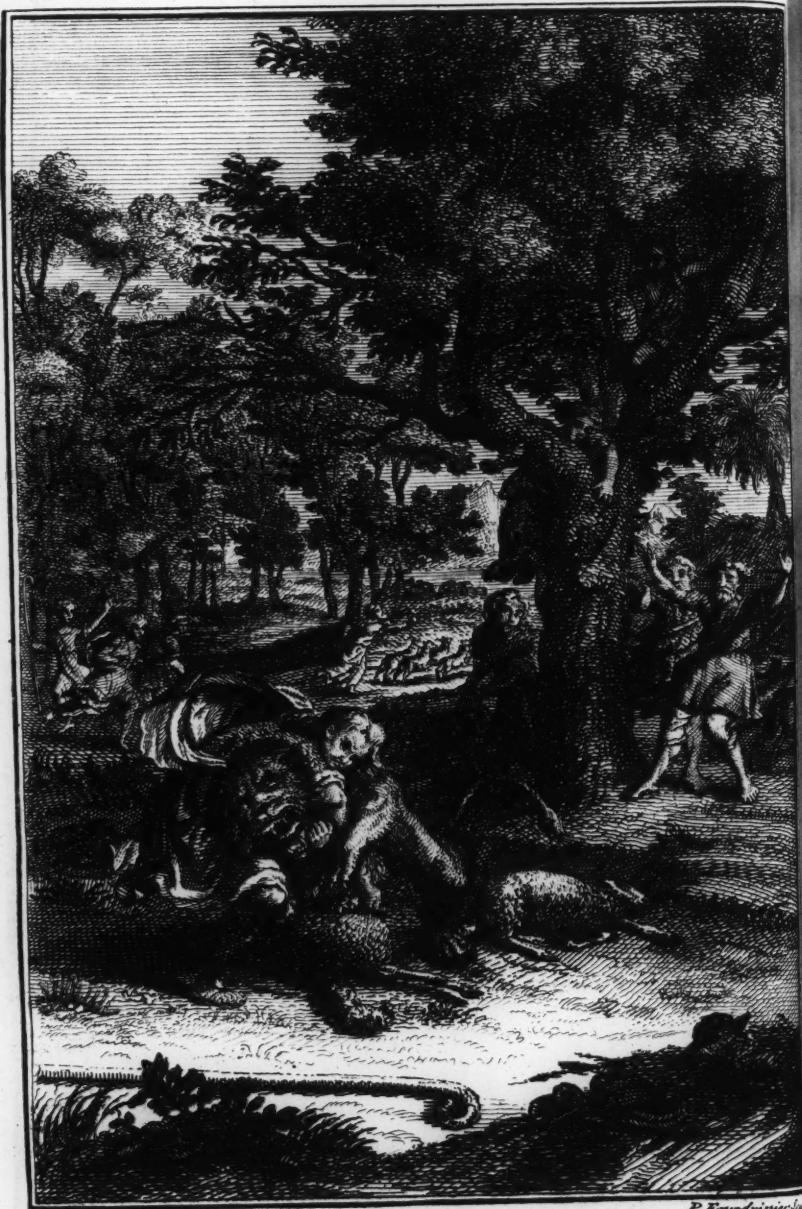


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TELEMAQUE étant réduit en Egypte, à la condition de Berger, étouffé entre ses bras
un LION qui s'étoit jetté sur son Troupeau. S

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
Son of *Ulysses.*

BOOK the SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS relates his having been taken by the Fleet of Sesostris, and carry'd captive into Ægypt. He describes the Beauty of the Country, and prudent Government of the Sovereign: He mentions Mentor's being sent a Slave into Æthiopia; and that he, Telemachus, was reduc'd to the keeping a Flock in the Desart of Oasis: That Termosiris, Priest of Apollo, consoled, by instructing him how to follow the Example of Phœbus, who had formerly been Shepherd to

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Admetus.

Admetus. Sesostris was at length inform'd of the surprizing Exploits he had perform'd among the Shepherds, and that Monarch, being satisfied of his Innocence, recall'd and promised to send him to Ithaca; but his the King's Death plunged him Telemachus again into fresh Misfortunes, and he was imprison'd in a Tower on the Sea-coast, whence he saw the new King Boccoris fall in a Battle, against his revolted Subjects supported by the Tyrians.



ESOSTRIS, * King of Ægypt, who had triumph'd over several Nations, was highly provok'd at the Haughtiness of the Tyrians†, grown excessive proud on Account of the Wealth they had acquired by their Traffick, and of the Strength of their impregnable City of Tyre, situated in the Sea: They had

* Sesostris, King of Ægypt, began his Reign about 1570 before Christ; one of the greatest Conquerors that ever was: He reigned about 50 Years, and conquer'd the Assyrians, Medes, Scythians; subdued Phœnicia, Syria, and all the Provinces of Asia minor, with Thrace and Colchis. He is said to have been four Cubits, three Hands, and two Inches tall.

† Tyrians, the People of Tyre, a City built first in the Continent, and afterwards in the Sea, in the Province of Phœnicia in Syria, famous for their Trade throughout the known World; in the Time of the Ancient Britons, before the Invasion of the Romans, they are said to have fetch'd Tin from Cornwall. Alexander the Great took their Town.

had not only refused to pay the Tribute *Sesostris* had imposed in returning from his Conquests, but had moreover furnish'd his Brother with Troops. This Prince, upon the King's Return, had form'd a Conspiracy, to assassinate him in the midst of the Rejoicing of a solemn Feast.

Sesostris resolv'd to humble their Pride, by interrupting their Commerce at Sea; to this end his Ships were every where dispers'd, in Search of the *Phenicians*: an *Egyptian* Fleet fell in with us, we began to lose Sight of the *Sicilian* Mountains; the Haven and even the Isle itself seem'd with backward Flight to lose themselves in Clouds, when we perceived the *Egyptian* Ships, like a floating City, coming up with us: The *Phenicians* knew and endeavour'd to avoid them, but it was too late; they were better Sailors, the Wind favour'd them, and they plied a greater Number of Oars: they, in fine, boarded, took, and carried us Prisoners into *Egypt*.

In vain I remonstrated that we were not *Phenicians*, scarcely they would vouchsafe me a Hearing; they deem'd us Slaves, in whom the *Tyrians* traffick'd, and turn'd their Thoughts on the Advantage of their Prize alone. And now we saw the Sea whiten by a Mixture with the Waters of the *Nile**, and we soon made the *Egyptian* Coast; near upon a Level with the Sea it bounded. We

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arrived

* *Nile*, the largest and most famous River of *Africa*; it arises out of two Springs in the Country of the *Abyssinians*, and running North ward through *Æthiopia* and *Ægypt*, in the latter divides into several Branches, and discharges it self, by nine Mouths, into the Mediterranean Sea. Others fix its Source in a great Lake beyond the Line.

arrived at the Isle of *Pharos*, not far distant from the City *No**; and from thence stemm'd the Current of the *Nile*, 'till we came to *Memphis* †.

If the Affliction of Slavery had not made us insensible to all Pleasure, the Sight of the *Ægyptian* fertile Lands, like a delightful Garden, water'd with an infinite Number of Canals, could not but have charm'd our Eyes: Opulent Towns, Country-seats agreeably situated, Lands which yearly groan'd under a golden Harvest and required no Rest, Meadows stored with Flocks and Herds, Hinds bending under Loads of Fruit which the Earth pours from her fertile Bosom, Shepherds who with the Sound of their Oaten Pipes taught neighbouring Echoes to repeat their tuneful Notes, on every Side arose to View.

Happy, said *Mentor*, is that People who are under the Dominion of a wise Monarch; they enjoy Affluence, live happy, and love the Author of their Prosperity. 'Tis thus, *Telemachus*, if ever the Gods give you Possession of your Father's Kingdom, 'tis thus you ought to reign, and be the Delight of your People; love them as your Children, and know the Pleasure of being beloved by them: Let your Conduct be such, that, when they are sensible of Joy and Peace, they may also call to Mind that these Blessings spring from the indulgent Goodness of their Sovereign. Kings whose Views alone are to impose a Fear upon the Minds of their Subjects, and to impoverish their People, to render them more sub-

* *No* is mention'd by *Ezekiel*, Chap. xxx. 15. Another Prophet calls it *No Ammon*, i. e. *No, the populous*.

† *Memphis*, a great City in the Island *Delta* in *Ægypt*; it is now *Grand Cairo*.

Book II. of TELEMACHUS. 33

submissive, are the real Scourges of Mankind : They are indeed feared, as they wish to be ; but then they are hated, abhorred, and have more to apprehend from their Subjects, than their Subjects have to fear from them.

I reply'd, Alas ! *Mentor*, this is no Time to think of Maxims of Government, *Ithaca* to us is lost ; no more shall we see again our Country, or *Penelope* : And should even *Ulysses* return to his Kingdom in the Height of Glory, never will he have the Pleasure to see me there ; never shall I have that of obeying him, and learning to command others. Let us, my dear *Mentor*, quit this Life ; we are not allow'd to think of aught but Death. Let us then die, since the Gods deny us their Compassion.

While I spoke thus, deep-fetched Sighs broke in upon my Words ; but *Mentor*, who apprehended possible Ills, and was a Stranger to Fear, when overtaken by them, cried, Unworthy Son of wise *Ulysses* ! Do you then suffer your Misfortunes to triumph over you ? Know that you shall again see both *Ithaca* and *Penelope* : Nay, you shall even see, in all his pristine Glory, him, whom as yet you have not known ; the invincible *Ulysses*, whom Fortune cannot vanquish, and who, struggling with Misfortunes far exceeding yours, instructs you, by Example, never to despond. O ! could he in those Climes remote, whither by Tempests he is driven, hear that his Son is incapable to copy after his Fortitude and Patience ! the News would overwhelm him with Confusion, and prove a greater Shock than all the Ills he has so long experienced.

After this, *Mentor* pointed out to me the Joy and Plenty diffus'd over all the *Ægyptian* Plain,

where Twenty Two Thousand Towns greet the Traveller: He admired their excellent Government, Justice being impartially administred, and the Poor supported against the oppressive Rich; the exemplary Education of the Youth train'd up in Obedience, inur'd to Toil, accustomed to Temperance, to the Love of Arts or Sciences, to an exact Observation of all Religious Ceremonies, to Disinterestedness, to a Thirst of Honour, to Probitiy with Men, and to a reverential Fear of the immortal Gods; Virtues, with which every Father of a Family inspires his Offspring: These excellent Institutions he could not sufficiently extoll. Happy, said he incessantly, are the People, whom a wise King governs; but more happy still that King who is the Author of so many Peoples Prosperity, and finds his own Happiness in this Virtue: such a Prince binds his Subjects in a Chain a hundredfold more strong than that of Fear; I mean the Band of Love: they not only yield him Obedience, but find a Pleasure in obeying him; his Dominion is in their Hearts: far from their forming any Designs upon his Life, they apprehend his Loss; and not a Man but would sacrifice his own, to preserve that of his Sovereign.

I gave heedful Attention to what *Mentor* said; and, as my Friend endow'd with Wisdom spoke, I found my Heart invigorated with reviving Courage. On our Arrival at *Memphis*, a magnificent and opulent City, the Governor order'd us to * *Thebes*, to be presented to the King *Sesostris*, who would see every Thing with his own Eyes, and

was

* *Thebes*, formerly called *Hecatompylos*, on Account of its hundred Gates; 'tis a City in *Aegypt* now called *Thebes*.

was greatly irritated against the *Tyrians*: For this Reason we proceeded up the *Nile*, as far as the famous *Thebes*, with it's hundred Gates, where the King resided. This City seem'd to us of a prodigious Extent, and more populous than the most flourishing Cities of *Greece*: The Regulations for keeping clean the Streets, for carrying off the Waters, for the Conveniency of Baths, for the Cultivation of Arts, and for the publick Peace, were admirable; the Squares are embellish'd with Fountains and Obelisks, the Temples are of Marble, the Architecture plain but majestick: The Palace of the Prince, alone, looks like a large City; nothing here appears to View but Marble Columns, Piramids, Obelisks, *Colossian* Statues, and Furniture of massive Gold and Silver.

They who had taken us inform'd the King, that we were found on Board a *Phenician* Ship. Every Day, at stated Hours, *Sesostris* gave Audience to such of his Subjects as either had Complaints to make, or any thing to impart to him; he thought none too mean, rejected none, and esteem'd himself a King to no other End than to procure the Happiness of his People, whom he cherished as his Children. Strangers he received graciously, and would converse with them, as he thought that some Advantages might constantly accrue by being inform'd of the different Manners and Customs used in distant Nations. It was owing to this Curiosity of the King, that we were presented to him: he was seated on a Throne of Ivory, with a Scepter of Gold in his Hand; he was advanc'd in Years, but of a pleasing Countenance, replete both with Majesty and Goodness. He every Day administred Justice to his People with Patience and Wisdom, to be admired without incurring the Cen-

Censure of Flattery. After having pass'd the Day in the Regulation of Affairs, and the Distributing impartial Justice to his People, he at Night unbent his Mind either in attending to Men of Learning, or in conversing with Men of the greatest Virtue, whom he well knew to make Choice of for Admission to his Familiarity. Not one Action of his Life was subject to Reprehension, except his Triumphing with too great Ostentation over the Monarchs whom he had subdued, and his having placed too great a Confidence in one of his Subjects, whose Character I shall give you in the Sequel.

When he set his Eyes upon me, my Youth and Dejection moved his Compassion : He asked me my Country and my Name ; we were astonish'd at the Wisdom with which he spoke. I answer'd, O powerful Monarch ! You can be no Stranger to the Siege of *Troy*, of ten long Years Duration, or to the Subversion of that City, which cost the *Grecians* such a Sea of Blood : *Ulysses*, my Father, was one of the principal Kings who razed that Town ; he is now wandering o'er all the Seas, vainly seeking for the Isle of *Ithaca*, the Seat of his Dominion : Him I sought, when by a Misfortune, not unlike my Father's, I was made a Prisoner. Do you restore me to my Parents and my Country ; so may the Gods preserve you to your Children, and make them sensible of the Happiness of living under so good a Father.

Sesostris continued to view me with a tender Eye ; but as he would be satisfied that I had spoke the Truth, he remanded us back to one of his Officers, who was order'd to inform himself from our Captors, whether we actually were *Greeks* or *Phenicians*. If they are the latter, said the King, they

they shall suffer double Punishment, as they are our Enemies; but more especially as they would impose upon us, by an infamous Falſity. If on the contrary they prove to be *Greeks*, we will that they be kindly entertain'd, and in one of our Ships ſent back to their own Country. We have a Regard for *Greece*; for there ſeveral *Egyptians* have eſtabliſh'd Laws: We are no Stranger to the Virtue of *Hercules*; the Fame of *Achilles* has reach'd our Ear: We admire what Report has taught us of the Wiſdom of the unfortunate *Ulyſſes*; and we find a Pleaſure in ſuccouring diſtreſs'd Virtue.

The Officer, to whom the King had committed the Examination of our Affair, was as corrupt and deceitful as *Seſoſtris* was generous and ſincere; his Name was *Metopbis*: He interrogated, and endeavour'd to circumvent us; but finding that *Mentor* answer'd with more Prudence than I, he look'd upon him with Hatred and Diffidence; for wicked Men are exaſperated againſt the Good: he had us ſeparated; and from that Time I knew not what became of *Mentor*. This Separation was a Thunder-bolt to me: *Metopbis* all along flatter'd himſelf, that by examining us ſeparately, he might make us ſay Things contradictory; but above all he hoped to dazzle me by his flattering Promiſes, and prevail on me to confeſs what *Mentor* had poſſibly conceal'd from him. In a Word, his Enquiry was not, in Reality, after the Truth; but he endeavour'd to find ſome Pretence to report us to the King *Phenicians*, that he might make us Slaves to himſelf. In Effect, notwithſtanding our Innocence, notwithſtanding the Sagacity of the King, he found Means to impoſe upon him. Alas! to what are Monarchs expoſ'd! even the wiſeſt are oft ſurprized, encompass'd with

with deceitful and self-interested Men. Good Men withdraw, as they are neither forward nor Flatterers; such waite to be called upon, and Princes scarcely know where to seek them: On the contrary, licentious Men are bold, full of Deceit, forward to insinuate themselves and to be agreeable; understand the Art of Diffimulation, and are ready to undertake any thing, however repugnant to Honour and Conscience, to gratify the Passions of him who reigns. How wretched is the State of sovereign Princes, to be thus expos'd to the Artifices of wicked Men! That Monarch who does not repel their Adulations, and does not esteem those who dare to speak the Truth, is inevitably lost. These Reflections were the Result of my unhappy Situation, when all that I had heard from *Mentor* recurr'd to my afflicted Mind.

Metophis notwithstanding sent me to the mountainous Desarts of *Oasis* *, in Company with his Slaves; and with them I was to tend his Cattle. Here the Prince was interrupted by *Cahpso*, who cried, And what Method did you then take? you, who in *Sicily* preferr'd Death to ignominious Slavery? *Telemachus* replied, Each Day added to the Weight of my Misfortune; I was deprived of the wretched Consolation, to make my Choice of Death or Bondage: I was decreed to Slavery, and if I may so say, to exhaust the Severity of Fortune; even Hope abandon'd me, and I had not a Word to offer toward my Deliverance:

Mentor

* *Oasis*, the Name of two Cities of *Africa*, in *Lybia*; both in the Desarts of *Barca*. *Strabo* says, that the Word *Oasis* signifies a fruitful Place in the Midst of a Wilderness.

Book II. of TELEMACHUS. 39

Mentor has since inform'd me, that he was sold to some *Æthiopians*, and that he attended them to their Country.

For my part, I arrived in frightful Desarts, where are seen burning Sands amidst the Plains; and never-melting Snows, upon the Mountains Tops, give Winter uninterrupted Sway. All that is found, for the Herds Support, are some few Pastures scatter'd among the Rocks: About the Middle of the Declivity of these craggy Mountains, the Vallies are sunk so low, that scarce can *Phœbus* dart his Rays so far.

The only Men I found here were Shepherds, savage as the Country itself was wild: Here I pass'd the Nights in bewailing my Misfortune, and the Days in tending my Herds and Flocks, to screen me from the brutal Rage of a Head-slave, who, in Hopes of his own Enfranchisement, was continually accusing others, to magnify his Zeal for, and Adherence to his Master's Interests. The Name of this Slave was *Butis*. I must infallibly have sunk under these Ills. Oppress'd with Grief, I one Day neglected my Flock, and threw myself at my Length upon the Grass, near a Cave, expecting Relief from Death, as I was no longer able to support my Sufferings: at the very Instant I observ'd the whole Mountain tremble, the Oaks and Pines seem'd to descend from its Summit, the Winds were hush'd; a hollow Voice issued from the Cavern, and I heard these Words: Son of *Ulysses*, thou must, like him, become glorious by thy Patience: Princes who are always happy, are scarcely worthy of being so; they are corrupted by Effeminacy, and intoxicated with Pride: How fortunate wilt thou be, if thou canst surmount, yet never forget, thy Misfortunes: Thou shalt re-
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visit *Ithaca*, and thy Fame shall reach the Skies: When thou art become the Ruler of other Men, remember that thou wert once weak, poor and oppress'd, like them; delight thou in succouring such: Cherish thy People, abhor Flattery; and know, thy Glory will rise in Proportion to thy Moderation, and to thy Fortitude in the Conquest of thy Passions.

These divine Words penetrated to the very Bottom of my Heart, in which they reviv'd both Joy and Courage; I was not sensible of that Horror which chills the Blood, when the immortal Gods deign to communicate themselves to Mortals: I arose compos'd, and on my Knees, with Hands to Heaven up-listed, adored the Goddess *Minerva*, to whom I thought myself indebted for the Oracle. At that Time I found a thorough Change, I was no more the same Man; Wisdom enlighten'd my Mind, and I was sensible of a pleasing Impulse to moderate my Passions, and to curb the Impetuosity of Youth: I ingratiated myself with all the Shepherds in the Desert; the Mildness of my Behaviour, Patience and Observance, wrought even on the cruel *Butis*, who had Authority over the other Slaves, and was at first resolved to make me sensible of his Power.

That I might with more Decency support the Irksomeness of Slavery and Solitude, I sought the Assistance of Books; for I was a Prey to Melancholy, by the Want of such Instruction as might entertain and support my Mind. How happy, said I, are they who, disgusted with tumultuous Pleasures, can be content with the sweet Tranquility of a retired Life! Happy are they who find their Entertainment in Instruction, and their Pleasure in the Cultivation of the Mind, by the Assis-

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tance of the Sciences : wherever an adverse Fortune may dispose of them, they bear along where-withal to entertain them ; and that Disgust which torments others, even in the Midst of voluptuous Enjoyments, is unknown to such as can employ their Time in Books ! Happy are they who take a Pleasure in Reading, and who are not, as I am, deprived of the Opportunity. While I was absorbed in Thoughts like these, I had struck far into a gloomy Forest, where on a sudden I discovered an ancient Man, holding in his Hand a Book.

The Fore-head of this aged Person was bald and somewhat wrinkled, a Silver Beard descended to his Girdle ; his Stature was tall and majestick, his Complexion florid ; his Eyes sprightly and penetrating, his Voice musical ; his Words plain, and captivating. I never saw a Man of Years so venerable ; his Name was *Termosiris*, Priest of *Apollo*, who officiated in the Marble Temple, which the Kings of *Ægypt* had consecrated to the God in that Forest ; the Book he held was a Collection of Hymns, to the Honour of the Deities ; he saluted me in a friendly Manner, and we enter'd into Discourse : He related Things past with such a Clearness, that one would think them present to the Sight ; and he was so concise in his Narrations, that his Stories were never tedious : he foresaw future Events by that consummate Wisdom which taught him to read Mankind, penetrate their Designs and Capacities. Notwithstanding all this Wisdom he was chearful, obliging ; and the most sprightly Youth falls short of the Attractions of this Person so greatly advanced in Years : On the other hand, he esteem'd the Young who were tractable, and were inclined to Virtue.

He

He very soon conceiv'd a tender Affection for me, for my Consolation furnish'd me with Books, and called me his Son: I often said to him, Father, the Gods who have depriv'd me of *Mentor*, have, in Compassion, given me you for my Support. This Person, like *Orpheus* or *Linus*, doubtless was inspired by the immortal Powers; he repeated Verses to me of his own composing, and gave me others of several excellent Poets favour'd by the *Muses*: When he was dress'd in his long glittering white Robe, and that he took in Hand his Ivory Lyre, Tygers, Bears, and Lions came to fawn upon him, and to lick his Feet; the Satyrs left the Forests, to dance around him; even the Trees seem'd affected; and one wou'd have thought that the Rocks, mollify'd, were ready to descend from the Summits of the Mountains, allured by the Harmony of his Notes: the only Themes he sang were the Majesty of the Gods, the Virtue of Heroes, and the Wisdom of such as prefer their Fame to fleeting Pleasures.

He admonish'd me often to be of good Courage, and said, The Gods wou'd abandon neither *Ulysses*, nor his Son. In short, he insist'd that it was incumbent on me, after the Example of *Apollo*, to instruct the Shepherds, and to cultivate Musick and Poetry. *Phæbus*, said he, enraged that *Jupiter* with his Bolts obscured the Sky in the most glorious Days, resolv'd to wreak his Vengeance on the *Cyclopes* who forged the Bolts, and the God transfix'd them with his Arrows: Mount *Ætna* in an Instant ceas'd to vomit forth its fiery Torrents; no longer were the dreadful Strokes of Hammers heard, which falling on the resounding Anvils made the deepest Caverns of the Earth and Abysses groan; Iron and Brass, no longer polish'd

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by the Hands of *Cyclopes*, began to yield to Rust and Canker : *Vulcan*, with Rage transported, left his Forge, and lame, as he was, hasten'd to *Olympus* ; he join'd th' Assembly of Gods, cover'd with Sweat and Dust, and made a loud Complaint : *Jupiter*, incens'd against *Apollo*, drove him from Heav'n, and hurl'd him head-long down to Earth ; his empty Charr, self-moving, kept its usual Course, to measure Day and Night to Mortals, and to bring on the regular Change of Seasons : *Apollo* divested of his Rays, was compelled to become a Shepherd, and to attend the Flocks of *Admetus* ; he inspired the Flute, and all the other Shepherds flock'd together under the Shadow of some Elms, growing near a Fountain's Marge, to listen to his Airs : they had led till then a savage and a brutal Life ; they knew only to tend, shear, milk their Sheep, and to press their Cheese : the whole Country bore the Resemblance of a frightful Desert.

Apollo soon instructed these rude Swains in all Arts, capable of rendering happy human-Life ; he sang the painted Flowers, the grateful Odours and vivifying Verdure introduced by Spring : he chanted next the lovely Summer-nights, when Mortals are refresh'd by Western Gales, and the parch'd thirsty Earth imbibes the Dew ; he blended in his Songs the yellow Fruits with which Autumn repays the Labour of the Hinds, and that Repose which Winter brings, while wanton Youths dance around the Fires : Lastly, he described the gloomy Forests, which on the Mountains nod ; the deep sunk Vales, where Rivers with various Windings seem to sport amidst the chearful Meads. Thus he taught the Hinds the Pleasures of a Country-Life, to such as can relish what is most agreeable

agreeable in artless Nature. The Shepherds, with their Pipes, soon found themselves more blest than Kings; and such innocent Pleasures as flie the gilded Roofs of Pallaces, visited in Crouds their Cots: Mirth, Sports, the Graces, were attendant on the innoxious *Nymphs*, where e'er they went; and ev'ry Day was Festival: Nothing was now heard, but the Chirps of Birds; the sweet Breath of Western Gales, which wanton'd in the Boughs of Trees; the Murmurs of a Chrystal Stream, which from some Rock rush'd down; or Lays of the Muse-inspired Hinds, in *Phæbus'* Train: This Deity taught them, in the Race, to bear away the Prize, and with their Arrows to transfix the flying Deer. The Gods themselves grew jealous of the Swains; the Life they led appear'd to them more eligible than all their Glory; and they recalled *Apollo* to *Olympus*.

My Son, this Narrative ought to be a Lesson to you, since you are in the same Situation that *Apollo* was: Break up this savage Earth, and, by his Example, make the Desert flourish; teach the Swains the Charms of Harmony, soften their rugged Hearts; shew them the Beauty of Virtue, and make them sensible how amiable a Lot it is to enjoy, in Solitude, those innocent Pleasures, which nothing can ravish from the happy Swain. A Day will come, my Son! a Day will come, when the Toils and corroding Cares, which surround a Throne, will make you much regret a Shepherd's Life.

Termosiris, having thus spoken, presented me a Flute, so harmonious, that the Ecchoes of the adjoining Hills, which diffused the Sound, drew round me all the neighbouring Swains; my Voice was divinely sweet; I found my self impell'd, and

Book II. of TELEMACHUS.

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as it were transported beyond myself, to sing those Beauties with which kind Nature decks the Plains; we pass'd whole Days, and encroach'd upon the Nights, to sing in Concert; all the Swains, neglectful of their Cots and Flocks, waving all Things else, stood motionless around me, while I delivered them Instructions: the Desert seem'd to retain nothing of its former Wildness; all was delightful; every Thing was chearful; and the Politeness of the Inhabitants seem'd to influence and mollify the Earth itself.

We often assembled to sacrifice in the Temple of *Apollo*, where *Termosiris* officiated: The Swains marched, with Laurel Wreaths upon their Heads; the Nymphs proceeded, with measured Steps, wearing Garlands compos'd of Flowers; and on their Heads they bore Canisters of consecrated Gifts. The Sacrifice perform'd, we sat us to a rural Feast: the most delicious of our Fare was Milk of Goats and Sheep, whose Udders we ourselves had drain'd; and Fruits of our own Gathering, as Dates, Figs and Grapes: our Seats were Turfs; and the tufted Trees afforded us a Shade, more agreeable than are the gilded Roofs of Royal Palaces.

But the Event, which crown'd my Fame among the Swains, was this: A hungry Lion broke in upon my Flock, and began a horrid Slaughter; I, with my Crook alone, boldly advanc'd; the Lion bristled up his Main, shew'd me his Teeth, unsheath'd his Claws, and open'd his ravenous and furious Jaws; his Eyes seem'd replete with Blood and Fire; he lash'd his Side with his long Tail; I cast him to the Ground; the little Coat of Mail which I then wore, according to the Custom of *Egyptian* Shepherds, prevented my receiving any Damage

Damage from his Claws : thrice I dash'd him to the Earth, and thrice he rose again ; his Roar made all the Forests eccho : at length, I strangled him between my Arms ; and the Swains, who had been Eye-witnesses of my Victory, compell'd me to wear the Spoils of this fierce Beast.

The Fame of this Action, and of the excellent Reform among the Swains, was spread throughout all *Egypt* ; nay, it even reach'd the Ears of *Sesostris* : He had been inform'd, that one of the two Captives, suppos'd *Phenicians*, had reviv'd the Golden Age, in Desarts almost uninhabitable ; he wou'd himself see me ; for he had a Veneration for the Muses, and was affected with whatever tended to the Instruction of Mankind : He saw me, listen'd to me with Satisfaction, and found that *Metophris* had, through Avarice, impos'd upon him : He condemn'd his Minister to a perpetual Prison, and confiscated all his ill-got Wealth. How wretched a State, said he, is it, to be exalted above the rest of Mankind ! Seldom with our own Eyes can we discern the Truth, environ'd by those who bar its Access to such as bear the Sway : 'Tis every one's Interest to deceive them, while under the Mask of Zeal they hide their own Ambition : All pretend Affection for the Monarch ; but their Hearts are set alone upon the Wealth he gives : So little do they love their Prince, that they will even flatter, and thus betray him, to obtain his Favour.

From that Time forward, *Sesostris* treated me with an affectionate Friendship ; and resolved to send me to *Ithaca*, with both Ships and Troops, to rescue *Penelope* from her Pretenders. The Fleet being equipp'd, our Thoughts were wholly

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employ'd upon our Embarkation. These Turns of Fortune, who on a sudden raises those whom she had before cast down, both caus'd my Admiration, and gave me Ground to hope (from what I my self experienced) that *Ulysses* might possibly, after his long Sufferings, return to his Dominions; I also flatter'd my self with the Thoughts, that I might again see *Mentor*, though convey'd away to the most unknown Country of *Æthiopia*: While I delay'd my Departure, by endeavouring to get some Intelligence of him, *Sesostris*, well stricken in Years, died suddenly; and his Death plunged me into new Misfortunes.

The whole Kingdom of *Ægypt* appeared inconsolable for this Loss; there was not a Family which did not think itself deprived of its best Friend, a Parent, and a Protector: The Aged, lifting up their Hands to Heaven, cried, Never was *Ægypt* blest'd with so good a Prince; and never will she enjoy another like him: Oh ye Gods! ye ought never to have given him to Mankind, or never ought to have deprived them of him: O! why must we survive *Sesostris*? The Youth cried, That the Hopes of *Ægypt* were lost and extinguish'd; our Fathers were indeed happy, in having lived during the Reign of so good a Monarch; our Experience of him was only to make us sensible of his Loss: His Domesticks, Day and Night, were drown'd in Tears. During the Performances of his Funeral Rites, which continued forty Days, the most distant People flock'd together in Crouds, desirous once more to see the Body of *Sesostris*, as every one wou'd preserve of him the Memory; and many wou'd be interr'd with him in the same Tomb.

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His Loss was the more sensibly felt, as his Son * *Bocchoris* had neither Humanity towards Strangers, Inclination for Sciences, Esteem for Men of Probity, nor a Love of Glory; his Father's Greatness had contributed to render him unworthy of a Throne. He had been train'd up in scandalous Luxury, and brutal Cruelty; he made no Account of Men, thinking they were born but for his Use; and that he himself was of a Nature differing from them: he had no other Care but that of gratifying his Passions, and of squandering the immense Treasures which his Father had so carefully

* *Bocchoris*: The Archbishop, who was to form the Mind of a great Prince, and inspire him with such Sentiments of Religion, Probity, and Honour, as might render him and his future Subjects happy in each other, his Kingdom flourishing, and enroll his Name in the List of good Princes, whom Heaven had given to be a Blessing to their respective Countries, sets to View, first, the Character of a great Monarch, who makes a right Use of the Power entrusted to him by the King of Kings. A Prince who loves Mankind in general, is humane and benevolent to all Nations, and a Father to his own, loving and beloved by his People, of strict Justice and Probity, and, above all, truly religious; but not without Fault, for such a Character had been unnatural. He afterwards, to give a greater Lustre to the Virtues of this Monarch, to shew the odious Figure of Vice, and the natural Consequence of a Prince indulging to his Passions, contracts his Character in that of his Son *Bocchoris*; in which he has thrown some Part of that of *Lewis XIV*, which the Duke of *Bourgogne*, who was a Prince of great Penetration, could not but perceive; for this King, like *Bocchoris*, made no Account of Men, and indeed look'd upon them as born for his Use, to be subservient to his Pleasures, or to heighten his Glory. He squander'd prodigious Sums of Money, and miserably harra's'd his People.

his Son fully husbanded ; of harrassing his People, and of sucking the Blood of his unhappy Subjects : In a Word, he abandon'd himself to the Flatteries of young senseless People, who were always about him, while he, contemptuously, drove from him those prudent ancient Men, in whom his Father had confided. He was rather a Monster than a Monarch ; all *Ægypt* groan'd : And though the Memory of *Sesostris*, so dear to the *Ægyptians*, made them bear with the scandalous and cruel Conduct of his Son, yet this Son hastened to his Ruin ; and, indeed, a Prince so unworthy of a Throne, could not long keep Possession of it.

I had now no Ground to hope my Return to *Ithaca* ; I continued in a Tower on the Sea-coast, near *Pelusium*, from whence we were to have embark'd, had *Sesostris* lived. *Metophis* had found the Means to recover his Liberty, and to ingratiate himself with the new King ; it was he who procured my Imprisonment, to revenge himself of the Disgrace which I had brought upon him. All that *Termasiris* had foretold, and all that I had heard from the Cavern, now appear'd to me no other than a Dream ; I was overwhelm'd with the Bitterness of Grief ; I saw the Billows, rowling, dash against the Foot of the Tower where I was confined, and often contemplated the Ships that, toss'd by Storms, were in Danger of being wreck'd upon the Rocks, on which my Prison was erected ; but so far was I from pitying the Men thus endanger'd, that I was envious of their Fate : Very soon, would I say to myself, they will find an End to the Misfortunes of their Lives, or arrive in their own Country ; while I can hope for neither.

While I was thus devour'd by my unavailing Griefs, I perceiv'd a Number of Masts of Ships, resembling a Forest : The Sea was cover'd with Sails, swelling with the Winds ; the Waves foam'd under the Lashes of innumerable Oars ; on all Hands I heard a confused Uproar : I observ'd upon the Sea-coasts a Party of terrify'd *Ægyptians*, who flew to Arms : I soon distinguish'd, that these Ships were partly *Phenicians*, partly *Cyprians* ; for my Misfortunes began to teach me Experience in Navigation : There seem'd to be a Division among the *Ægyptians*, and I was easily induced to believe, that the Folly of *Bocchoris* had, by his Outrages, caused a Revolt of his Subjects, and lighted up a Civil War. From the Top of this Tower I was a Spectator of a bloody Battle.

The *Ægyptians*, who had called these Foreigners to their Assistance, having favour'd their Descent, attack'd the other *Ægyptians*, commanded by the King. I saw this Monarch, animating his Party by his Example, look like another *Mars* ; Rivulets of Blood flow'd around him : his Chariot-Wheels were dy'd with black, clotted, fuming Gore, and scarcely cou'd they rowl over the Heaps of crush'd dead Men.

This young Monarch, finely proportion'd in his Make, strong, active, of haughty and cruel Mien, in his Eyes betray'd a Mixture of Despair and Rage, he was like a fine, but an ungovernable Horse : his Courage urged him on to Danger ; but that Courage was not directed by Prudence : he neither knew how to repair any Oversight, to give exact and just Orders, to foresee threatening Ills, nor to spare those who were of the greatest Use to him : It was not
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that he wanted a Capacity, he had good Sense, equal to his Bravery; but he had never been in the School of Adversity, to learn Instruction: the Endowments of his Mind were poison'd by the Flatteries of his Masters; he was intoxicated with his Power and happy Situation: he thought, all ought to truckle to his unruly Passions; and the least Contradiction wrought him up to Rage: he then was lost to Reason, and in a manner raving; his furious Pride changed him to a savage Beast: his innate good Nature, and fine Sense, instantly abandon'd him; his most faithful Servants were oblig'd to fly: he cou'd suffer none but who flatter'd his Passions. Thus he always took violent Resolutions, repugnant to his real Interests; and made all Men of Probity abhor the Folly of his Conduct. His Courage long supported him against the Number of his Enemies, but he was at length borne down; I saw him fall: a *Phenician* Dart pierced his Breast; he let drop the Reins, and fell from his Chariot, beneath his Horses Feet: a *Cyprian* Soldier cut off his Head, and, lifting it up by the Hair, expos'd it in a triumphant Manner to the victorious Army.

Never shall I forget the Sight of the Head, cover'd with Blood; th' extinguish'd Eyes clos'd up; the Visage pale and wan; the Mouth half open, as if it would finish Words begun; the haughty threatening Mien, which Death itself could not efface. As long as I draw in the vital Air, the Image of this Head will be deep impress'd upon my Mind; and if the Gods ever permit me to hold the Reins of Government, after so fatal an Example, I shall never forget, that a King is only

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worthy of his Throne, and happy in his Power, while he submits it to the Government of Reason. O! how great a Misfortune is it, that a Man, design'd for publick Good, shou'd have the Command of Men, only to make them wretched!

End of the Second Book.

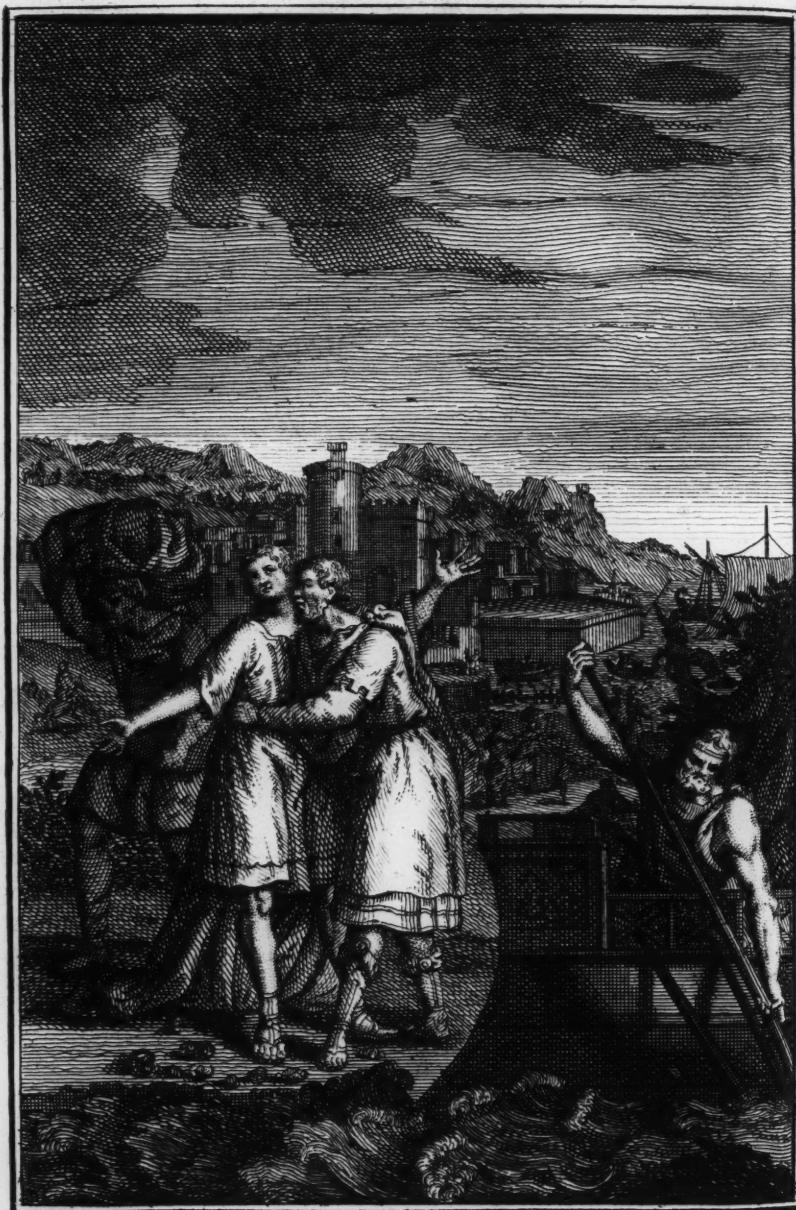


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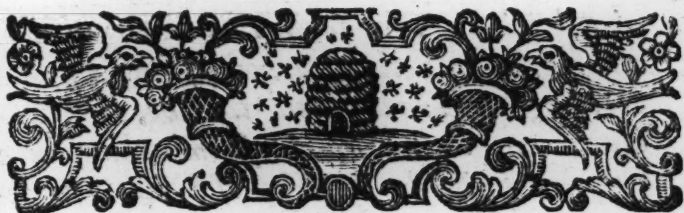
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TELEMAQUE évitant la poursuite de *PIGMALION* Roy de Tyre, s'embarque par la moyen de *NARBAL* sur un Vaisseau Cyprien.

Liv. III



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
Son of *Ulysses.*

BOOK the THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS relates the Enfranchisement of all the Tyrian Prisoners, by the Successor of Bocchoris; and that he, Telemachus, being reckon'd as one, was by them carry'd to Tyre, on Board the Ship of Narbal, who commanded the Tyrian Fleet. That this Commander gave him the Character of their King Pigmalion, whose cruel Avarice was to be

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apprehended: That farther Narbal gave him an Insight into the Method of the Tyrians carrying on Trade; and that he, Telemachus, was on the Point of embarking on a Cyprian Ship, by the Way of Cyprus to return to Ithaca, when Pigmalion, discovering he was a Stranger, wou'd have seized him: that he was then in the utmost Danger of being lost; but was saved by Astarba, the Tyrant's Mistress, that she might, in his stead, put to Death a young Man, who had exasperated her by his Disdain.



ALYPSO listen'd with Astonishment to so prudent a Discourse; but what gave her the most sensible Pleasure was the Remark she made, that *Telemachus* ingenuously acknowledged the Errors he had committed by his Rashness, and by not having duly attended to the Advice of considerate *Mentor*: She discover'd a surprizing Dignity and Majesty in this young Prince, who condemn'd his own Conduct, and seem'd to have made such an Advantage of his Oversights, as from them to have learn'd Prudence, Foresight and Moderation. My dear *Telemachus*, said she, proceed; I am anxious to hear how you was deliver'd from *Ægypt*, and by what Means you met with the prudent *Mentor*, for whose Loss you were so justly affected.

Telemachus thus resum'd his Story: The *Ægyptians* of the greatest Probity and Loyalty, being the weaker Party, and having lost their King,

were

Book III. of TELEMACHUS. 55

were compell'd to submit to the Victors; a new King, named *Termetis*, was put in Possession of the Throne: The *Phenician* and *Cyprian* Troops, after having made an Alliance with the new King, who releas'd all the *Tyrian* Prisoners, among whom I was included, left the *Ægyptian* Coasts; I was deliver'd from my Tower, and Hope began to dawn within my Breast.

A favourable Gale swell'd our Sails, the Rowers lash'd the foaming Surge; the extended Sea was cover'd with our Ships, the Sailors spoke their Joy in Shouts; the *Ægyptian* Coasts receded, the Hills and Mountains were gradually lessen'd, and we began to have no other Prospect than that of Skies and Sea; while the rising Sun, seeming from the Deep t' emerge with dazzling Brightness, gilded the Summits of the Mountains (which we cou'd just perceive above the Horizon) with its trembling Rays, and the whole Sky painted with a gloomy Azure, were Signals of a happy Voyage.

Tho' I was releas'd as a *Phenician*, yet, none of them knowing me, *Narbal*, who commanded the Ship on which I was embark'd, asked me my Name and Country: Of what Town of *Phenicia*, said he, are you? I replied, that I was not a *Phenician*; that the *Ægyptians* had taken me on Board a *Tyrian* Ship; that I had been long captive in *Ægypt*, as a *Tyrian*, under that Appellation had long suffer'd, and under the same had been set at Liberty. *Narbal* then enquired, of what Country I was? I address'd myself to him in these Words: I am *Telemachus*, Son of *Ulysses* King of *Ithaca*, in *Greece*: my Father render'd himself famous among those Kings who carried on the Siege of *Troy*; but the Gods have not permitted his Return to *Ithaca*;

I have visited several Countries, in his Search ; but Fortune persecutes me, as she does him : You see an unfortunate Man, who is only anxious to enjoy the Happiness of visiting his Family, and of finding out his Father.

Narbal, who view'd me with Astonishment, fancied, he discovered somewhat of an Excellency, not to be described ; which is the peculiar Gift of Heaven, and not to be found among the Vulgar : As he was naturally sincere and generous, he was touch'd with my Misfortune, and spoke to me with that Openness which the Gods inspired, to save me from an imminent Danger :

Telemachus, I neither do nor can question the Truth of what you have told me ; the Virtue and Sweetness of Temper, conspicuous in your Countenance, will not allow me to be upon my Guard against you ; I even am persuaded, that you are both beloved by the Gods, whom I have ever serv'd ; and, that it is their Will, I should also cherish you as my Son : I will give you a necessary Advice ; and all the Reward I ask is Secrecy. Fear not, said I, that it will be any Difficulty for me to be silent on whatever you shall entrust to me : though I am young, yet am I not so in the Habit of keeping my own Secrets ; and more, of never betraying, on whatever Pretence, those of another. How, said he, in so tender Years cou'd you be inured to Secrecy ? I shou'd be extreamly pleas'd to learn, by what Means you have acquired a Qualification which is the Basis of a prudent Conduct, and the Want of which renders all Endowments useless.

When *Ulysses*, said I, sat out for the Siege of *Troy*, he took me on his Knee, and embrac'd me (as I have been since told), and having tenderly
kiss'd,

kiss'd, spoke to me these Words, tho' I was not capable to understand them : O my Son ! may the Gods preserve me from ever seeing thee again ; but rather may the Shears of Fate cut thy Thread of Life e'er it is well spun, as the Mower with his Scythe cuts down the opening Flower ; may my Enemies destroy thee before thy Mother's and my Eyes, rather than thou should'st be deprav'd and stray from the Paths of Virtue : O my Friends ! continued he, with you I leave this my dearest Son, be careful of him in his Infancy, and if you have any Love for me, keep him beyond the Reach of pernicious Flattery, and teach him to conquer his own Passions ; look upon him as a tender Shoot, yet pliant, which we bend to straiten ; but above all, neglect not to render him just, benevolent, sincere and faithful in keeping Secrets. Whoever is capable of a Lie, is unworthy to be number'd among Men ; and he who cannot command his Tongue, is unworthy of Command o'er Men.

I repeat the very Words, as Care was taken to inculcate them, as they have penetrated the inmost Recesses of my Heart, and as I have not seldom run them over in my Mind. My Father's Friends took Care, early, to train me up to Secresy, and, in my very Infancy, fear'd not to entrust me with their Anxiety, seeing my Mother expos'd to such a Number of audacious Men, who all pretended to her. Thus, even in that tender Age, they regarded me as they would a Man of Sense, on whom they might rely. They conversed with me on Affairs of the greatest Importance, they entrusted me with the Resolutions they had taken to disperse those Pretenders ; and I was charm'd with the Confidence

they repos'd in me, which made me look upon my self as a Man complete. I never made a wrong Use of it, and never let drop a Word which might give any Intimation of the least Secret. The Pretenders often endeavour'd to sift me, imagining that a Child, who had either heard or seen any Thing important, would necessarily discover it; but I had the Address to give them Answers, without breaking in upon Truth, or divulging what I ought to conceal.

Narbal then said to me, You are an Eye-witness of the *Phenician* Power, formidable to all neighb'ring Nations, on Account of their prodigious Navy; their Commerce, which they have extended far as the *Pillars of Hercules* *, brings them in Treasures which surpass the Riches of the most flourishing Nation. That great King, *Sesostris*, who cou'd never have gotten an Advantage of them by Sea, with great Difficulty, and with the very Armies which subdued the *East*, gain'd a Conquest over them at Land: He impos'd us a Tribute, which, however, we did not long pay. The *Phenicians* were too sensible both of their Power and Riches, patiently to bear the Yoke of Servitude; we recover'd our Liberty. Death did not allow *Sesostris* Time to bring the War, he made upon us, to a Conclusion. 'Tis certain, we had Reason to apprehend the worst, more from his Prudence than his Power; but the latter being transmitted to his Son, who wanted the former,

* The *Pillars of Hercules* are two Mountains, at the *Streight's* Mouth: that on the Side of *Spain* call'd *Calpe*; that on the *Barbary* Side named *Abila*. These bounded the Travels of *Hercules*. Others say, that there were in the Isle of *Cadiz* two Brazen Pillars, of the Height of eight Cubits, sacred to *Hercules*.

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former, we concluded ourselves out of all Danger. In Effect, the *Ægyptians*, instead of ent'ring our Country again with an armed Force, to subdue us a second Time, were oblig'd to call us to their Succour, to deliver them from their impious and frantick Monarch. We have proved their Deliverers. What an Acquisition of Glory is this to the Liberties and Opulence of the *Phenicians*!

But, at the very Time we rescue others, we are ourselves enslaved. O *Telemachus*! apprehend falling into the cruel Hands of our King *Pigmalion*, those cruel Hands, which he has already stain'd with the Blood of *Sichæus*, Consort of his Sister *Dido* *: She, meditating Revenge, escaped, with several Ships from *Tyre*; the greater Part of those who had any Veneration for Virtue, or Love of Liberty, accompany'd her: She has, on the Coast
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* She was Daughter of *Belus*, King of *Tyre*, and married to a Priest of *Hercules*, named *Sichæus*, whom her Brother *Pigmalion* basely murder'd, to possess himself of his Treasures; but he was disappointed by *Dido*, who put it on Board of a Ship, with some who were willing to follow her Fortunes, sail'd to the *African* Coast, and there purchas'd as much Land as she cou'd encompass with a Bull's Hide: this she cut into small Thongs, and enclos'd so great a Spot of Ground, that on it she built the City of *Carthage*, and a Citadel, which she call'd *Byse*, that is, the *Hide*. She killed herself, to avoid a constrain'd Marriage with *Hiarbas*, King of the *Getulians*. *Virgil* brings *Aneas* to her City, where she relieves him and his Followers, and, by the Contrivance of the Deities, intrigues with him, and kills herself for his Departure. But, Poets don't trouble themselves much with Chronology; for, *Aneas* had been dead about 400 Years before the Foundation of *Carthage* by *Dido*. This Town, the Rival of *Rome*, was destroy'd by *Scipio Africanus*.

of *Africa*, founded a magnificent City, named *Carthage*. *Pigmalion*, tormented with an insatiable Thirst of Wealth, every Day grows more miserable, and more odious to his People. It is criminal, at *Tyre*, to be rich. His Avarice makes him jealous, mistrustful, and cruel; he persecutes the Wealthy, and he apprehends the Poor.

Virtue, at *Tyre*, is still a greater Crime; for *Pigmalion* imagines, that good Men cannot bear with his Injustice and mean Penury. Virtue is a Reproach to him, he is exasperated, enflamed against it. Every thing alarms, disturbs, and preys upon him; he trembles at his own Shadow; neither Day nor Night can he take any Rest: and the Gods, for his greater Confusion, load him with Riches, which he dares not enjoy. The Object of his Happiness is indeed the Source of his Wretchedness; whatever he gives he regrets, and is ever in Fear of Losses; he excruciates himself for Lucre. He is scarcely ever seen; always by himself, melancholy and dejected, in the remotest Part of his Palace; even his Friends dare not approach him, fearing his Suspicion. A terrible Guard, with drawn Swords and couch'd Spears, surrounds his House. He immures * himself in an Apartment which contains thirty Chambers, having

* This was the Precaution taken by *Oliver Cromwell*, after the Publication of a Pamphlet, intitled, *Killing no Murder*. He had a String of Chambers, and no one knew in which he slept. His Picture is drawn in Part of *Pigmalion's* Character; for he was in constant Alarms, apprehended every body, and was as cruel as restless: But, whatever he merited, and might justly, he died in his Bed, after having govern'd *England* some Time with a more absolute Authority, than any lawful Prince would have ventured to assume.

ving a Communication the one with the other, and each secured by an Iron Door, and six large Bolts. It is never known, in which of these he lies; and it is affirm'd, he never lies two Nights together in the same Room, for Fear of being assassinated. He is a Stranger to social Pleasures, and to the more endearing Charms of Friendship; if the Pursuit of sweet Content is mention'd, he is sensible it flies and rejects the Offer of his Breast. His hollow Eyes are fill'd with a cruel savage Brightness, and constantly roving on every Side. He listens to every Noise, and the very least thoroughly alarms him. He is pale, wan; and corroding Care is painted on his ever-wrinkled Brow. He speaks to no body, sighs, and from the very Bottom of his Heart exhales deep Groans; he cannot hide the Remorse which preys upon him: the most exquisite Viands disgust him. His Children, far from being his Hopes, are the Subject of his Fears; he has made them his most formidable Enemies. His whole Life has not afforded him one secure Minute; and it is by shedding the Blood of all whom he apprehends, that he provides for his own Safety. How devoid of Reason must he be, since he perceives not that he will one Day perish by the Means of that Cruelty on which he builds! some or other of his Domesticks, apprehensive as himself, will seize an Opportunity to rid the World of such a Monster.

For my Part, as I fear the Gods, whatever is the Consequence, I will preserve my Loyalty to the Sovereign they have appointed me: I wou'd sooner die, by his Orders, than deprive him of Life, or even be wanting in his Defence. As for you, *Telemachus*, take Heed you tell him not whose Son you are: His Hopes of drawing from
Ulysses,

Ulysses, on his Return to *Ithaca*, a Sum considerable, to ransom you, will cause his detaining you in Prison.

When we arrived at *Tyre*, I follow'd the Advice *Narbal* had given me, and I found the Report he had made me literally true. I could not conceive, that a Man could make himself as wretched as *Pigmalion* seem'd to be.

Surpriz'd at so horrid a Spectacle, and which was so new to me, I said within myself, This Man has made Happiness his sole Pursuit, but placing it in Riches and despotick Power, though possess'd of all that he can covet, yet is he by those very Objects of his Wishes render'd miserable. Were he, as I lately was, a Shepherd, he wou'd enjoy all the innocent Pleasures of a rural Life, and his Enjoyments wou'd leave no Sting behind; he wou'd dread neither Sword nor Poison, and, loving, wou'd be beloved by Men. He wou'd not indeed possess such immense Riches, which however are as useless to him as Grains of Sand, since he has not the Heart to use them; but then, he freely wou'd enjoy the Fruits which the Earth pours forth, and feel no real Want. This Prince, in Appearance, does what ever he pleases; but this is far from being, in Reality, his Case; he is the Slave of his unruly Passions, he is hurry'd away by his Avarice, his Fears and Jealousies. He seems to be the Master of all other Men, but is not Master of himself; and is subjected to as many Tyrants and Tormentors, as he has boisterous Passions.

I made these Reflections, without having seen *Pigmalion*; he did not expose himself to publick View: the People cou'd only with Terror look upon those lofty Towers, Night and Day encom-

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pass'd round with Guards, in which he had made himself a Prisoner, inclosed with his Treasures. I compared this invisible King with *Sesostris*, who was so humane, so easy of Access, so affable, so curious to see Strangers, so attentive to all who address'd him, and to discover in the Hearts of Men that Truth which is conceal'd from Kings. *Sesostris*, said I, apprehended nothing, and indeed had nothing he cou'd apprehend; he presented himself to the Eyes of all his Subjects, as he did to those of his Children. This Prince fears every Thing, and has indeed every Thing to fear; this flagitious Monarch is ever expos'd to a tragic Death, even in his inaccessible Palace, and in the Midst of his own Guards: On the contrary, *Sesostris* was always in Safety in the Midst of a Croud of People, as is an indulgent Father in his own House, surrounded by his Family.

Pigmalion gave Orders for the sending back the *Cyprian* Troops, which, by Virtue of an Alliance between the two Nations, had come to reinforce his own. *Narbal* laid Hold on that Opportunity to set me free, he made me pass in Review among the *Cyprian* Soldiers; for the King was mistrustful, even in the most trifling Matters*. The Fault

* This is the direct Character of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, who was flatter'd, and flatter'd himself with seeing with his own Eyes and directing all Things by his own Judgment; yet was blindly led by his Ministers, who managed, as their Passions, Interests, or Piques, determin'd them to act, and abused the Royal Authority. These Ministers inspired in him the base Maxim, still practis'd by the *French*, of preferring Interest to all Ties of Honour or Probity, and of having no Regard to the most solemn Treaties, when he could reap Advantage by breaking

Fault of weak and indolent Princes is, to give themselves up, with an inconsiderate Confidence, into the Power of designing and corrupt Favourites; *Pigmalion's* Fault was, on the contrary, a Jealousy of all Men of Worth: He knew not to distinguish upright and artless Men, who act with Candor; but, indeed, he had been even a Stranger to Persons of Probity; for such never make their Court to so corrupt a Prince: Beside, from the Time that he filled the Throne, he had remark'd in the Persons he employ'd so much Dissimulation, Treachery, and so many hideous Vices, under the Mask of Virtue, that he look'd on all Mankind, without any Exception, as in Disguise. He feigned to himself, that there was no such Thing on Earth, as real Virtue; wherefore he esteem'd all Men as pretty near upon a Level. When he discover'd any Person treacherous and corrupt, he gave himself no Trouble to seek another; as he judg'd, another wou'd be no better. Good Men he thought worse than the most declared and open Villains, as he deem'd them not less wicked, and greater Hypocrites.

To return to my own Story: I escaped the King's penetrating Jealousy, and was not distinguish'd from among the *Cyprians*; *Narbal* trembled at the Apprehension of my being discover'd, the Consequence of which had been the infallible Death of both. His Impatience, to see us gone,

was

breaking them. They flatter'd him with the Notion of being despotick Lord over the Lives and Fortunes of his Subjects, and made him, through an impolitick Zeal, persecute his *Protestant* Subjects; by which his own Kingdom suffer'd, and the *English* and *Dutch* reap'd a considerable Benefit, by their bringing with them their Manufactures.

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was incredible; but we were detain'd at *Tyre* a considerable Time by contrary Winds.

I took Advantage of this Stay, to acquaint myself with the Customs of the *Phenicians*, so famed throughout the World. I contemplated, with Astonishment, the Situation of this vast City, built on an Island in the Middle of the Sea: The neighbouring Coast is extremely delightful, on Account of its Fertility; the exquisite Fruits it produces; the Number of Towns and Villages, in a manner contiguous to one another: In a Word, on Account of the Temperature of the Climate; for the Mountains shelter this Coast from the scorching Southern Winds, and it is refresh'd and cool'd by those of the North, blowing from the Sea. This Country lies at the Basis of *Libanus*, whose Summit, piercing to the Clouds, aspires to the Stars; its Brow is cover'd with eternal Frosts; Rivers, with Snow replete, like Torrents, rush precipitate from the Craggs of Rocks, which crown its Head. Beneath these is seen a vast extended Forest of ancient Cedars, which seem coeval with the Earth that bears them, and whose dense Branches shoot upwards to the very Clouds. Beneath this Forest, on the Declivity of the Mountain, lie fertile Pastures, in which roam the bellowing Bulls, and Sheep, with their tender Lambs, which, bleating, frolick in the Grass; there a thousand Rivulets glide with Chrystal Streams: In short, below these Pastures, the Foot of this high Mountain opens to our View, bearing the Resemblance of a Garden; here Spring and Autumn jointly reign, mingling their Flow'rs and Fruits: never has the infectious Breath of the South, which withers and dries all it passes o'er, or the severe North Wind dared to efface the lively Colours with which this Garden is embellish'd.

It

It is but little distant from this enchanting Coast, that the Isle itself emerges out of the Bosom of the briny Deep, on which the City of *Tyre* rears its Head, seeming to float upon the Surface of the Waters, and to reign Sovereign Queen of all the Sea: Here arrive Merchants from all the different Parts of the known World; and the Inhabitants of *Tyre* are themselves the most noted, and most expert Traders in the whole Universe. One would at first Entrance into, be apt to mistake this City for one that was in Common to all Nations, the Centre of their Trade, and not peculiar to distinct People. It has two great Motes, which, like two Arms, stretch into the Sea, embracing a capacious Harbour, defended against all Winds: Within the Haven the Masts of Ships represent a Forest; and these Ships are so numerous, that scarcely can you perceive the Element on which they float. All the Citizens in general apply themselves to Trade; and their great Wealth never disgusts them to the Trouble necessary to encrease it. On all hands are seen the Lawns of *Egypt*, and the double *Tyrian* Purple of surprising Lustre: This double Die is so very bright, that it will withstand Injuries of Time: They employ it for the fine Woollens, which they set off with Embroidery of Gold and Silver. The *Phenicians* have engross'd the Trade of all the Nations, far as the Streights of *Cales*;* nay they have even enter'd the vast Ocean, which encompasses the whole Earth;

* *Cales*, or *Cadiz*, an Island on the South part of Spain without the Streights of *Gibraltar*, in length twelve Miles, in breadth three. It was sacked by the *English* in the Time of Queen *Eliz.* it was built by the *Tyrians*.

Earth; they have also made long Voyages on the Red-sea, and 'tis by that Course they go to unknown Islands for Gold, Perfumes, and several sorts of Creatures, elsewhere unknown. I cou'd never satiate my Eyes with the sight of this vast and splendid City, where every one was in continual Motion: You cou'd not here, as in the Towns of *Greece*, meet with any loitering inquisitive People, who run to the Publick Square to hear News, or to the Havens to see what Strangers Land: The Men are busied in unlading their Ships, in transporting, or selling their Goods; in settling their Warehouses, and in keeping exact Accounts of the Credit which they give to foreign Merchants. The Women are never idle; they are either spinning Wool, making Patterns for Embroidery, or folding up the valuable Products of the Looms.*

Whence comes it, said I to *Narbal*, that the *Phenicians* have engross'd the Trade of the whole World, and have enrich'd themselves at the Expence of all other Nations? He replied, you see the

* This Description of *Tyre* is a lively Picture of *Amsterdam*, which, however, exceeds that ancient City, both in extent of Commerce and in its Wealth. The Archbishop shews here the great Advantages which flow from Trade, neglected and despised in *France*, to provoke the *French* to a laudable Emulation, and to awaken their Industry; and to this End, he more than once, in this Work, mentions the Benefit a Nation receives by Commerce: But the *French* were taught to think otherwise, as it was more agreeable to the Ambitious Views of their Monarch; for by holding Traders in such Contempt that no Gentleman wou'd Traffick, he made the Gentry dependant on the Court, and supply'd the King's Army with a Number of younger Brothers.

the Reason: *Tyre* is commodiously situated for Trade: The Glory of having invented Navigation is allow'd to us: The *Tyrians* were the first (if we may give Credit to Accounts of the most remote Antiquity) who triumph'd o'er the *Bil-lows*, long before the Time of *Tiphis** and the *Argonauts*,† so greatly vaunted among the *Grecians*: They were, I say, the first who had the Courage to trust themselves to the Mercy of the Waves, and Storms in Ships; who sounded the Depths of the Sea; who, far from Land, observ'd the Planets, according to the *Ægyptian* and *Babylonian* Science; who, in short, re-united such a Number of People as were separated from each other by the intermediate Sea. The *Tyrians* are ingenious, patient, laborious, cleanly, and frugal; their Civil Government is well calculated; there is a perfect Harmony among the Inhabitants: Never was there a People more steady, more sincere, more faithful, more to be depended upon, or more obliging to all Strangers.

This, without seeking any other Cause, has put them in Possession of the Sovereignty of the Sea, and made so advantageous a Trade flourish in their Port. If once‡ *Factions* and *Jealousies* shou'd

* The Pilot of the Ship *Argo* in the Voyage of the *Argonauts*.

† *Jason* and his Companions who went upon the Expedition of the Golden Fleece to *Colchis*.

‡ *Pride* and *Luxury* are the certain Preludes of *Poverty* and *Contempt*, as they are *Enemies* to *Industry*. When the *Artificer* will vie with the *Merchant*, the *Merchant* with the *Nobleman*, and the *Nobleman* with his *Sovereign*; what but *Ruin* can ensue? Since to maintain

thou'd ever set Foot among them, if they ever begin to be enervated by sensual Pleasures, and given up to Indolence; if the Chiefs of the Nation should contemn Industry and Œconomy; if ever the Arts shou'd lose their Respect in our City; thou'd the *Tyrians* ever betray their Trust with Strangers,

maintain their Figure they will do the meanest and most unjust Actions, which consequently must lose them all Credit; and when that comes to be the Case, when Foreigners can repose no Trust in the Merchants or Factors, they will break off all Commerce with them. A Sovereign of a free and trading People, who does not apprehend Danger to himself from the Wealth of his Subjects, shou'd in good Policy, discourage as much as possible, by his own Example, all Arts which tend to Luxury; all Incitements to a voluptuous and effeminate manner of living ought to be suppress'd, and Industry encourag'd by all possible Means; and instead of cramping Trade by heavy Customs, open his Ports to, and allure Strangers by the Facility offer'd them of trafficking in his Country: On the other hand, the Merchants and Traders ought to act with the greatest Probity with them, and hesitate at no Expence to make their Manufactures in the utmost Perfection; though they gain thereby less for the present, yet they will find a greater Advantage in the long run, as they will establish their Credit, and by underselling their Rivals, engross the Trade, and thus verify the Proverb, *Small Gains make a heavy Purse*. Dissentions, intestine Divisions, are here mentioned by our Author, as sapping the Power of a State, as it is no doubt the ruin also of Trade, which is the Basis of Power, as Money is the Nerves of War. If the Nobility hold the Trader in Contempt, and Traffick becomes despicable, it will naturally decline; and where a Minister, thro' either Pique or Folly, exposes the Merchants to Losses by not protecting their Trade, he is little better than a Traytor to both his Prince and Country.

Strangers, shou'd make any the least Alteration in the Regulation of a free Trade; shou'd they neglect their Manufactures; shou'd they not continue to advance the large Sums necessary to make their different Merchandizes in the greatest Perfection, each in its Kind, you wou'd soon see this Power which you now admire, dwindle and fall to nothing.

But, said I, instruct me in the infallible Means, one Day, to settle a like Traffick in the Isles of *Ithaca*. Do, reply'd he, as we do here. Let all Strangers find a chearful Reception, let them be clogg'd with no Difficulties; may your Ports afford them Security, Conveniency, and full Liberty: Never suffer your self to be led away by Avarice or Pride. The real Method to make great Gains, is never to aim at getting too much, and to know how to loose upon Occasion. Ingratiate your self with, and gain the Love of all Foreigners; even bear a little with them, and be upon your Guard that you give them no Jealousy from your high Rank; be immoveably steady in the Regulations of Trade, and let these be plain and practicable; inure your Subjects to an inviolable Observation of them; severely punish all Fraud, nay, even the Negligence and Ostentation of Merchants, which are the bane of all Commerce by proving the Ruin of those that carry it on: But above all, never set about to cramp Traffick to make it subservient to your own Views. It is better that a Prince shou'd never engage himself in mercantile Affairs, but leave the Emoluments of them to his Subjects, who have the Trouble, or he will otherwise discourage Traders; he will reap Advantage enough by the great Wealth which will accrue to his States. Trade is like certain

Springs,

Springs, which if you divert their Course, you dry them up. There is nothing allures Foreigners to you but Profit and Conveniency; if you make their Dealings either more difficult, or less lucrative, they insensibly absent themselves, and return no more: For other States taking Advantage of your Oversight, allure and accustom them to do without you. I must indeed own to you that for some time past, the Glory of *Tyre* has been greatly obscured. O had you, my dear *Telemachus*, seen it before the reign of *Pigmalion* you wou'd have been in a much greater Surprise. You now find here, only the wretched remains of a Greatness on the very brink of Ruin. O unhappy *Tyre*! into what Hands art thou fallen? There was a Time, when the Sea brought thee in the Tributes of all the Inhabitants of the Terrestrial Globe.

Pigmalion apprehends himself in the greatest Danger from both Subjects and Strangers. Instead of opening his Ports to the most distant People, without the least restraint on any, as was our ancient Custom, he will have an account of the Number of Ships that arrive, from whence they come, the Names of their respective Crews, and what they are; the Species they deal in; the Nature and Price of their Merchandize, and the time of their intended Stay; nay, he even does worse than this, he makes use of Fraud to circumvent the Merchants, and to seize their Effects: He makes those Merchants uneasy whom he thinks most Wealthy: Under different Pretences, he lays on new Customs: He will himself intermeddle with, engage in Trade, and every one fears to have any Dealings with him. Thus Trade decays, Strangers by Degrees forget the Course to *Tyre*, formerly so well known to them; and

and if *Pigmalion* does not alter his Conduct, our Glory and Power will soon be transferr'd to some other People more happily govern'd than we now are.

I, after this, asked *Narbal* by what Methods the *Tyrians* had made themselves so formidable at Sea, for I was unwilling to be ignorant of any thing which cou'd contribute to the well governing of a Kingdom. The Forest of *Libanus*, said he, furnishes us Timber for our Shipping, and we carefully preserve it for that Use; we never fall any but for publick Occasions. We have the Advantage of able Shipwrights for the Construction of our Ships. How, said I, cou'd you procure these Shipwrights? He reply'd, they were rais'd by Degrees among our selves. When Men who excel in their respective Arts are well paid, we may be sure of having, in a short time, such as will carry them to the height of Perfection; for Men of the greatest Prudence and Capacity will infallibly apply themselves to those Arts which are the best rewarded. Among the *Tyrians* all who succeed in any Arts and Sciences, which may advance Navigation, are treated with Respect. We shew a Regard to a Geometrician, a great Esteem for an able Astronomer, and heap Riches on a Pilot, who, in his Business excels the rest of his Employ. We do not despise a good Carpenter, on the contrary, he is well paid, and well used. Even Men dexterous at the Oar have assured Rewards, proportion'd to their respective Service; they are well provided for, Care is taken of their Wives and Children: If they are cast away, their Families have Amends made them; and such as have served a stated Time are discharged. Thus we have as great a Number as we want. The Parents chearfully bring up their Chil-

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Children to so advantageous an Employment, and from their tenderest Years teach them to handle an Oar, to be expert at rigging, and to apprehend no Storms. Thus are Men govern'd by Rewards and good Regulations, without Constraint on any. Authority alone never has a good Effect: Submission of Inferiors is not all that is requisite; we must gain the Hearts of Men, and make them find their Advantage in the very Things in which we would make Use of their Address.

Narbal, having held me this Discourse, carry'd me to view the Arcenals, and to see the different Trades employ'd in Ship-building; I minutely enquired into every the least Thing, and noted down my Remarks, lest some useful Particular should slip my Memory.

In the Interim, *Narbal*, who had an Affection for me, and knew the Temper of *Pigmalion*, impatiently waited my Departure, fearing my being discovered by the King's Spies, who Day and Night were prowling about the City; but the Winds did not as yet permit our Embarkation. While we were employ'd in attentively examining the Harbour, and putting Questions to several Merchants, we saw an Officer of *Pigmalion's* coming towards us, who told *Narbal*, that the King was newly inform'd by one of the Captains of the Ships which return'd with us from *Ægypt*, that he, *Narbal*, had brought a Stranger, who pass'd for a *Cyprian*; the King's Orders are to seize him, that it may be undoubtedly known what Countryman he is: Your Head must answer this. At this Instant I was at some little Distance, to more nearly view the Proportions, observ'd by the *Tyrians*, in the Built of a Ship almost new, said, by the exact Proportion of all its Parts, to be the best Sailor

that had ever appear'd in the Harbour ; I was questioning the Builder, who had lain down this Proportion.

Narbal, both surprized and terrify'd, answer'd, I will go seek this Stranger, who is, in Fact, of the Island of *Cyprus* ; but when the Officer was out of Sight, he hasten'd toward, to acquaint me with my Danger. I but too well foresaw it, said he, my dear *Telemachus* ; we are both lost : The King, who Day and Night is rack'd with Jealousies, suspects your not being of *Cyprus* ; he has order'd you to be seized ; and if I don't deliver you into his Hands, my Life must pay for it. What's to be done ? O Gods ! give us Prudence, to extricate ourselves out of this Danger. I must, *Telemachus*, carry you to the King's Palace ; do you stand to it, that you are a *Cyprian*, of the Town of *Amathenta*, and the Son of a Statuary of *Venus*. I will maintain, that I formerly was acquainted with your Father. Possibly the King, without making a farther Enquiry, will let you depart ; I see no other Method, to save both yours and my own Life.

I reply'd, Oppose not the Loss of an unhappy Man, whom the Fates have decreed to perish ; I fear not Death : and I am under too great an Obligation to you, to involve you in my Misfortune. I am no *Cyprian*, therefore cannot declare myself such ; the Gods are Witnesses of my Veracity : 'tis in them, to preserve my Life, by their Power, if they so please ; but I will not save it by a Falsity.

Narbal answered, This Falsity, *Telemachus* ! is not criminal ; the Gods themselves cannot condemn it : it is injurious to none, it preserves the Lives of two innocent Persons, and deceives the
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King only to prevent his perpetrating a heinous Crime; you carry too far your Love of Virtue, and your Fears of offending against Religion.

It suffices, said I, that a Falsity is a Falsity, to be unworthy of a Man who speaks in the Presence of the Gods, and ought to sacrifice every Thing to Truth. He that breaks in upon Truth, offends the Immortal Powers, and hurts himself; for he contradicts his Conscience. Urge me no farther, *Narbal*, to what is unworthy of either you or me; if the Gods take Compassion on us, they want not the Means to deliver us: If they suffer us to perish, we shall die Victims to Truth, and leave to others an Example, to prefer unfully'd Virtue to even a Length of Years; my Life is already spun to too great a Length, by being so unfortunate. It is, O dearest *Narbal*! it is for you alone, that my Heart is melted. Was it a necessary Consequence, that your Friendship for an unhappy Stranger shou'd prove thus fatal?

We were a considerable Time in this Sort of Conflict, but at Length we spied a Man coming, who had run himself quite out of Breath; it was another of the King's Officers, sent by *Astarba**:

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This

* This is the Picture of the Marchionese of *Montespan*, *Frances Athenaisse Chouart*, whom *Lewis* the Fourteenth took from her Husband, and for whom the King abandon'd his Consort: She was what *Astarba* is here said to have been, gay, flattering and deceitful; but withal revengeful, ambitious, cruel, and capable of doing the vilest Things, to satiate her Resentment. When the King design'd to quit her for *Mademoiselle Fontange*, she set the whole Court in an Uproar, and threatned to tear in Pieces the Children she had by the King, before his Face, reproaching him with smelling Rank. She was shrewdly suspected of having poison'd the new Favourite, whose Beauty had supplanted her. *French Remark.*

This Lady was beautiful as a Goddess, and to the Charms of her Person she superadded all the Attractives of Wit and Fancy; she was gay, flattering and insinuating: With all these deceitful Allurements, her Heart, like that of a Syren, was cruel and malevolent; but she had the Art to veil her corrupt Inclinations with consummate Dissimulation. She had found Means to engross the Heart of *Pigmalion*, by her Beauty, her Wit, the Melody of her Voice, and the Harmony of her Lyre. *Pigmalion*, blinded by his extravagant Passion for her, had abandon'd *Toph*, his Queen Consort, and was entirely devoted to the Gratification of the Passions of ambitious *Astarba*: his Love for this Lady was little less fatal to him than his Avarice; but, tho' he was so passionately fond of her, she despis'd and loath'd him: she conceal'd her real Inclinations, and seem'd to live alone for him, whom at the same Time she hated.

There was at *Tyre* a young *Lydian* of exquisite Beauty, but voluptuous, effeminate, and abandon'd to Pleasures; his whole Cares center'd in the Preservation of his Complexion, the combing and adjusting his fair Hair waving on his Shoulders, in perfuming himself, and in giving a graceful Air to the Folds of his Robe: in a Word, in tuning his Voice to his Lyre, and singing his Amours. His Name was *Malachon*. *Astarba* saw him, and became enamour'd to a Degree of Madness; but he slighted her Passion, as his Heart was already possess'd by another, and beside he fear'd to expose himself to the cruel Jealousy of *Pigmalion*. *Astarba*, sensible of this Neglect, abandon'd herself to her Revenge. In her Despair, she imagined it not difficult to impose this *Malachon* on the King for the Stranger after whom he enquired, and who, he

was

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was inform'd, came with *Narbal*. In Fact, she pass'd him for such upon *Pigmalion*, having gain'd those who cou'd have undeceiv'd him; for as he had no Regard for Men of Probity, and knew not how to distinguish them, he had none about him but self-interested and designing People: such, fearing the Power of *Astarba*, assist'd her in imposing on the King; for his whole Confidence being repos'd in her, they apprehended the Displeasure of this haughty Lady. Thus *Malachon*, tho' the whole Town knew him a *Cretan*, pass'd for the young Stranger, whom *Narbal* had brought from *Ægypt*, and was accordingly imprison'd.

Astarba, who fear'd *Narbal*, by going to speak with the King, might discover her Fraud, sent, with all Speed, this second Officer to my Friend, who thus address'd him: *Narbal*, *Astarba* expressly forbids you to discover to the King which is your Stranger. She requires no more of you than Silence; and she undertakes, the King shall be satisfy'd with Regard to you. In the Interim, do you instantaneously make this young Stranger, whom you brought from *Ægypt*, embark with the *Cyprians*, that he may not be seen about the Town. *Narbal*, overjoy'd that he had this Opportunity of saving both his own and my Life, promis'd Secrecy; and the Officer, satisfied with having obtain'd what he required, return'd to give *Astarba* an Account of his Commission.

Narbal and I admired the Goodness of the Gods, which had rewarded our Uprightness, and who have so tender a Care of such as will set all at Stake for the Love of Virtue. We look'd upon a King, given up in Prey to Sensuality and Avarice, with Detestation. He who is so excessively afraid of being deceived, said we, deserves to be impos'd upon;

upon ; and, indeed, generally is, in a most gross Manner. He mistrusts Men of Worth ; puts himself in the Power of Profligates, and is the only one ignorant of what passes. *Pigmalion*, for Example, is the Property of an abandon'd Woman ; however, the Gods make the Falshood of the Wicked the Preservation of that Virtue, which had rather perish than wound the Truth.

At the same Time, we observ'd the Wind veered, and blew fair for the *Cyprian* Fleet. The Gods, cried *Narbal*, declare themselves ; they will, my dear *Telemachus*, provide for your Safety. Fly this accurs'd cruel Soil. Happy the Man, who cou'd accompany you even to Coasts the most unknown ! Happy he, who might live and die with you ! but a cruel Fate links me to this unhappy Country ; with this am I constrain'd to suffer, and possibly may be bury'd in her Ruines : but no Matter, if I constantly revere the Truth, and that Equity engrosses all my Heart. As for you, my dear *Telemachus*, I pray the Gods to conduct you, as it were by the Hand, and to grant you the most precious of all Blessings, a pure and unblemish'd Virtue, to the latest Period of your Days. May Heaven preserve your Life ! may you return to *Ithaca*, prove the Consolation of *Penelope*, and deliver her from the Insolence of her Pretenders ! may your Eyes be bless'd with the Sight of, and may your Arms enfold the sage *Ulysses* ! and may he, in you, view a Son, who equals him in Wisdom ! But, in the Midst of your good Fortune, recall to Mind the unfortunate *Narbal*, and never let me lose my Place in your Affections.

Having said this, I bedew'd him with my Tears, without making a Reply ; my deep fetch'd Sighs

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Sighs deny'd an Utterance to my Words. We
embrac'd without speaking, he conducted me on
Board the Ship; he remain'd on the Coast, and
when the Vessel weigh'd, we continued to look at,
as long as we cou'd see each other.

End of the Third Book.



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THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
Son of *Ulysses.*

BOOK the FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

CALYPSO interrupts Telemachus, that he might take some Repose; Mentor condemns him, when by themselves, for having enter'd upon an Account of his Adventures; but, however, as he had begun them, advises him to go through. Telemachus gives an Account of a Dream he had in his Passage from Tyre to Cyprus, in which he dream'd, he had seen Venus and Cupid, against whom Minerva protected him. That, after



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TELEMAQUE est conduit à CYPRE dans un Temple de VENUS & s'y laisse
surprendre aux attours du Culte voluptueux de cette Déesse.

Liv. IV.

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after this, he fancy'd he saw Mentor, who advised him to fly the Isle of Cyprus; that at his awaking, the Ship had been lost in a Storm, had he not taken the Helm in Hand, the Cyprians, who were drown'd in Wine, being incapable of saving it: That, at his Arrival in Cyprus, he had seen with Detestation, the most contagious Examples; but that Hazael, the Syrian, to whom Mentor was become a Slave, happening to be there at the same Time, re-united Mentor and Telemachus, and took them on Board his own Ship, to convey them to Crete; and that in the Voyage they saw the glorious Appearance of Amphitrite, in her Char, drawn by Sea-horses.



ALYPSO, who had hitherto been without Motion, transported with the Pleasure of list'ning to the Adventures of *Telemachus*, now interrupted his Story, to oblige him to take some Rest.

It is Time, said she, that, after so many Toils, you should withdraw, to taste the Sweets of Sleep. You have here nothing to apprehend, all Things here are propitious to you; wherefore give yourself up to Mirth, enjoy Peace of Mind, and all the other Blessings of the Gods, which will shortly, and in abundant Store, be shew'ed on you. To Morrow, when the rosy-finger'd *Aurora* shall first open the gilded Doors of the Eastern Skies, and the Horses of the Sun, emerging from the briny

Waves, diffuse the Rays of Light, and drive before them all the celestial Stars, we will, my dear *Telemachus*, resume the Story of your Misfortunes. Never did your Father equal you in Prudence, and in Courage; not *Achilles* *, who triumph'd over *Hector*; not *Theseus* †, return'd from the Infer-

* Son of *Peleus* King of *Theffaly*, and of *Thetis*, a Sea-Goddes, who dipp'd him in the River *Styx*, to make him invulnerable; his Heel, by which she held him, was alone penetrable, in which Part he was shot, and thus slain by *Paris*, in the Temple of *Apollo*, going, by the Consent of *Priam*, to espouse *Polyxena*, his Daughter: which Lady, to appease his Ghost, was slain at his Tomb. He was in his Youth put under the Tuition of *Chiron* the *Centaur*. His Mother having been warn'd by an Oracle, that if he accompany'd the other Princes to the *Trojan* War, he would be there slain, she, in Woman's Habit, hid him among the Daughters of *Lycomedes*, where he got one of them, *Deidamia*, with Child, of *Pyrrhus*. As it was prophesy'd, that *Troy* cou'd not be taken without the Assistance of *Achilles*, *Ulysses* craftily discover'd and engaged him in that Expedition: His Armour was the Work of *Vulkan*, and impenetrable. *Agamemnon* forcing from him his Mistress *Briseis*, he withdrew his Assistance, till his Friend *Patroclus* was slain by *Hector*; but then animated by his Revenge, he forgot the Injury he had before resent'd, again took Arms in the *Grecian* Cause, slew *Hector*, and dragg'd his dead Body, fasten'd to his Chariot, thrice round the Walls of *Troy*, and at last sold it to King *Priam* for a great Sum.

† *Theseus* was Son of *Aegeus* King of *Athens*, and *Aethra* Daughter of *Pittheus*; he killed the *Minotaur*, a Monster, begotten by a Bull on Queen *Pasiphae*. The *Athenians* were oblig'd to send yearly seven of their Children, to be devour'd by it; *Theseus* being one so destin'd, *Ariadne* Daughter of King *Minos* falling in Love

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Infernal Shades; not even the great *Alcides** self, who freed the Earth from so many Monsters, has given that Proof of Resolution and Virtue which you have given. I wish uninterrupted Sleep may make you insensible of the Length of Night; but alas! how tedious will it prove to me! how uneasy shall I be to see, to hear, to engage you to repeat again to me those Things which I already know, and to enquire of such as I am yet a Stranger to! Withdraw, my dear *Telemachus*, with the Prudent *Mentor*, whom the Gods have restored to you; retire to that separate Grot where every Thing is prepared for your Repose. May *Morpheus* o'er your drooping Eye-lids scatter his most delightful Charms; through your weary'd Limbs diffuse a heavenly

Love with, gave him a Clew of Thread, by which he got out of the Labyrinth, where the *Minotaur* was enclosed, and carry'd off with him *Ariadne* and her Sister *Phædra*. He conquer'd the *Amazons*, and brought away with him their Queen *Hyppolite*, on whom he begat *Hyppolytus*. He vanquish'd *Thebes*. At the Wedding of his Friend *Pirithous*, he, with the *Lapithæ*, entirely routed the *Centaurs*, who wou'd have taken *Hippodamia* from *Pirithous*. After the Death of *Hippodamia*, *Pirithous* and *Theseus* both vowed to marry no Wives but the Daughters of *Jupiter*. *Theseus* having got *Helena*, there was only *Proserpine* left for his Friend, and she was with *Pluto* in Hell, whither they went to carry her off; but, at the first Encounter, *Cerberus* killed *Pirithous*, and took *Theseus* Prisoner, and kept him in Chains, till *Hercules* came and releas'd him.

* *Alcides*. *Hercules* the Son of *Jupiter*, begotten of *Alcmena* in the Form of her Husband *Amphitryo*. *Juno* who had a Mind to destroy him, put him upon several dangerous Exploits, the chief of which are call'd his *Twelve Labours*. He was poison'd by his Wife's Credulity and Fondness, and burnt himself on Mount *Oeta*, and was made a God.

heavenly Fume, send gladfom Dreams, which hovering round may charm your Senses with gay Ideas, and drive far from you all that might too soon unseal your Eyes to Light.

Calypso, in Person, conducted *Telemachus* to this Grot, distant a little from her own; it was neither less rural, nor less delightful; a Spring, which glided through a Corner of it, with its sweet Murmurs invited Sleep: The Nymphs had there made ready two Beds of tender Verdure, over which they had spread two large Skins; one of a Lion for *Telemachus*, for *Mentor* one of a shaggy Bear.

Before *Mentor* admitted Sleep to close his Eyes, he thus address'd *Telemachus*: You have been carried away with the Pleasure of telling your Story; you have charm'd the Goddess in acquainting her with the Dangers, from which your Courage and Address have deliver'd you; by which you have only more enflamed her Heart, and prepared for yourself a more dangerous Captivity. What Hopes can you entertain of her suffering you to depart from her Island, you who have enchanted her with a Recital of your Adventures. Love of Vain-glory has made you talk imprudently. She took upon her to tell you the Adventures, and to inform you of the Fate of *Ulysses*; had the Art to talk a considerable Time to say nothing, and has drawn you in to acquaint her with all that she was desirous of knowing. Such is the Art of Flattering, and enamour'd Women. When, *Telemachus*, will you have the Prudence never to talk through Vanity, and be able to conceal whatever Excellencies you possess, when no Advantage occurs by speaking them? Others admire your Prudence in an Age in which we overlook the

Want

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Want of it; for my Part, I can spare you in nothing: I am the only one who knows you, and I love you well enough to expose all your Faults to your View. How greatly do you fall short of your Father in Point of Sagacity!

Could I, reply'd *Telemachus*, refuse giving *Calypso* a Detail of my Misfortunes? No, rejoin'd *Mentor*, you were oblig'd to relate them; but you ought to have done it, in telling her only such Circumstances as might have excited her Compassion: You might have inform'd her, that you were one While wandering; another, a Prisoner in *Sicily*; and afterwards a Slave in *Ægypt*. This had been giving her a sufficient Account; and all that you have said more than this, is giving greater Strength to that Poison which already preys upon her Heart: May the Gods avert its seizing yours!

What is then to be done? continued *Telemachus* in a submissive and docile Tone of Voice. You cannot now, said *Mentor*, conceal from her the remaining Part of your Adventures: she cannot, after knowing so much, be impos'd upon in what she at present is ignorant of; and your being upon the Reserve will conduce to the stirring up her Resentment: wherefore, to-morrow conclude the Account of all the Gods have done for your Protection, and learn, hereafter, to be less diffusive in whatever may be the Subject of your own Praise. *Telemachus* took this salutary Advice as that of a Friend, and they laid them down to their Repose.

No sooner had the Sun darted his first Rays upon the Earth, but *Mentor*, hearing the Voice of the Goddess, who, in the Woods, called her Nymphs, awaken'd *Telemachus*: It is Time, said he, to shake off Sleep. Come, let us return to *Calypso*,

Ippso, but be on your Guard against her enchanting Discourses; never unbosome yourself to her, and dread the flattering Venom of her Praise. Yesterday * she gave you Preference to your prudent Father, to the invincible *Achilles*, to the renown'd *Theseus*, to *Hercules*, rais'd to Immortality: Were you thoroughly sensible of the Extravagancy of these Praises? Did you credit what she said? know, she herself believed it not: Her Praises proceed from the Opinion she has, that you are weak, and vain enough to be deceiv'd by such as are disproportionable to your Actions.

After this Discourse, they directed their Steps to the Place where the Goddess waited their coming. She smiled when they appear'd, and conceal'd, under a feign'd Demonstration of Joy, the Apprehensions and Uneasiness which disquieted her Breast; for she foresaw that *Telemachus*, under the Direction of *Mentor*, wou'd, as *Ulysses* had done, escape her. Lose no Time, said she, my dear *Telemachus*, in satisfying my Curiosity: All Night long did I figure to myself your Departure from *Phenicia*, and your Search of a different Destiny in the Isle of *Cyprus*; acquaint us therefore with the Particulars of that Voyage, and let us not lose a Moment's Space. They at the Instant sat down upon

* Our Author wou'd guard his royal Pupil against the Charms of Flattery, and instruct him to avoid all Vanity; none encouraging the one, or being more guilty of the other than his Grandfather, who suffer'd himself to be complemented with Epithets extravagantly ridiculous, deeming himself something more than mortal; a Proof of these are the Inscriptions in the *Square of Victory* at *Paris*; and no Doubt it was to those Inscriptions, that our Author alluded. *French Remark.*

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upon the Grass, diversified with Violets, under the Shadow of a tufted Grove.

Calypso cou'd not forbear incessantly casting tender and amorous Glances on *Telemachus*, or help remarking, with Indignation, that *Mentor* watch'd even the Motion of her Eyes. In the Interim all the Nymphs, observing Silence, bow'd forwards, to lend attentive Ears, and form'd a Semi-circle, that they might the better both hear and see: The Eyes of the Assembly were immoveably fix'd on the young Prince. *Telemachus* with down-cast Eyes, and a glowing graceful Blush, resum'd the Thread of his Story in the following Manner:

Scarce had the gentle Breeze of an auspicious Wind swell'd our Sails, but *Phenicia* fled receding from our Sight. As I was among *Cyprians*, and a Stranger to their Manners, I resolv'd to keep Silence, make Remarks on every Thing, and put in Practice all the Maxims of Prudence, to gain their Esteem: But while I thus confin'd my Tongue, a pleasing and deep Sleep seiz'd me, my Senses were bound up and suspended; I was sensible of a Tranquility and a thorough Satisfaction, which o'erwhelm'd my Heart: On a sudden I thought that I saw *Venus* in her flying Char, drawn by two Doves, and darting through the Clouds; she had all that sparkling Beauty, that lively Youthfulness, those enchanting Graces with which she appear'd when she arose from the Foam of the Sea, and dazzled the Eyes of *Jupiter* himself; she suddenly descended with Rapidity to the Place where I was, and with a Smile, laying her Hand on my Shoulder, pronounced these Words: Young Greek, you are now near ent'ring my Dominion; you will speedily arrive in that Isle, where Pleasure, Mirth, and frolick Sports spring where'er
I tread:

I tread: there shalt thou burn Perfumes upon my Altars, and I will plunge thee in a Sea of Pleasures. Let pleasing Hopes engross thy Heart, and take Care thou resist not the most powerful among all the Goddesses, who wills thy Happiness.

At the same Time I perceiv'd the Boy *Cupid*, who with his little fanning Wings hover'd round his Mother; though the Graces and the Wantonness of Infancy were apparent in his Countenance, he had I know not what of Trans-piercing in his Eyes, which impress'd a Fear on me: he smiled, when he look'd upon me; but his Smile was mischievous, scornful and cruel. He drew out of his golden Quiver the sharpest of his Arrows, bent his Bow, and was on the Point of piercing me thorough, when *Minerva* suddenly appear'd, and covered me with her *Ægis*. The Countenance of this Goddess betray'd nothing of that indolent Beauty, that amorous Languidness which I had remark'd in the Mien and Attitude of *Venus*; on the contrary, hers was an artless neglected Beauty, every Part was compos'd, vigorous, grand, penetrating, and majestick: The Arrow of the little God, too weak to pierce the *Ægis*, fell to the Ground: *Cupid*, enraged, sigh'd heavily; he was abash'd to see himself o'ercome. Begon, cried *Minerva*, begon! fly far from hence, rash Boy! thou wilt never triumph but over those despicable Souls, who prefer shameful Pleasures to Virtue and to Fame. At these Words the exasperated *Cupid* wing'd his Flight, and *Venus* ascended to *Olympus*. I saw, for a considerable Space, her Char and Doves in a Cloud of Azure intermixt with Gold; afterwards she was lost to Sight. I turn'd my Eyes down to Earth, but *Minerva* had disappear'd.

I then

I then fancy'd myself transported in a delightful Garden, such as are described the *Elysian* Fields; here I discover'd *Mentor*, who said to me, Fly this cruel Soil, this contagious Isle, where sensual Pleasures only are pursu'd: the most intrepid Virtue ought here to tremble, and can alone be guaranteed by Flight. The Moment I perceiv'd him, I wou'd have thrown myself on his Neck to have embraced him; but I found my Feet wanted Power to move, that my Knees failed me, and that my Hands endeavouring with Eagerness to lay Hold on *Mentor*, fought, and were eluded by an empty Shade. In this Struggle I awoke, and was persuaded that this mysterious Dream was a divine Warning. I was sensible of a vigorous Resolution against all irregular Passions, and yet a Diffidence of myself in abhorring the enervated Manners of the *Cyprians*; but the Opinion I had of *Mentor's* Death, his having cross'd the *Styx**, and taken his Place in the blessed Mansions of the Just, pierced me to the Soul.

This Imagination made me shed a Flood of Tears; I was ask'd the Reason of my weeping. Tears, said I, are but too suitable with the Condition of an unfortunate Stranger, who strays from Place to Place, depriv'd even of Hopes of ever seeing

* *Styx*, a Spring and River which rises at the Foot of the Mountain *Nonacris*, in *Arcadia*; the Waters are so venomous and cold, that the drinking them is sudden Death: they eat away Iron and Brass, and can be contain'd in nothing but the Hoof of a Mule. *Alexander the Great* is said to have been poison'd with them. The Poets feign it a River of Hell, and so sacred to the Gods, that if any of them swears by it, and breaks his Oath, he forfeits his Godhead, and is deprived of Nectar for the Space of an Hundred Years.

ing more his native Soil. In the mean while, all the *Cyprians* on Board our Ship gave themselves up to senseless Mirth; the sluggish Rowers slept upon their Oars; the Pilot, crown'd with Flow'rs, quitted the Helm, and held a large Pitcher of Wine in his Hand, which he had almost empty'd; and both he and the rest of the Crew, intoxicated with *Bacchanalian* * Phrenzy, sang in Honour of *Venus* and *Cupid*, Songs detestable in the Ears of all who have a Veneration for Virtue.

While they thus neglected the Danger of the Sea, a sudden Storm confounded both that and the Heavens; the unfetter'd Winds roar'd furious in our Sails; the blacken'd Billows lash'd the Sides of our Ship, which groan'd beneath the Strokes: one while we were mounted on the Convexity of the swollen Waves, and immediately the Sea seem'd to steal from beneath our Keel, and drop us in the Abyss. We perceiv'd at little Distance from us some Rocks, against which the enraged Waves broke with tremendous Noise. I then saw by Experience what I had often heard from the Mouth of *Mentor*, that effeminate Men abandon'd to Sensuality are, in Danger, devoid of Courage. All our amated *Cyprians* wept like Women, nothing was heard but mournful Cries, Regret for the Delight,

* *Bacchanalians* were Women who sacrificed to *Bacchus* every three Years, on Mount *Cithæron*, a famous Hill in *Bœotia*, near *Thebes*, and on other Mountains in *Thrace*; they carried in their Hands Spears bound with Ivy, called *Thyræ*, and seem'd possess'd by the God in the Time of their Revels, and appear'd Furies rather than Women. On this Hill *Pentheus*, for condemning the *Bacchanalian* Revels, was torn to Pieces by his Mother and Sisters; and on the same *Actæon* was also torn in Pieces by his Hounds.

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light, the Pleasures of Life, and vain Promises of Sacrifices to the Gods, if they safely arrived at their Port; no one had retain'd Presence of Mind enough either himself to take Care of, or order others to the working of the Ship. It seem'd to be left to me to save both my own Life, and the Lives of my Ship-mates. As the Pilot was in no Condition to be sensible of the Danger the Ship was in, being transported like a *Bacchanalian* by the Fumes of Wine, I sat my self at the Helm, animated the affrighted Sailors, made them hand their Sails; and as they vigorously plied their Oars, we pass'd through the Midst of the Shelves, and had a near Prospect of all the Terrors of Death.

This Event appear'd like a Dream to all who were indebted to me for the Preservation of their Lives, and they view'd me with Astonishment. We arrived at the Isle of *Cyprus* * in the Month of *April*, which is dedicated to *Venus*. This Season is, say the *Cyprians*, 'suitable to this Goddess; for it seems to animate all Nature, and to give Birth equally to Joy and Flowers.

I felt, on my Arrival, an inviting Air, which, at the same Time that it render'd the Body soft and indolent, inspired a gay and frolick Humour. I observed that the Country, naturally fertile, was mostly uncultivated; so averse were the Inhabitants from Labour. On every hand I saw Women and young Girls, vainly deck'd, going, while they sang the Praises of the *Cyprian* Goddess, to devote them-

* An Island in the Mediterranean, lying between *Syria* and *Cilicia*, call'd, on Account of its Fertility, the *Happy Isle*, consecrated to *Venus*. It contain'd two famous Cities, *Salamis* and *Paphos*; it was rich in Mines, and formerly call'd *Ærofa*, on Account of the great Quantity of Brass it afforded.

themselves to her Temple : Beauty, Gracefulness, Joy, and Sensual Pleasures, alike sparkled in their Eyes ; but their Airs were too affected. There appear'd nothing of that noble Plainness, that attracting Modesty, which is the greatest Charm in Beauty. An Air of Indolence, the Art of adjusting their Features, their fantastical Ornaments of Dress, their languid Gait, their Looks which seem'd to hunt after the Eyes of Men, their Jealousies among themselves of inspiring the strongest Passions : In a Word, All that I remark'd in these Women appear'd to me mean and contemptible ; and their Endeavours to please gave me a Disgust.

I was conducted to a Temple of the Goddesses, of which she has several in this Island ; for she is particularly adored in *Cytherea*, *Idalia*, and *Paphos* : It was to this at *Cytherea* I was carry'd. The Temple is rais'd of Marble, and is a direct Peristyle* ; the Columns are of a Diameter and Height which give a very majestick Air to the Building : Over the Architecture and Frize, in each Front, are large Pediments, on which appear, in Bass-Relief, all the most pleasing Adventures of this Goddess. There are constantly at the Gates of the Temple a Croud of People, who come to make their Oblations. No Victims are ever slain within the Walls of this consecrated Place ; they burn not there, as in other Temples, the Fat of Bulls and Heifers ; neither do they there shed their Blood : they only present the offer'd Beasts before the Altar, and none are to be offer'd but what are young, white, and free from all Spots and Imperfection ; they are cover'd with Linnen Bands, of Purple

Colour,

* Is a Place whose Inside is encompass'd with Pillars.

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Colour, embroider'd with Gold; their Horns are gilt and adorned with Garlands of odoriferous Flowers: when they have been offer'd at the Altar, they are sent to a Place separate, where they are slain to feast the Priests of the Goddess.

The Oblations also consist of all Manner of Liquids perfumed, and of Wines surpassing the Flavour of Nectar; the Priests are cloath'd in long white Robes, girt with golden Girdles, and the Hems of their Garments embellish'd with Fringes of the like manufactured Metal. The most fragrant Aromatics of the East burn Day and Night upon the Altars, and form a sort of Cloud which ascends to Heaven. All the Columns of the Temple are adorn'd with pendant Festons, all the Vessels used for Sacrifice are of Gold; and a consecrated Grove of Myrtle encompasses the whole Edifice. None are allow'd to present the Sacrifices to the Priests but Boys, or Girls of uncommon Beauty; and no other presume to light up the Fire of the Altars. Dissolution and a shameless Contempt of Modesty, are the Dishonour of this magnificent Temple.

I was at first shock'd at what I saw, but I began insensibly to be accusom'd to it; Vice was no longer hideous to my Eyes, all Companies inspired me with an usual Bias to Irregularity; my Innocency was the Subject of Mirth, my Continence and Modesty were standing Jest to this dissolute People. Nothing that cou'd ensnare, and rouse in me a Relish for sensual Pleasures, was neglected. I was sensible that I daily lost Ground, and the virtuous Education I had had, barely supported me; all my good Resolutions vanish'd, and I found I wanted Fortitude to make Head against the Evil which attack'd me on every Side: Nay,
I was

I was even shamefully aſham'd of Virtue: I was like a Man who, ſwimming in a deep and rapid Stream, at firſt divides the Waves, and ſtemms the Torrent; but if the Sides are ſteep, and he cannot reſt himſelf on the Banks, he at length is tired out, his Strength fails him, his exhausted Members are benumb'd, and he is carry'd away with the Violence of the Waters. Thus my Eyes began to be dimm'd, my Heart to faint; and I cou'd recall to Mind neither my Reaſon nor the Memory of my Father's Virtues. The Dream, in which I thought I had ſeen *Mentor* deſcended to the *Elyſian Fields*, entirely diſcourag'd me; a ſecret pleaſing Indolence ſeiz'd me, and I was become fond of the inſinuating Poiſon which ſpread through every Vein, and penetrated even to the Marrow of my Bones. I, notwithſtanding, breath'd forth deep fetch'd Sighs, ſhed briny Tears, and in my Fury roar'd like the ſhaggy King of Beaſts. O wretched Adoleſcence, I cried! O Gods! you cruelly ſport with Men! why do you compell us to paſs through a Stage of Life, which is a Period of Folly, or of a burning Fever! Alas! why is not my Head already cover'd o'er with whiten'd Hairs! why am I not bow'd down, and bordering on the Grave, as my Grandfire *Laertes*? Death wou'd be more grateful to me, than this vile Weakneſs into which, I perceive, I'm fallen.

Scarce had I vented myſelf in theſe Words, but my Grief abated, and my Heart, intoxicated with an idle Paſſion, in a manner ſhook off all Virtue; I then found my ſelf plung'd in a Sea of Remorſe. In this Perplexity I flew into and wander'd through the ſacred Grove: thus a Hind wounded by the Huntsman flies through the vaſt Foreſts, to aſſuage its Pain; but ſtill, the Dart which

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pierced her Flank quits her not, and where'er she goes, she bears along the murdering Shaft. Thus, to forget my self, I vainly fled; nothing cou'd mollify the Wound within my Heart.

In that Instant, at some Distance from me, I espied, in the thick Shade of the Wood, the Figure of the sage *Mentor*; but his Face appear'd to me so pale, so pensive and austere, that the Sight gave me no Pleasure. Is it then you, O my dear Friend! my only Hope! is it you then? Is it your self? are not my Eyes deceived by a deceitful Image? Is it you, *Mentor*? Is it not your Shade, still sensible of my Misfortunes? Are you not among the Number of those happy Souls who enjoy the Fruits of their Virtue, and to whom the Gods afford spotless Pleasures, with eternal Peace, in the *Elysian Fields*? Say, *Mentor*, do you still live? am I happy enough to possess you: Or, is it only the Shadow of my Friend? While I utter'd these Words, I ran towards him in such a Transport, that I lost my Breath. He coolly waited my coming, without making a single Step to meet me. O ye Gods! ye can witness the Joy I felt when these Hands reach'd him! No, it is not an empty Shade; I clasp, I embrace my dear *Mentor*: It was thus I expressed me: I water'd his Cheeks with a Flood of Tears, and hung about his Neck, without the Power to speak. He cast a melancholy Look upon me, and view'd me with Eyes of tender Compassion.

At length I said, Alas! whence come you? to how great Dangers did you leave me expos'd by your Absence! and even now, what shall I do without you? But without answering my Questions, Fly, said he to me, in a dreadful Voice, quickly fly! This Land bears Poison instead of Fruits;

Fruits ; the Air we here breath is pestiferous ; the contagious Inhabitants converse but to communicate a mortal Venom. Enervated and shameful Sensuality, the most terrible of all Ills contain'd in *Pandora's* Box corrupts the Heart, and will not suffer any Virtue here. Fly ! why do you linger ? Look not even behind you in your Flight, and efface even the least Remembrance of this execrable Isle.

He spoke, and I perceiv'd, as it were, a thick Cloud, which, removing from my Eyes, restored them to unpolluted Light ; a tranquil Pleasure, replete with an invincible Resolution, rekindled in my Breast. This Delight which I now felt was quite different from that enervated and wanton Pleasure which had poison'd all my Senses : One is a Joy of Sottishness and Disorder, broken in upon by violent Passions and Sharp Remorse : the other is an Exultation from Reason, which contains somewhat of celestial Bliss ; always pure, ever the same, and inexhaustible. The farther we engage in it, the more amiable it is ; and ravishes, without distracting the Soul. Then it was that my Tears were the Effects of Joy, and I knew no Satisfaction so great as thus to weep. Happy, said I, are those to whom Virtue appears in all the Lustre of her Beauty ! Can she be seen without Love ? and, can she be loved without making us happy ?

Mentor said, I must leave you, I must begon this Moment ; I am not permitted a longer Stay. Whither, I replied, are you then going ? and what uninhabited Land shall prevent my following you ? Think not to divert me ; rather will I die in your Pursuits. In saying this, I embraced him with all my Strength. It is, said he, in vain that you hope

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to detain me. The cruel *Metopbis* fold me to *Æthiopians* or *Arabians*, who going to *Damascus* in *Syria*, on Account of Traffick, wou'd dispose of me, in Hopes to gain a round Sum of one *Hazael*, who sought a *Grecian* Slave, that he might learn the Customs of *Greece*, and be instructed in our Learning. In Effect, *Hazael* purchas'd me at a dear Rate. What he has learn'd from me of the *Grecian* Manners, has excited his Curiosity to make a Voyage to the Island of *Crete*, to study the prudent Laws of *Minos*. While we were on our Voyage, we were compell'd by the Winds to put into this Island of *Cyprus*, and waiting for a favourable Gale, he is come to make his Oblations to the Temple. Yonder he comes forth, the Winds summon us, and our Sails begin to fill. Farewell, my dear *Telemachus*; a Slave who fears the Gods must faithfully attend his Master: The Gods no longer suffer me to have the Disposal of my self; if I had, they know I wou'd dedicate my self to you alone. Farewell! remember the Fatigues of *Ulysses*, the Tears of *Penelope*; and never forget the just Gods. O ye immortal Powers, Protectors of Innocence, in what a Land am I compelled to leave *Telemachus*!

No, No, said I, My dear *Mentor*! it shall not be in your Power to leave me here; I will sooner die than see you go hence without me: This *Syrian* Master, is he inexorable? did he in his Infancy drain the Duggs of a *Tygres*? wou'd he rend you from my Arms? He must either kill or allow me to accompany you: You yourself exhort me to fly, and yet will not suffer me to follow you, in flying hence. I will instantly accost *Hazael*: he may possibly take Compassion on my Youth and Tears; as he is a Lover of Wisdom,

and goes so far in its Search, he cannot have a Heart savage and void of Pity : I will cast myself at his Feet, embrace his Knees, and not suffer him to go 'till he has permitted me to follow you. My dear *Mentor* ! I will become your Fellow-Slave ; I will offer to give myself to him : If he rejects the Offer, all is over with me ; I will get rid of Life.

At this Instant *Hazael* called *Mentor* ; I prostrated myself at his Feet : he was surpriz'd to see a Stranger in this Attitude. What do you desire ? said he. I answer'd, Life ; for I cannot live if you allow me not to follow *Mentor*, who is your Property. I am Son of Great *Ulysses*, the wisest among all the *Grecian* Monarchs, who subverted the haughty *Troy*, a City famed throughout all *Asia*. I mention not my Birth by way of Boast ; but alone to inspire you some Compassion for my Misfortunes : I have, in Search of my Father, and accompanied by this Person, who supply'd his Place, ranged o'er every Sea ; Fortune, to make me completely wretched, depriv'd me of this my second Father, and made him a Slave to you : Allow me to share the same Destiny. If you indeed revere Justice, and steer for *Crete*, to be instructed in the Laws of the good King *Minos*, harden not your Heart to my Sighs and Tears. You behold the Son of a King, reduc'd to begg Servitude as his sole Resource. In *Sicily* I formerly preferr'd Death to Slavery, but my first Misfortunes were but weak Specimens of the Injuries of Fortune ; now I tremble at the Apprehensions of not being admitted in the Number of Slaves. O Gods ! look down upon my Misfortunes ! O *Hazael* ! remember *Minos*, whose Wisdom you admire, and who will judge us both in the gloomy Realms of *Pluto*.

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Hazael, looking on me with a benign and humane Aspect, stretch'd forth his Hand, and rais'd me up. I am no Stranger, said he, to the Wisdom and Bravery of *Ulysses*; *Mentor* has often related to me the Fame he acquired among the *Greeks*: beside, swift-wing'd Fame has made his Name familiar to all the Eastern States. Follow me, Son of *Ulysses*, I will be your Father 'till you have found him, from whom you derive your Being. Were I even unmov'd with the Glory of your Sire, with his and your Misfortunes, yet wou'd the Friendship I have for *Mentor* prevail on me to take you under my Protection. It is true, I purchas'd him as a Slave; but I keep him as a trusty Friend. The Money he cost me has procured me the most valuable Friend I have on Earth. I have discover'd in him true Wisdom, and to him am I indebted for whatever Love I have for Virtue. From this Moment he is free, as are you also; I ask no more of either of you than your Affection.

In an Instant, I felt the most piercing Grief changed to the most transporting Joy that ever Mortal yet experienced; I saw my self deliver'd from a most dreadful Peril, I drew near to my native Soil, found Assistance to return thither, knew the Consolation of being with a Person who already took an Affection for me, solely through a Love for Virtue: In a Word, All my Wishes were compleated in Meeting with *Mentor*; never more to be divided from him.

Hazael makes toward the Coast, we accompany him, embark, the Oars lash the tranquil Deep. Small Zephyrs, sporting in our Sails, animate and give our Ship smooth Way, and soon the *Cyprian* Isle is lost to Sight. *Hazael*, who was impatient

to hear my Sentiments, asked my Opinion of the Customs of that Island: I ingenuously related to him the Dangers to which my Youth had been exposed, and the inward Conflict I had suffer'd. He was affected with my Detestation of Vice, and broke forth into this Apostrophe: O *Venus*! I confess thy Son; I have burnt Incense on his Altars; but excuse my having an Abhorrence from the infamous Effeminacy of the Inhabitants of the *Cyprian* Isle, and the beastly Indecencies with they celebrate thy Festivals.

After this, he convers'd with *Mentor* on the *First Being* of Beings, who form'd the Heavens and the Earth; of that infinite and unchangeable Light, which, without Separation, communicates itself to all; of that supreme and eternal Truth, which illuminates all Minds, as the Sun imparts Light to all Bodies. He who has never seen this immaculate Light, continued *Hazael*, is as much involv'd in Darkness, as the Man who is born blind; lives in as much Obscurity as the People to whom the Sun dispenses his Rays but few Months in the Year: He has an Opinion of his own Wisdom, and is void of Sense; he imagines that he sees every Thing, yet sees nothing, and dies without having enjoy'd his Sight; the most that he perceives is gloomy and false Glimmerings, empty Shades and Phantoms, which have nothing in them of Reality. Such are all Men who are hurry'd away by sensual Pleasures, and the Charms of Imagination. There are indeed none who deserve the Appellation of Men, but such as are guided by, venerate and follow, that Eternal Reason; 'tis that which inspires us, when we think justly; 'tis that which reproves us, when we think amiss; it is to that we equally are in-

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debted for our Judgment and Existence : It may be compared to a vast Ocean of Light, from which the Souls of Men are small Emanations ; like Rivulets issuing from, and returning, are absorb'd in it.

Though I did not thoroughly comprehend the Wisdom of this Discourse, I, however, discover'd something in it, pure and sublime ; my Heart was warm'd by it, and Truth seem'd to me conspicuous in every Word. They went on discoursing of the Origine of the Gods, of Heroes, of Poets ; of the Golden Age, of the Deluge, of the most ancient Histories of Mankind ; of the River of Oblivion, in which are plunged the Souls of the Departed ; of eternal Punishments, prepared for the Wicked in the gloomy Gulph of *Tartarus* ; and of that happy Tranquility enjoy'd by the Just, free from all Apprehensions of ever being depriv'd of it, in the *Elysian Fields*.

While *Hazael* and *Mentor* thus discours'd, we perceiv'd a Shoal of Dolphins, whose Scales resembled Gold and Azure ; in Wantoning, they cover'd o'er the swelling Waves with Foam : These were follow'd by Tritons, who sounding their winding Conks ; enclosed the Char of *Amphitrite*, drawn by Sea-horses, whiter than even Snow, which cutting through the briny Waves left behind them prodigious Furrows in the Sea : their Eyes were like Fire, and their Nostrils exhaled thick Smeak. The Char of the Goddess was a Conk of a surprizing Figure, much whiter than Ivory ; the Wheels were Gold : it seem'd to skim the Surface of the tranquil Deep. A Train of Nymphs, crown'd with Flowers, swam in Crouds after the Char ; their lovely Tresses, which fell upon their Shoulders, waved at the

Discretion of the Breeze. In one Hand the Goddess bore a golden Scepter, with which she ruled the Sea; and, with the other, held upon her Knees the little God *Palemon*, her Son, who hung at her Breast: The Serenity and majestick Sweetness of her Mien chas'd away all turbulent Winds and gloomy Storms. The Tritons led the Horses, with gilded Reins; a large Purple Sail, which, waving in the Air over the Char, was half swell'd out by the Breath of a Number of little Zephyrs, who exerted themselves to force it forward with their Breath. In the Mid-air we saw *Æolus*, busy, restless and earnest; his wrinkled, and morose Countenance, his menacing Voice, his bushy hanging Eye-brows, his Eyes replete with gloomy austere Fire, impos'd Silence on the violent Northern Winds, and repell'd all Clouds. Prodigious Whales, and all the Monsters of the Deep, which with their Nostrils caused a Flux and Reflux of the briny Waves, hastily forsook their Grotts profound, to gaze upon the Goddess.

End of the Fourth Book.



T H E



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
Son of *Ulysses.*

BOOK the FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS relates his Arrival in Crete, where at his Landing he was inform'd, that Idomeneus King of that Island, for the Accomplishment of a rash Vow, had sacrific'd his only Son: That the Cretans, resolv'd to revenge his Blood, had expell'd the Father their Country; after long fluctuating, they were at length actually come together to elect
F 4 a King.

a King. Telemachus adds, that he was admitted to this Assembly; that he bore away the Prizes of several Games; that he solved the Questions left by Minos, in the Book of his Institutes; and that the Ancient Men, Judges of the Isle, and all the People, having experienc'd his Wisdom, wou'd have made him King.



AFTER we had admired this Sight, we began to discover the Mountains of *Crete* *, which, as yet, we cou'd with Difficulty distinguish from the Clouds or Sea; we in little Time discern'd the Summit of Mount *Ida*, over-topping the other Mountains, like an ancient Stag, who bears his branching Horns aloft above the tender Fawns which pursue his Steps: By Degrees we more distinctly perceiv'd the Coasts of this Island, which presented themselves to our Sight in the Form of an Amphi-theater; *Cyprus* appeared not to us more neglected and uncultivated, than we perceiv'd *Crete* fertile, and by the Industry of the Inhabitants beautify'd with all Manner of Fruits.

We every where observ'd well-built Villages, Market-Towns like Cities; and Cities very magnificent: We saw not a Field where the diligent Hand of the Husband-man had not been employ'd; every

* This Island, now called *Candy*, lies in the Mouth of the *Ægean* Sea: 'Twas here that *Jupiter* is said to have been brought up and buried. It contain'd a Hundred Cities; it is 270 Miles in Length, and 50 over.

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F. Fourdrinier Sculp.
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every where the Plough had impress'd deep Furrows; Briars, and other Weeds, which are an useless Encumbrance to the Earth, are unknown in this Soil.

It was with Pleasure we beheld the humble Vales, in which the lowing Herds grazed the rich Pastures on the Banks of Rivulets; the fleecy Flocks fed on the Declivity of a Hill: the vast extended Plains laden with yellow Blades, Gift of prolific *Ceres*; and lastly, the Mountains deck'd with Vines, whose ripening Grapes promis'd the Vintagers the grateful Blessings of the God of Wine, to lull the Cares of Men.

Mentor told us, that he had formerly been in *Crete*, and gave us the Observations he had then made. This Island, said he, the Admiration of Strangers, and famous for the hundred Cities it contains, plentifully supports innumerable Inhabitants; for the Earth continually, with its Fruits, rewards the Labour of the Hinds, and it's fertile Bosom is inexhaustible. The Country best peopled, provided they are industrious, is bless'd with the greatest Plenty, and they have never Ground for envying one another. The Earth, that beneficent Parent, multiplies its Productions in Proportion to the Number of her Children, who by their Industry have deserv'd her Fruits. The Ambition and Avarice of Men are the only Springs of their Unhappiness. Men will engross all, and this Desire of Superfluity makes them wretched. Cou'd they live in a plain Manner, and content themselves with the bare Necessaries of Life, Plenty, Content and Unity wou'd be diffus'd o'er all the Earth.

Of this *Minos*, not only the wisest but the best of Kings, was thoroughly convinced; and whatever is most wonderful in this Island, is the Consequence

quence of his Institutions. The Education of Children, which he ordain'd, renders them healthy and robust: They are at the very first inured to a plain, frugal and laborious Life; all Sensuality is deem'd enervating both of Body and Mind, and they hear no other Pleasures mention'd but those of insuperable Virtue, and of acquiring a great Renown. They allow not Courage to consist in the sole Contempt of Death, in the Perils of a War; but in trampling under Foot superfluous Wealth, and all dishonest Pleasures. This Island punishes three Vices, which elsewhere escape with Impunity; namely, Ingratitude, Hypocrisy and Avarice.

Here is no Need of coercive Laws, to be a Curb on Luxury and Ostentation; for they are Vices unknown in *Crete*: Every one here labours, and no one thinks of heaping up Riches; all deem their Industry well rewarded by a calm and regular Life, in which they enjoy peaceably, and abundantly, all that is necessary for their Support. Rich Furniture, gorgeous Apparel, Epicuræan Feasts or gilded Pallaces are not tolerated; their Garments are of fine Wool of a beautiful Die, but entirely plain and without Embroidery. Their Repasts are moderate, in which but little Wine is drunk: Excellent Bread, the Fruits which their Trees, in a manner, spontaneously afford, with the Milk of their Cattle, are the chief of their Diet; at the best, they eat their Butchers Meat without Seasonings, and take Care to preserve the most able of their Herds for the Improvement of Husbandry. The Houses are neat, convenient and agreeable; but without Embellishment. They are not ignorant of sumptuous Architecture, but it is reserv'd for the Temples of the Gods; and Men

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fear to raise Edifices for themselves like those of the Immortal Powers. The great Riches of the *Cretans* are Health, Strength, Courage, Peace and Union among Families, the Liberty of all the Citizens, Plenty of all Things necessary, a Contempt of Superfluities, an Habitude of Labour, a Detestation of Idleness, an Emulation in Virtue, a Submission to the Laws, and a reverential Fear of the impartial Gods.

I ask'd him, in what consisted the Authority of the King? He answered, that the Monarch had absolute Power over the Subjects, but the Laws had as absolute Power over the Prince; and they allow'd him unrestricted Means to do Good, but tied up his Hands whenever he was inclin'd to do Wrong. The Laws entrust the People to him as the most precious of all Deposites, on Condition of his being a Father to his Subjects. They require, that one particular Man should, by his Wisdom and Moderation, be the Instrument of Happiness to such a Number of Men; and not that such a Number should, by their Misery, by their mean Servitude, serve to flatter the Pride and indolent Effeminacy of one single Man. The King ought to have nothing above the Rest, except what is necessary to relieve him in the painful Discharge of his Regal Office, or to impress on his People a Veneration for the Person whose Duty it is to support the Laws. Moreover, the Monarch ought to be more moderate, more averse from Luxury, more exempt from Ostentation and Pride than any other; he ought not to have greater Riches and Pleasures, but more Wisdom, more Virtue, and a more exalted Reputation than other Men. Abroad, he ought to be the Bulwark of his Country, in commanding the Armies; at Home,

Home, the sovereign Umpire of his People, to make them just, wise, and happy. The Gods made him not a King for himself; he is such, to no other End, than to be the Procurator of his People. His Time, all his Care and Affection are his People's inherent Right; and he is no longer worthy of Royalty than while he can neglect himself in particular, to become the Victim of the Publick Good. *Minos** wou'd not allow his Sons to succeed him in the Throne, but on Condition that they govern'd according to these Maxims. He had even a greater Tenderness for his Subjects than for his Children, and *Creet* owes its Power and Happiness to his prudent Conduct. It is by this Moderation, that he has eclips'd the Glory of so many Conquerors, who make the People Instruments of their Greatness; that is, of their Vanity. In a Word, his Justice has, in the Realms of *Pluto*, made him sovereign Judge of the Dead.

While *Mentor* entertain'd us with this Discourse, we landed in *Creet*; we saw the famous Labyrinth, the handy Work of the ingenious *Dædalus*, an Imitation of the great one we had seen in *Ægypt*. While we were contemplating this curious Edifice, we saw the People, who cover'd o'er the Shore, hastily draw together in Crouds, to a Place little distant from the Marge of the Sea; we enquired into the Reason of this Precipitation,

and

* *Minos* King of *Crete*, Son of *Jupiter* by *Europa*; after his Death, he was made Chief Judge of the Dead. The *Athenians* having basely murder'd his Son *Androgeos*, he made War upon them, and compell'd them to send yearly Seven of their Noblemen's Sons, to be devour'd by the *Minotaur*.

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and a *Cretan*, named *Nausicratu*s, gave us the following Account :

Idomeneus Son of *Deucalion*, and Grandson of *Minos*, went, as did other Sovereign Princes, to the Siege of *Troy* ; after the Destruction of that City he set Sail for *Creet*, but was overtaken by so furious a Storm, that the Pilot and all the expert Seamen deem'd their Loss inevitable: every one had Death before his Eyes, all saw the Deep open to devour them ; each bewailed his unhappy Fate, despairing even of that melancholy Repose, with which the Souls that have cross'd the *Styx*, after their Enterrment, are indulged. *Idomeneus*, lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, invok'd the Sovereign of the Seas. O Powerful Deity ! he cried, thou who hast Dominion o'er the Waves, vouchsafe to lend an Ear to an unfortunate Suppliant : If, notwithstanding these Winds enraged, I, by thy Favour, see again the *Cretan* Shores, to thee will I offer up the first living Object that my Eyes shall meet.

In the Interim his Son, impatient to see his Father, hasten'd to meet and to embrace him ; Unhappy Prince ! he knew not that he hasten'd to Destruction. The Father, having escaped the Storm, arriv'd at his desired Port. He return'd Thanks to *Neptune*, who had heard his Vow ; but soon perceiv'd how fatal it was to him. A Foreboding of his Misfortune made him bitterly repent his having rashly made it. He dreaded arriving among his Friends, and apprehended to see again what in the World was dearest to him. But cruel *Nemesis* *, Goddess inexorable, vigilant to punish

* *Nemesis*, also called *Adrasta* and *Rhamnusia*, is a Goddess, Daughter of Justice, who rewards the Good, and punishes the Wicked.

punish Mortals, but especially presumptuous Kings, with fatal and invifible Hand urged on *Idomeneus*. He arriv'd, and fcarcely daring to lift up his Eyes, faw his Son : Seiz'd with Horror, he retired back, and his Eyes fought, but fought in vain, for one lefs dear, whom he might make the Victim. In the Interim, the Son throws himfelf on his Neck, and feeing him break into a Flood of Tears, is astonifh'd at the cold Return he made his Fondnefs.

Alas, faid he, my Father ! whence this Affliction ? After fo long an Abfence, are you griev'd to fee again your Kingdom, and to be the Joy of your Offspring ? What have I done ? you avert your Eyes fearing to fee me. The Father, overwhelm'd with Grief, made no Reply ; at length, after fome deep Sighs, he cried, O *Neptune* ! what a Promise have I made thee ? At what a Rate haft thou preferv'd me from a Wreck ? Let me be again given up to Seas and Rocks, which, dafhing me to pieces, will end my wretched Life ; fuffer but my Son to live. O cruel God ! I offer thee my Blood, but fpare thou his : In faying this, he unfeath'd his Sword, to pierce himfelf ; but they who were near prevented him. The ancient *Sophronifm*, Interpreter of the Will of the Gods, afured him, that he might, without facrififing his Son, fatisfy *Neptune*. Your Promise, faid he, was rash, and the Gods will not be honour'd by Acts of Cruelty ; take Care you add not to the Fault you committed in your Vow, that of fulfilling it contrary to the Laws of Nature : Offer up an Hecatomb of Bulls, white as the Snow itfelf, to *Neptune* ; let their Blood flow round his Altar, crown'd with Flowers ; and burn fragrant Incenfe to the Honour of this God.

Idomeneus,

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Idomeneus, hanging down his Head, listen'd without Reply to *Sophronism's* Words; Rage was kindled in his Eyes, his pale wan Face oft changed Colour, and all the Members of his Body were seiz'd with a Tremor visible. In the Interim, his Son thus address'd him: You see me here, my Father, ready to offer my self a Victim, to appease the Ocean's God; draw not on you his dire Wrath: I with Pleasure die, since by my Death, he has preserv'd your Life: Strike, my Father, nor fear to find a Son unworthy of you, who shrinks at Death.

At this Instant *Idomeneus*, entirely depriv'd of Reason, as tortured by the Infernal *Furies**, brok from those who narrowly had watch'd him, plunged his Sword into the Heart of his Son, and drew it reeking thence, cover'd o'er with Blood, designing to bury it in his own Bowels; but was again prevented by his Friends. His Son fell in his own Blood, the Shade of Death obscured his Eyes; he unclos'd them to seek the Light, and scarce perceiv'd it e'er it was insupportable: Like a fair Lilly in the Field, struck at the Root by the Plough's keen Share, languishes and droops upon its Stalk; the vivid Whiteness and that gay Lustre, which attracts the Eye, remain a While, but the Earth denies it's Nourriture, and it's Life's extinct. Thus the Son of *Idomeneus*, like a tender Flower, is cruelly cut off, e'er his first Stage of Life is run. The Father through Excess of Grief grew senseless, he knew not where he was, what he did, or what he ought to do;

* The *Furies*, three Sisters, Daughters of Night and *Acheron*, one of the Rivers of Hell; their Names *Alecto*, *Megara*, *Tisiphone*. These torment the Damn'd.

do; he went forward to the City, and enquired for his Son.

In the Interim, the People mov'd with Compassion for the young Prince, and seiz'd with Horror at the barbarous Action of the Father, cried out, that the impartial Gods had deliver'd him over to the *Furies*. Rage furnish'd them with Arms; they take to Staves and Stones, and Discord breath'd a mortal Venom into their Breasts. The *Cretans*, the prudent *Cretans*, forget that Virtue they so much revered, and will not longer own the Grandson of wife *Minos*. The Friends of *Idomeneus* knew no other Means for his Security, but to conduct him back to his Ships; they embark with him and fly, at the Mercy of the Waves. *Idomeneus* recovering his Senses, return'd them Thanks for forcing him from a Land which he had drench'd with his Son's Blood, and in which it would have been intolerable to have lived. The Winds drove them towards *Hesperia*, where they are laying the Foundations of a new Kingdom, in the Country of the *Salentines* *.

The *Cretans*, in the Interim, destitute of a King to hold the Reins of Government, have resolved upon making Choice of one who shall preserve the Purity of their establish'd Laws; for this Election, they have agreed upon the following Method: All the Chief of the Hundred Cities are here assembled, they have already begun with Sacrifices, and convoked Men, the most renown'd for Wisdom among the neighbouring States, to judge of the Capacity of such as shall appear worthy of Command. Publick Games

* The Country of the *Salentines* is in the Kingdom of *Naples*, and lies on the *Ionian Sea*.

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Games are prepared, in which the Candidates are to contend; for, they are resolved, that the Throne shall be the Prize of him who surpasses all others in the Endowments of both Mind and Body. They require a Monarch, both robust and dexterous in his Person, and whose Mind is embellish'd with Virtue and Wisdom. All Foreigners are invited to be Candidates.

After having related to us these surprizing Events, he said: Hasten therefore, you who are Strangers, to join our Assembly; you may enter the Lists with the rest; and if the Gods, to either of you, decree the Victory, he will have the Dominion of our Island. We follow'd without any Inclination to bear away the Prize, but merely through Curiosity, to see what was so very extraordinary.

We came to a sort of Circus of vast Capacity, surrounded with a thick Forest; the Middle of the Circus was an Area prepared for the Combatants, enclosed by a large Amphitheatre of fresh Turf, on which were seated a numberless Multitude of People. We were received with Honour at our Arrival; for the *Cretans* excel all other Nations in a noble and religious Observance of the Laws of Hospitality. They made us sit, and invited us to enter the Lists. *Mentor* excused himself on Account of his Age, *Hazael* on that of an ill State of Health; but my Youth and Vigour allow'd me no Plea. However, I cast a Look upon *Mentor*, to discover his Sentiments, and perceiv'd he was for having me contend; wherefore I accepted the Offer made me. I stripp'd off my Garments; they anointed all my Body with sweet transparent Oyl, and I mingled with the other Candidates. It was immediately said on all hands, that *Ulysses'*
Son.

Son was arrived, to endeavour at gaining the Prize; and I was known to several *Cretans*, who had been at *Ithaca*, in the Time of my Infancy.

The first Exercise was that of Wrestling. A *Rhodian*, of about thirty five Years of Age, triumph'd over all who durst encounter him: He was as yet in the full Vigour of Youth; his Arms were nervous, and brawny: the least Motion discover'd all his Muscles, and he was equally strong and supple. He look'd upon me as unworthy of his Conquest, and viewing me with Compassion for my Youth, was going to withdraw when I advanced against him. We seiz'd each other, and grapled 'till both were out of Breath. We were engaged Shoulder to Shoulder, Foot to Foot, all our Nerves upon the Stretch, and our Arms interfolded like Serpents, each straining to lift his Antagonist. One While he tryed to take me at unawares, by thrusting me to the Right; at another he used his utmost Endeavours, to incline me to the Left. While he thus proved me, I urged him with such Vigour, that his Reins flagg'd, and he fell upon the Area, dragging me over him; he vainly endeavour'd to turn me under him, I held him firm beneath me. All the Spectators cried, The Son of *Ulysses* has conquer'd; and I help'd to raise the confus'd *Rhodian*. The Combat of the *Cæstus* * was a Task more difficult: The Son of a rich *Samian* Citizen had acquired great Reputation in this sort of Exercise. All others

* The *Cæstus*, some think it a Thong of Leather, with Leaden Plummets fasten'd to it; others a sort of Club; and others again, that it was a Guantlet ribb'd with Lead used in Boxing; and, by the Combat here described, our Author seems to take it for this last.

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others yielded to him, and I was the only one who hoped for Victory. He, in an Instant, gave me such Stroaks on my Head and Stomach, that he made me vomit Blood, and brought a thick Mist o'er my Eyes. I stagger'd, he pressed me close, and I had quite lost my Breath; but I was re-animated by the Voice of *Mentor*, who cried out to me, O Son of *Ulysses*! will you suffer yourself to be conquer'd? Rage gave me fresh Strength and Vigour; I avoided several Blows, under which I must have sunk. As soon as the *Samian* had miss'd a Blow, and his Arm was in vain extended, I took him unawares in this inclined Posture; he began to give Back when I rais'd my *Cæstus* to fall upon him with greater Violence: he would have shunn'd the Blow; and, losing the Equilibrium, gave me an Opportunity to overthrow him. Scarcely was he stretch'd upon the Ground, when I offer'd my Hand to raise him; he 'rose again, cover'd with Dust and Blood, without Assistance, but thoroughly abash'd, and not daring to renew the Conflict.

Immediately began the Race of Chariots, which were distributed by Lot; mine happen'd to be the worst, both with Regard to the Slightness of the Wheels, and the Mettle of the Horses. We started; Clouds of Dust arose and obscured the Day. At the first I suffer'd the others to pass me. A young *Lacedæmonian*, named *Cranter*, immediately out-stripp'd the Rest. A *Cretan*, named *Policletus*, follow'd him close: *Hippomachus*, related to *Idomeneus*, who aspired to his Succession, giving the Reins to his Horses smoaking with their Sweat, inclin'd his whole Body over their flowing Mains; the Rotation of his Wheels was so vastly swift, that the Motion was imperceptible, like the Wings

Wings of an Eagle cutting the tractless Air. My Horses taking Fire, and recovering gradually their Breath, I pass'd almost all who had started with such Rapidity. *Hippomachus*, the Relation of *Idomeneus*, urging his Horses beyond their Strength, the most vigorous fell, and by his Fall lost his Master all Hopes of Reigning.

Policletus inclining too much over his Horses, cou'd not secure himself against a Jolt; he fell, dropp'd his Reins, and thought himself happy to escape with Life. *Crantor*, seeing with Eyes indignant that I press'd him close, redoubled his Ardour; one While he invoked the Gods, and vow'd them rich Oblations; at another he called to his Horses, to encourage them: He feared my getting between the Post and him, as my Horses having been more spared than his, were able to out-strip them; the only Resource he had, was to close the Way. To do this, he ran the Hazard of being dash'd to pieces, and he actually broke one of his Wheels against the Post: I was intent alone upon speedily turning it, that I might not be envelop'd in his Confusion. In an Instant after he saw me reach the Goal. The People again cried, The Son of *Ulysses* has conquered; it is he whom the Gods have appointed to rule over us.

In the Midst of these Acclamations, the most eminent and wisest of the *Cretans* led us into an ancient consecrated Wood, remote from vulgar Eyes, where the Ancients, whom *Minos* had appointed Judges of the People, and Guardians of the Law, called us together, who had contended in the Games; no other was admitted. These Sages open'd a Book, in which were collected all the Laws of *Minos*. I found myself struck with Respect and an awful Regard, when I approached these

these Sages, whom Age had rendered venerable without impairing their Strength of Judgment. They were seated in Order, and motionless in their Places; their Hair (some of them had but very little left) was quite white: In the Gravity of their Countenance a mild sedate Wisdom shone apparent; not one was forward in Speaking, they spoke only what they had deliberately weigh'd: When they differ'd in Sentiments, they respectively maintain'd their Opinions with such Modesty, that one might imagine they had been of one and the same way of thinking; a long Experience of Affairs pass'd, and a constant Application to Business had given them great Insight into all Things. But that which most contributed to the Sagacity of their Judgment, was a Sedateness of Mind divested of all the vain Desires, and Obstinacy of Youth. They were under the sole Direction of Wisdom; and the Fruit of a long Practice of Virtue was the having so absolutely subdued their natural Dispositions, that they could, insensible of Fatigue, relish the calm and exquisite Pleasure of being guided by Reason. While I admired them, I wish'd that my Days could be contracted, that I might, at once, attain to such an inestimable old Age. I deem'd Youth unhappy by their being impetuous, and far from this enlighten'd and tranquil Virtue.

The Chief of these Ancients open'd the Book of the Laws of *Minos*. It was large, and commonly lock'd up in a Box of Gold, with Perfumes. All the Sages kiss'd it respectfully; for, say they, next to the Gods from whom are derived all good Laws, nothing ought to be held in greater Veneration by Mortals than the Laws themselves, calculated to render them just, wise, and

and happy. They in whose Hands the Laws are entrusted for the Government of the People, ought ever to submit themselves to their Direction. They are the Laws, not the Man, which ought to reign. Such was the Discourse these Sages held. Afterwards, the President propos'd three Questions, to be decided by the Maxims of *Minos*.

The first was, Who among Mortals enjoy'd the greatest Freedom? One answer'd, A King who had absolute Dominion over his own Subjects, and had triumph'd over all his Enemies. Others maintain'd, That he must be a Man possess'd of Wealth sufficient to gratify his every Wish. Others imagin'd, that he must be a *Batchelor*, who pass'd his Life in visiting different States, without being subject to any Laws or Nation. Others imagin'd, That it must be a Barbarian, who, supporting himself by Hunting, and living in the Forest, was independent of Laws, and a Stranger to all Want. Some thought it was a Slave newly enfranchis'd, who, being delivered from the Asperity of Servitude, relish'd the Charms of Liberty with a greater Gust than could other Men. Others replied, That it was a dying Man, as Death freed him entirely; and that all Mankind united could have no Power over him.

When it came to my Turn, I was not at a Loss for an Answer, as I had retain'd what *Mentor* had often inculcated. The Man, said I, who enjoys the greatest Freedom of all Mankind, is he who can be free even in Slavery. In whatever Country, in whatever Station of Life, that Man enjoys full Liberty who fears the Gods, and fears but them alone: In a Word, The Man truly free is he, who, divested of all Fear and all Desire, submits alone to the Immortal Powers, and
God-

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God-like Reason. The Ancients, smiling, look'd on each other, and were surprized to find my Answer was exactly that of *Minos*.

The second Question was then propos'd in these Terms: Who is the most unhappy of all Mankind? Every one spoke his Sentiments. One said, it was a Man destitute of Health, Wealth and Reputation. Another, That it must be the friendless Man. Others insist'd, That it was the Father of ungrateful and degenerated Children. A wise Man of the Isle of *Lesbos* said, The most unhappy of all Men is, he who thinks himself so; for our Misfortunes arise rather from Impatience, which augments them, than from what we really suffer. These Words were attended with the Acclamations and Applause of the whole Assembly, and every one concluded, that the prudent *Lesbian* would, on this Question, bear away the Prize. However, my Sentiment was required, and I answer'd according to the Maxims of *Mentor*: That the most unhappy among Men was a Monarch, who imagines that he may find his own Happiness in making other Men miserable; such a one is doubly unfortunate by his Ignorance; as he knows not his Misfortune, he cannot redress it; nay, he fears to know it. Truth cannot force its Way through a Cloud of Flatterers, to reach him. His Passions tyrannize over him; he is ignorant of what is incumbent on him; he has never known the Pleasure of doing Good, and has been ever blind to the Charms of abstracted Virtue: He is unhappy, and deserves to be so; every Day is an Increase of his Misfortune, he runs on to his own Destruction, and the Gods prepare to overwhelm him with an eternal Punishment. All the Assembly acknowledged, that I had surpass'd the wise
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Lesbian; and the Antients declared, that I had hit upon the very Sense of *Minos*.

They, for the third Question, propos'd this, Which of the Two was more preferable, a conquering Monarch invincible in War, or a King quite ignorant of military Experience, but knowing the Art to govern his Subjects with Wisdom in Time of Peace? The Majority answered, That the invincible King was to be prefer'd; for, said they, what Advantage can result from a Sovereign who is, in Time of Peace alone, capable of managing the Helm of Government with Discretion, if he is incapable of protecting his Country when a War breaks out? He will be subdued by his Enemies, and bring his People under the Yoke of Bondage. Others on the contrary maintained, that a pacifick Prince was more eligible, as he would apprehend the Consequence of a War, and would use his utmost Endeavours to avoid it. Others again said, that a victorious Prince would lay himself out, as well for the Glory of his People, as for his own, and would make his Subjects Lords of other States; whereas a pacifick Monarch would keep them in a shameful Inaction. My Opinion was required, and I gave the following Answer.

A Monarch who can only govern in Peace or in War, and is incapable of directing his Subjects in either Situation, is but half a King. But if you compare a King who is ignorant of every Thing but the Art of War, to a prudent Monarch, who, unskillful in War, is able to sustain it, by his Generals, in Case of Necessity, I esteem the latter preferable. A Prince whose Bent is entirely to War would be continually in Arms, to extend his Dominion and his peculiar Fame; such

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a one would be the Ruine of his People. What does it avail the Subjects, that their King subdues other Nations, if they are miserable under his Reign? Moreover, long Wars always introduce many Disorders; even the Conquerors themselves, in this Time of Confusion, fall into Licentiousness. Reflect how much *Greece* has suffer'd by its Triumph over *Troy*. For Ten Years Space and upwards was it deprived of its Sovereigns. While the Flames of War spare nothing, the Laws, Agriculture, and Arts, all droop. Even the best of Princes, while they have a War upon their Hands, are constrain'd to be guilty of the greatest of all Mischiefs, which is to wink at Licentiousness, and to employ Profligates. How many flagitious Wretches are there, who would meet condign Punishment in Times of Peace, and yet whose Audacity it is necessary to reward in the Confusion of War? Never any People had a victorious Prince, but they greatly suffer'd by his Ambition. A Conqueror intoxicated with Glory, brings very near as great Ruine on his victorious People as on the conquer'd Nations. A King not endow'd with the Qualifications requisite for Peace, cannot make his People taste the Fruits of a War prosperously terminated: he is like a Man who not only defends his Field against his Neighbour, but even siezes that which belongs to the Invader; yet, knows not how to either plough, or sow, or reap any Harvest. Such a one seems born to destroy, to ravage, to embroil the World; not to be the Author of Happiness to his Subjects, by a prudent Government.

Let us now come to a pacifick King. It is certain that such a Genius is not proper for great Conquests; that is, he was not born to disturb the Quiet of his Subjects, by endeavouring to bring

under his Dominion People, over whom Justice has given him none ; but if he is really fit to govern in Time of Peace, he has all the necessary Qualities to protect his Subjects against their Enemies. As thus, he is just, abstemious and reasonable with regard to his Neighbours, enterprizes nothing against them which may disturb the Peace, and is exact in the Observance of his Alliances. His Allies love, fear nothing from, and repose an entire Confidence in him. If he has any turbulent haughty and ambitious Neighbour, all the neighbouring Kings, who apprehend such a restless Prince, and are not jealous of the pacifick Monarch, join the good King, to prevent his being oppress'd. His Probity, his Sincerity, his Moderation make him Arbitrator of all the circumjacent States ; while an enterprizing King is hateful to all other Princes, and instantly expos'd to their leaguings against him ; but he, of a contrary Genius, has the Honour to be as a Father and Tutor to all the other Monarchs. These are the Advantages he has Abroad. Those which he enjoys at Home are still more solid. Allowing him of Capacity to rule in Times of Peace, I take it for granted, that he governs according to the Maxims of the wisest Laws ; that he banishes Ostentation, Luxury, and all Arts which tend to the Indulging of Vice, and causes such to flourish which are useful to the real Necessaries of Life : Above all, he employs his Subjects in Husbandry, by which he furnishes them with an Abundance of all Things useful. Such an industrious People, whose Customs and Manners are plain, who are used to live upon little, who can with Pleasure support themselves by the Tillage of their Lands, multiply without End. Here then is a Kingdom
furnish'd

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furnish'd with an innumerable Multitude of Inhabitants, who, moreover, are healthy, robust and courageous, no way enervated by Luxury, trained up in Virtue, not wedded to the Softness of a slothful and sensual Life, a People that can look upon Death with Contempt, and wou'd esteem it preferable to the Loss of that Liberty which they enjoy under a wise Monarch, no otherwise intent upon Reigning than to submit the supreme Direction of the State to Reason. Suppose a victorious Neighbour should invade such a Nation, 'tis very possible he will not find them sufficiently disciplined for a Camp, for the ranging a Battle, or for the erecting Engines to besiege a Town; but he will find them invincible in their Numbers, their Bravery, their patient Support of Labour, their being inured to Poverty, their Vigour in Fight, and in a Fortitude which even ill Success can never triumph over. Moreover, if this pacifick King has not Experience enough to command his Armies in Person, he will substitute Officers capable, and will be at no Loss to employ them without derogating from his own Authority. In the Interim, he will obtain Succours from his Allies; his Subjects will rather chuse to die, than to be brought under the Dominion of another King vehement and unjust; even the Gods themselves will fight the Battles of the pacifick Prince. You see what Resource he has in the Midst of the greatest Perils. Hence I conclude, that a peaceable Monarch, ignorant of War, is a very defective King, as he knows not how to perform one of his most important Functions, that of subduing his Enemies; but I sub-join, that he is nevertheless infinitely superior to a victorious Prince, who is defective in the Qualities requisite in Times of Peace, and is only fit for War.

I perceiv'd a Number of People in the Assembly, who could not relish this Opinion; for the greater Number of Men, dazzled with what is splendid, as Victories and Conquests, prefer them to what is without Pomp, tranquil and solid, as are Peace, and the prudent Government of Nations. But the Ancients declared, that I had delivered the Sentiments of *Minos*.

The Chief of these venerable old Men cried out, I see the Accomplishment of an Oracle, known throughout our Island: *Minos* having consulted the Gods, to be inform'd how long his Descendants shou'd reign according to the Laws he had lately establish'd? The Deity answered him, Thy Race shall cease to reign when a Foreigner shall land upon thine Isle, to give supreme Authority to thy Laws. We have apprehended the Arrival of some Stranger to conquer the Island of *Crete*; but the Misfortune of *Idomeneus*, and the Wisdom of *Ulysses'* Son, who better than any Mortal understands the Laws of *Minos*, have unfolded to us the Sense of the Oracle: Why delay we to crown him whom the Fates allot us for our King.

End of the Fifth Book.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
Son of *Ulysses.*

BOOK the SIXTH.

ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS relates his having refus'd the Throne of Crete, to return to Ithaca; that he propos'd the Election of Mentor, who also refus'd the Diadem: That at length the Assembly urgent with Mentor to make a Choice for the whole Nation, he lays before them what he had lately heard of the Virtues of Aristodemus, who at the same Instant was proclaimed King: After which Mentor and Telemachus embark'd for Ithaca; but

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Neptune,

Neptune, to ease the Grief of exasperated Venus, had cast away their Ship, after which the Goddess Calypso had newly received them into her Island.

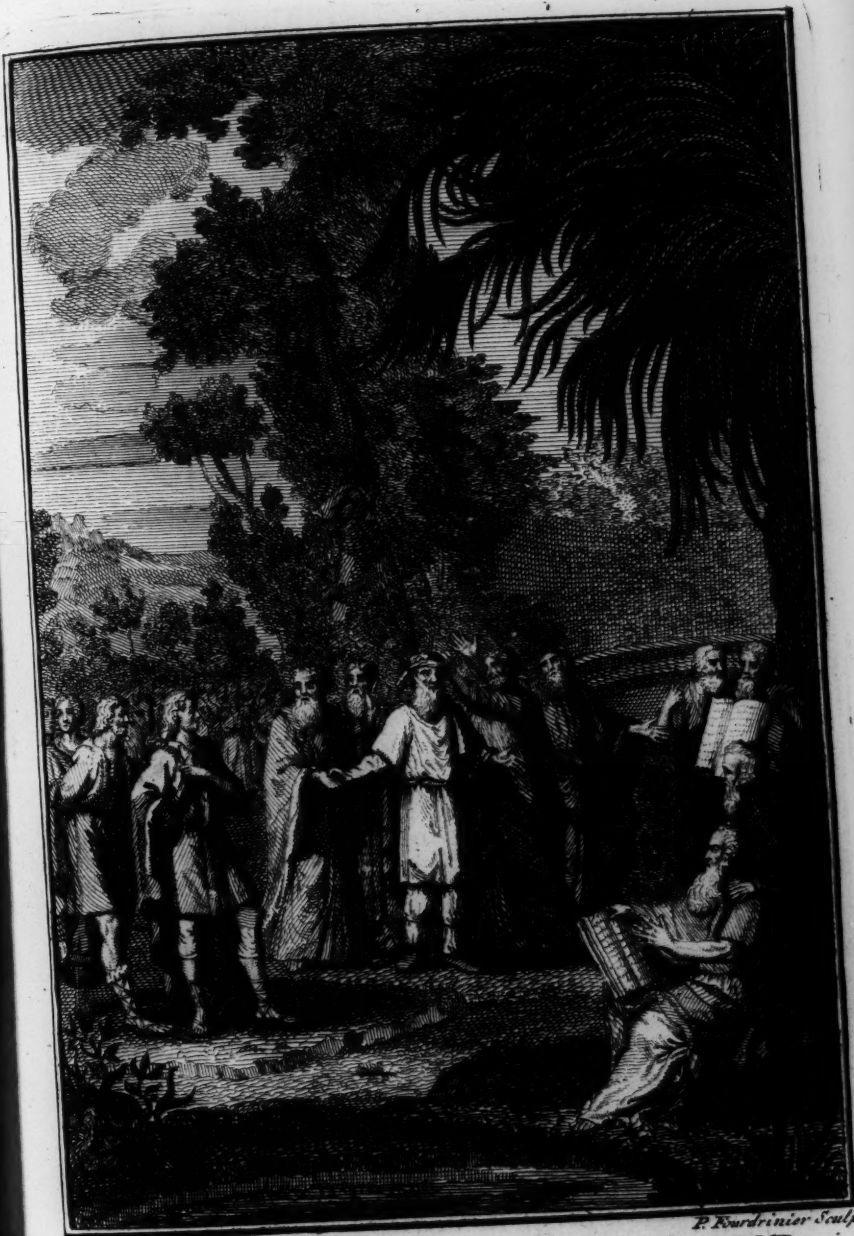


HE Elders immediately quitted the Circuit of the consecrated Wood, and the principal among them, taking me by the Hand, declared to the People, impatiently expecting the Decision, that I had borne away the Prize. Scarcely had he said thus much, but a confused Noise was heard arising from the whole Assembly; all the Coast and Mountains rang with these Acclamations: May the Son of *Ulysses*, the second *Minos*, reign over the *Cretans*.

After a Moment's Pause, I made a Sign with my Hand, to shew my Desire of being heard. In the Interim, *Mentor* whisper'd to me and said: Will you renounce your native Soil? shall the Ambition of wearing a Diadem make you forget *Penelope* (who waites your Return, as the only Hope left her) and the great *Ulysses*, whom the Gods have decreed to restore you? These Words pierced my Heart, and supported me against the Desire of Dominion. In the mean While, the profound Silence of this tumultuous Assembly afforded me an Opportunity of Speaking to the following Purport: Illustrious *Cretans*, I am unworthy of governing you. The Oracle lately mention'd indeed plainly indicates, that the Descendants of *Minos* shall be deprived of the Sovereignty at the Time that a Stranger arriving at your Isle shall cause the Laws of that wise King to be obey'd; but



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ARISTODEME est élu Roy de CRETE par le Conseil de MENTOR qui
comme TELEMAQUE avoit refusé la Royauté pour retourner en ITHAQUE.

Liv. VI.

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but it says not that such Foreigner shall be invested with the Regal Authority. I am willing to allow that I am the Foreigner hinted at by the Oracle; I have fulfill'd the Prediction: I arrived at your Island, and have unravelled the genuine Sense of the Laws; and I wish that my Interpretation may contribute to the giving them, together with the Person whom you shall chuse, a supreme Authority. As for my Part, I prefer my Country, the small Island of *Ithaca*, to the hundred Cities of *Crete*, to the Glory and Opulence of this noble Kingdom. Permit me to pursue what the Fates have decreed: If I enter'd the List in your Games, it was not with the Hopes of reigning here; but to deserve your Esteem and Compassion: It was, in short, that you might afford me Means speedily to return to the Place of my Nativity. I had rather obey my Father *Ulysses*, and be the Consolation of *Penelope*, than be possess'd of universal Monarchy. O *Cretans*! I open to you the inmost Recesses of my Heart; I must leave you: but Death alone has Power to put an End to my Gratitude. Yes, to the last Moment of his Life, *Telemachus* will love the *Cretans*, and be as anxious for their Glory as for his own.

Hardly had I done speaking but a hollow Sound was heard to arise, like the Clashing of Waves when excited by a Storm. Some asked, if it was not some Deity under a human Form? others maintain'd, that they had seen me in other Countries, and knew me again; and some cried, that I ought to be compell'd to take upon me the *Cretan* Diadem. At length I resum'd my Harangue, and all were in an Instant silent, not knowing but that I might accept what I had at first refused. I spoke to them in the following Terms:

Suffer me, O *Cretans*! to discover my Sentiments to you: You are the wisest among Nations; but Wisdom, in my Opinion, exacts a Precaution which you have overlook'd. You ought to make Choice, not of the Man who can argue best upon the Laws, but of him who practises their Precepts with the greatest Virtue and Perseverance. As for me, I am young, consequently unexperienced, expos'd to the Impetuosity of my Passions, and more fit to learn, by Obedience, one Day to rule, than I now am to take upon me to command. Seek not then a Man who has got the better in Exercise of the Body and Mind, but him who has got the better of himself: Seek a Man who has your Laws written in his Heart, and whose whole Life has been the Practice of their Maxims; let his Actions rather than his Reasonings direct your Choice of him.

All the Elders were charmed with this Discourse, and finding the Applauses of the Assembly still greater, said to me: Since the Gods deprive us of the Hope of seeing you reign over us, at least afford your Assistance to find a King who will give the Laws the supreme Authority; Know you any one capable of governing with such Moderation? I immediately replied; I know a Person to whom I owe all that in me you think worthy of your Esteem. It is his, not my Wisdom, which this Moment harangued you; and it was he who inspir'd the Answers which you lately heard.

At the same Instant all the Assembly turn'd their Eyes upon *Mentor*, whom I shew'd, holding him by the Hand. I then gave a Detail of his tender Care in my Infancy; the Dangers from which he had extricated, and the Mischiefs which rush'd in upon me when I did not pursue his Counsels. He had

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at first been over-look'd on account of his plain and neglected Dress, his modest Countenance, his almost continual Taciturnity, and the Gravity and Reservedness of his Air; but when they view'd him thoroughly, they discover'd in his Mien somewhat inexpressible of Grandeur and Intrepidity; they took Notice of the Vivacity of his Eyes, and of the Vigour remarkable even in the least of his Actions; they examin'd, admired, and resolved to invest him with the Regal Authority. He, without being in the least affected, excus'd himself, saying, he preferr'd the Advantages of a private Life to the Glare of Royalty; that the very best Kings were unhappy in as much as they rarely do the Good they design; and that often by the Circumvention of Sycophants they do Mischiefs which they never intended: Adding, that if Slavery was a State of Wretchedness, Royalty was no less so, as it was only Servitude disguised. A King is dependent on such as he is oblig'd to employ to support his Authority. Happy is he who is not constrain'd to govern! It is alone to our Country, when it entrusts us with Authority, that we owe the Sacrifice of our Liberty, the laying our selves out for the publick Good.

The *Cretans* then, unable to recover from their Surprise, asked him, what Man they ought to elect? A Man, said he, who knows you thoroughly; since it is he who must, and yet fears to govern you. He that aspires to a Regal State knows not what it is: And how should he perform its Functions, when he is ignorant of what they are? He seeks it for himself; and you ought to wish a Person who accepts it for your Sake only.

The *Cretans* in general were strangely surprized to see two Strangers refuse a Crown, which so many others grasp'd at; and wanted to know who had brought them. *Nausicrates*, who had accompany'd us from the Haven to the *Circus*, shew'd them *Hazael*, with whom *Mentor* and I came from *Cyprus* to *Creet*. Their Astonishment was much greater when they were inform'd that *Mentor* had been the Slave of *Hazael*, and that the latter, induced by the Wisdom and Virtue of this Slave, had made him his most intimate Friend and Counsellor; when they farther reflected, that this enfranchis'd Slave was he who so lately refus'd a Diadem, and that *Hazael* was come from *Damascus* in *Syria*, to be instructed in the Laws of *Minos*; so ardent was that Passion for Wisdom, which engross'd his Heart.

The Elders, addressing themselves to *Hazael*, said, We dare not entreat you to accept the Government; for we conclude, that your Sentiments are the same with *Mentor's*. You condemn Mankind too much to take upon you to govern them; beside you have too little Esteem for Wealth and the Splendor of Royalty, to purchase that Magnificence at the Price of those Toils which are annex'd to the Government of a Kingdom. *Hazael* replied, Think not, *Cretans*, that I condemn Mankind. No, I know how noble it is to employ our Care to make them good and happy; but this Endeavour is attended with Toils and Perils. The Splendor which attends it is not real, and can dazzle only weak Minds. Life is short; Greatness enflames our Passions more than it can gratify them; it is to be instructed how to live without these false Pleasures, not to possess them, that I have come thus far. Farewell; I think of no-
thing

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thing beyond my Return to a peaceable and retired Way of Life, in which Wisdom may feed my Soul, and where the Hopes, arising from Virtue, of a more happy Life after this, may be my Consolation in the Inconveniencies of old Age. Had I a Wish to make, it should not be for Sovereignty; but never to be separated from the two Persons now before you.

At length the *Cretans*, addressing themselves to *Mentor*, cried, Tell us, O thou Wisest and Greatest among Mortals, tell us then, whom can we chuse to be our King? We will not suffer you to depart hence 'till you have instructed us in the Choice we ought to make. He answered, while I was among the Croud of Spectators, I observ'd a Man who betray'd no Ardour. This aged Person is pretty vigorous. I ask'd who he was, and was answer'd, that his Name is *Aristodemus*. After which I heard one tell him, that his two Sons were in the Number of those who had enter'd the Lists; he seem'd not to conceive any Pleasure from the Account, and said, As for one of them, he would not wish him expos'd to the Perils of Royalty; and that he had too great a Love for his Country to consent that the other should ever reign. From hence I concluded, that this Father had a judicious Affection for one of his Sons, who is endow'd with Virtue; and that he indulged not the other in his Licentiousness. My Curiosity encreasing, I enquired into the Course of Life the old Man had held? One of your Citizens answer'd me, That he had long borne Arms, and was covered with Wounds; but his candid Virtue, averse from all Adulation, was uneasy to *Idomeneus*, and prevented his employing him in the *Trojan* Siege. He stood in Awe of a Person who would give him prudent.

prudent Counsel, which he could not prevail on himself to follow. Nay he was even jealous of the Fame that this Person would certainly very soon have acquired; he remember'd no more his pass'd Service; he left him here in his Poverty, despised by ignorant and mean-spirited Men, whose Esteem Wealth regulates: but he, contented in his Poverty, leads a chearful Life in a remote Part of the Island, and with his own Hands cultivates his Grounds. One of his Sons is a Partner in his Labour; there is a tender Reciprocal Love betwixt them, their Frugality and Labour render them happy, and have furnish'd them with Plenty of whatever is necessary in a plain way of Living. The prudent old Man distributes among the poor and sick Neighbours whatever remains more than necessary for his Sons Support: He employs all the younger Sort, he exhorts, he instructs them; he is Arbiter of all Disputes which arise in his Neighbourhood: He is the common Father of all those Families; but the Misfortune in his own is, to have a younger Son who is deaf to all his Admonitions. The Father has long borne with him, in Hopes to correct his Vices, at length he drove him from him. He has abandon'd himself to a senseless Ambition, and to all manner of Voluptuousness.

This, O *Cretans*! is the Relation given me; you ought to know if this Account is true: But if this Person is truly characterised, to what Purpose do you decree Games? why invite so many Strangers? when you have among you a Man, who knows and is known to you; who is expert in War, who has given Proofs of his Courage, not only in confronting Darts and Arrows, but more dreadful Poverty; who could contemn Riches acquired by Adulation, who delights in Labour,

who

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who knows how great Advantage is Husbandry to a State, who abhors Pomp, who does not suffer himself to be soften'd by a blind Affection for his Children, who cherishes the Virtue of one, and condemns the Vices of the other: In a Word, a Man who is already a Father of the People. This is your King, if you seriously desire to submit your Government to the Laws of *Minos*.

The whole Assembly cried out, 'Tis certain, *Aristodemus* is the very Man you have describ'd him: 'tis he who is worthy of Dominion. The Elders sent for him; he was sought for in the Croud, where he was mingled in with the very meanest of the People. He seem'd quite compos'd; they acquainted him, that he was elected King. He replied, I cannot consent to this Election but on three Conditions: The first, That I may lay down the Sovereign Power in Two Years, if I do not in that Time improve your Morals, and if you refuse Obedience to the Laws. The second, That I shall be at Liberty to continue my plain and frugal Way of Life. The third, That my Sons be allow'd no Rank, and after my Decease, that they shall be treated according to their respective Merit, like other Citizens, without Distinction.

Scarce had he utter'd these Words, but a thousand joyful Acclamations rent the Air. He was crown'd with the Diadem by the Elders, Guardians of the Laws, and Sacrifices offer'd to *Jupiter*, and the other great Deities. *Aristodemus* made us Presents, not indeed with the Magnificence customary with crown'd Heads, but with a noble Frankness. He presented to *Hazael* the Laws of *Minos*, in the Hand-writing of that Royal Legislator. He also gave him a Compilation of the whole History of *Crete*, from the Times of *Satur-*
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turn and the Golden Age; he stored his Ship with all the different Sorts of Fruit that are excellent in *Crete*, and unknown in *Syria*, and made him an Offer of whatever Assistance he might want.

As we were urgent to depart, he order'd a Vessel to be got ready for us, with a Number of good Rowers and armed Men; and put on Board for us both Provisions and Raiment. At that Instant a fair Wind for *Ithaca* sprang up; this Wind, which was contrary to *Hazael*, obliged him to a longer Stay. He saw us set Sail; he embraced us as Friends whom he was never more to see. The Gods, said he, are just, they are Witnesses to a Friendship which has no other Basis than that of Virtue: A Day will come when they will unite us in those happy Fields, where we are taught that the Just enjoy an Eternal Rest after this Life, where our Souls shall meet, never to be separated more. O that my Ashes might but rest with yours! In pronouncing these Words, he pour'd forth a Torrent of Tears, and his Sighs stopp'd the Passage of his Words. We wept no less than he, and he accompanied us to our Vessel.

As to *Aristodemus*, he thus address'd us: You who have lately procured me the Diadem, remember to what Perils you have expos'd me, and implore the Gods to inspire me with Wisdom adequate, and that I may as far excell others in the Government of my Passions, as I surpass them in Authority. On my Side, I pray them to give you a prosperous Voyage to your Country; there to confound the Insolence of your Enemies, and to bless you with the Sight of *Ulysses*, peaceably seated on his Throne with
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his beloved *Penelope*. *Telemachus*, I give you a good Ship, filled with Rowers and armed Troops; these may be of Service to you against those unjust Men, who persecute your Mother. O *Mentor*! thy Wisdom, which sets thee above all Want, leaves me not a Wish to make on your Account: Adieu to both; may you live happily together! Forget not *Aristodemus*: And if ever the *Ithacians* stand in Need of the *Cretans* Assistance, depend on me to my last Breath of Life. He embraced us; and we, in returning our Thanks, had not Power to repress our Tears.

In the mean while the Wind, which swell'd our Sails, gave us Hopes of a pleasant Voyage. And now Mount *Ida* dwindles to a Hill, and the whole Shoar disappears to Sight. The *Peloponnesian** Coasts seem advancing into the Sea to meet us, when on a sudden a gloomy Storm obscures the Face of Heaven, and irritates the briny Waves: Day gives Place to Night, and Death stands full to Sight. O *Neptune*! thou it was, who with thy splendid Trident excited all the Waters of thy Dominion. *Venus*, to revenge our having neglected her, even in her very Temple at *Citheria*, sought out this God; she address'd him in the Bitterness of Grief, her lovely Eyes were bath'd in gushing Tears: at least, *Mentor*, who has an Insight into Things divine, averr'd it for a Truth. Will you, said she, O *Neptune*! suffer these impious Men to mock with Impunity my Power, of which though even the Gods are sensible, these presumptuous Men

* *Peloponnesus* is a large Pen-Insula of Greece, now called the *Morea*, and in Possession of the *Turks*, once under the Dominion of the *Venetians*. 'Tis on the South Part of Greece, to which it joins by the *Isthmus* of *Corinth*.

Men have dared to reprehend whatever passes in my Isle? They arrogate to themselves Prudence insuperable and Love, they esteem, a Weakness of the Mind. Remember, in your Dominions I first saw Light : Why haste you not to bury in the vast Abyss these two Men, obnoxious to my Sight?

Scarce had she spoke, but *Neptune* roll'd his mountain Billows to the Skies; *Venus* rejoiced, deeming our Wreck inevitable. Our confus'd Pilot cried he could no longer make Head against the Wind, which with Fury drove us on the Rocks. A Gust of Wind broke our Mast, and in a Moment after, we heard the Craggs of Rocks rend the Bottom of our Ship : the Water enter'd on every Side ; our Vessel founder'd, and all our Rowers set up a mournful Out-cry. I embrac'd *Mentor*, and said to him : Death is now apparent; 'tis our Business to meet him with Intrepidity. The Gods have preserved us in the Midst of so many Perils, only to make us now perish. Let us then die, *Mentor* ; let us submit to the irreversible Decree. 'Tis some Consolation to me, that I quit this Life in Company with you ; it is in vain for us to contest our Lives with the Tempest.

Mentor replied, True Courage ever finds some Resource. To be prepared quietly to yield to Death is not all that is expected from us ; we ought, without fearing, to use our utmost Efforts to repel this King of Terrors. Let us sieze upon one of these large Planks, on which the Rowers sit ; and while these confus'd miserable Wretches lament the Loss of Life, without seeking the Means to save it, let us not lose a Moment's Time to preserve ours. Immediately he siez'd an Ax, and cut through the
Mast

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Mast which was before broken, and hanging over in the Sea had brought the Ship upon the Careen; he hove it over Board, and launching himself into the Midst of the raging Waves, called to me, by Name, and encouraged me to follow his Example. *Mentor* not only with Intrepidity and unmov'd, but sedate and easy, seem'd to command the Winds and Seas. So a large Tree, against which the Winds combined exert their Power, fix'd and steady on its deep-shot Roots remains, and mocks their Rage, which only agitates its trembling Leaves. I follow'd him; and who cou'd have forborne, when by him animated? We steer'd ourselves on this floating Mast, which was a great Relief, as we could sit upon it: had we been oblig'd to have swum without resting, our Strength had been soon exhausted; but the Storm oft turn'd this great Logg, and drench'd us in the Sea: at such Times we were oblig'd to taste the briny Wave, which from our Mouths, our Ears, and Nostrils, trickled down, and to combat with the Billows to regain our Mast. Sometimes again, a mountain Wave would overwhelm us; we then clang, and secured our Hold, lest by the Violence of the Shock we should loose the Mast, on which depended all our Hopes of Safety.

While we were in this dreadful Situation, *Mentor*, as calm as now upon this Seat of Turf, said to me: *Telemachus*, do you think your Life abandon'd to Winds and Seas? Think you that you can perish by their Rage without the Direction of the Gods? No, no: All Things are decided by the Immortal Powers; wherefore they are the Deities, and not the Seas, we ought to fear. Were you to the Bottom of the Ocean sunk, the Hand of *Jupiter* can draw you thence: Were you seated
on

on *Olympus*, and saw the Planets rowl beneath your Feet, the Arm of *Jupiter* cou'd plunge you into the Abyfs of this briny Main, or hurl you into the Flames of gloomy *Tartarus*. I was attentive to, and charm'd with this Discourse, which afforded me a little Comfort. But my Mind was too much taken up, to make him any Answer. He saw me not, neither could I perceive him. We pass'd the Night trembling and half dead, unknowing whither the Storm was driving us. At length the Winds began to abate, and the bellowing Sea, like a Person long irritated, who has only some Remains of Anger and Emotion, and whose Spirits are exhausted by Rage; its Roar was sunk to hollow Growls, and its Waves were hardly higher rose than Furrows in plough'd Fields.

In the mean Space, *Aurora* advanced to set open to the Sun the Gates of Heaven, and proclaim a Day serene; the Eastern Sky was with celestial Fires tinged, and twinkling Stars, which had so long been hid, appear'd again, and fled th' Approach of Day: we at a Distance spied the Land, and the Wind drove us towards it. I then felt Hope revive within my Breast; but we could perceive none of our Ship's Company. In all Appearance they, abandon'd by their Courage, together with the Ship, perish'd in the Storm. When we were near the Coast, the Winds drove us on the Points of Rocks, where we must have been dash'd to pieces; but we endeavour'd to direct against them one End of our Mast, which *Mentor* managed with as much Art as an able Steersman does the most governable Helm: By this Mean we escaped those dreadful Enemies, and at length fell upon a tranquil even Shore, where

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where swimming, without Difficulty, we gain'd
the Strand. And there, Great Goddess, you,
who possess this Isle, saw and vouchsaf'd to give
us fair Reception.

End of the Sixth Book.



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
Son of *Ulysses.*

BOOK the SEVENTH.

ARGUMENT.

CALYPSO admires the Conduct of *Telemachus* in his Adventures, leaves nothing un-essay'd to retain him in her Isle, and to inspire him a Passion like her own. *Mentor* by his Advice supports *Telemachus* against the Artifices of the Goddess, and against the God of Love, whom *Venus* had brought to her Assistance. *Telemachus*, notwithstanding, and the Nymph *Eucharis* are soon sensible

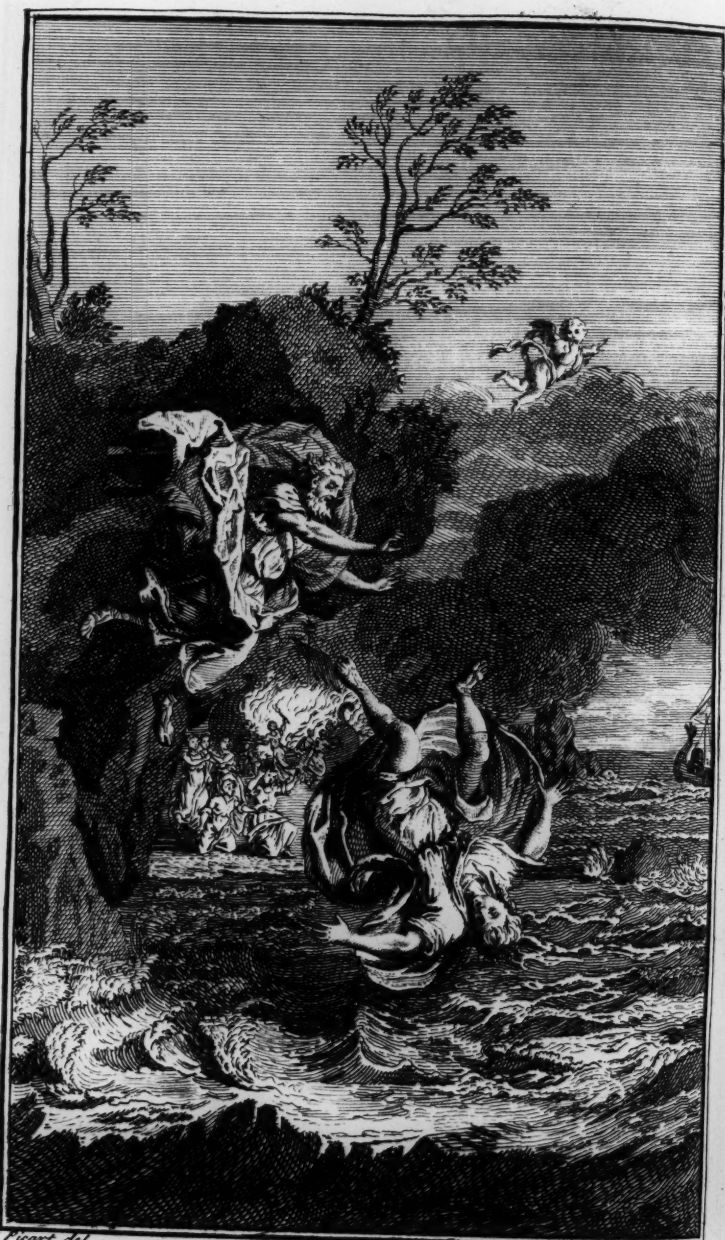


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Mentor voyant son Vaisseau brûlé, et craignant que *TELEMAQUE* ne succombe
 sous le pouvoir de l'Amour, se précipite avec lui dans la Mer. Liv. VIII. *Koten, sculp.*

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sible of a reciprocal Passion, which at first excites the Jealousy and afterwards the Wrath of Calypso against the two Lovers: She swears by Styx, that Telemachus shall quit her Isle. Cupid goes to comfort her; he obliges her Nymphs to burn a Vessel Mentor had built, at the very Time that he was hurrying Telemachus to embark in it. Telemachus feels a secret Joy at seeing this Vessel burnt. Mentor, who perceives it, pushes him head-long into the Sea, into which he casts himself, to swim to a Ship he had discover'd near that Coast.



TELEMACHUS having finish'd his Discourse, all the Nymphs who had continued without Motion with their Eyes fix'd on him, look'd upon, and said to one another: Who then must these Men be, thus favoured by the Gods? were ever such wonderful Adventures? the Son of Ulysses already exceeds the Eloquence, the Wisdom, and the Bravery of his Father. What a Mien! what Beauty! what Mildness! what Modesty! but especially what a Dignity and what Majesty! if we knew him not for the Offspring of a Mortal, we might easily mistake him for * *Bacchus*

* *Bacchus*. We have already shewn the Descent of this Heathen God of Wine, he is also called *Liber Pater*, *Lenæus*, *Bromius*, *Lyeus*: he was the first who planted Vines and press'd the Grape.

chus or † *Hermes*, or even for the great * *Apollo*: but who can this *Mentor* be, who appears a plain obscure Man and but of ordinary Rank? when we view him narrowly we discover something, we know not what, more than Man.

Calypso listen'd to the Discourse with a Confusion which she could not hide: her roving Eyes turn'd incessantly from *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, and from him to *Mentor*. Sometimes she wish'd the *Ithacian* Prince would again begin this long Narrative of his Adventures, but in an Instant check'd herself. At length arising hastily, she led *Telemachus* alone into a Wood of Myrtle, where she left no means untry'd to learn from him if *Mentor* was a Deity concealed under the Appearance of a Man. *Telemachus* could not discover the Secret, for *Minerva* in accompanying him under the Form of *Mentor*, on the Account of his tender Youth had not entrusted him with it; she did not as yet
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† *Hermes*, *Mercury*, *Atlantiades*, *Cyllenius*, for he has all these Names. The Messenger of the Gods, and he himself the God presiding over Traffick and all lucrative Arts; the Patron of Thieves, having himself had a good Knack at filching, and the Guide of Travellers. He invented the Harp, and the Art of Wrestling. He was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Maia*.

* *Apollo* was the God of Musick, Physick, Poetry and Divination. The Son of *Jupiter* and *Latona*, born in the Island of *Delos*, he and *Diana* were Twin, he is also called *Phæbus*. Our Author has shewn that he was driven out of Heaven for killing the *Cyclopes*; he also killed the Serpent *Python*. He and *Neptune* built the Walls of *Troy* for *Laomedon*; he turn'd *Daphne*, with whom he was enamour'd, into a Laurel, and his Boy *Hyacinth* into a Violet, having accidentally killed him with a Coit. He had a very famous Temple at *Delphos* in which was his Oracle.

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rely enough upon his Secrefy to communicate to him her Designs: besides ſhe would try him with the greateſt Perils; and had he known *Minerva* was his Companion, ſuch a Succour would have ſupported him too much: he would have found no Difficulty in looking with Contempt on the moſt terrible Events. He therefore believ'd *Minerva* was really *Mentor*, and all the Artifices of *Calypſo* to diſcover, what ſhe wiſh'd to know, proved ineffectual.

In the Interim all the Nymphs gathering round *Mentor* took a Pleaſure in asking him Queſtions. One asked him the Particulars of his Voyage into *Æthiopia*; another was inquisitive to know what he had ſeen at *Damaſcus*; a third asked him if he had known *Ulyſſes* before the Siege of *Troy*. He answered them all with good Nature; and tho' his Words were artleſs, yet were they extreamly agreeable. *Calypſo* left them not long in this Converſation; ſhe return'd, and while her Nymphs employ'd themſelves in gathering Flowers, which they did ſinging to amuſe *Telemachus*, the Goddeſs took *Mentor* aſide to diſcourſe with him. The indulging Fumes of Sleep glide not more ſweetly thro' the ſlumbering Eyes and wearied Members of a harraſs'd Man, than did the guileful Words of the Deity inſinuate themſelves to enchant the Heart of *Mentor*. But ſhe was ſtill ſenſible of ſomething, not to be defin'd, which repell'd all the Attempts ſhe made, and mock'd her Charms. Like a ſteep Rock which veils its Head with Clouds, and ſcoffs the Fury of the Winds, *Mentor* unſhaken in his wiſe Designs, ſuffer'd *Calypſo* to urge him home, and even gave her Ground to hope that her Queſtions might embarraſs him, and ſhe ſhould get the Truth from him, when the
very

very Moment she thought to gratify her Curiosity her Hopes all vanish'd; all that she was assur'd of, in an Instant escaped her, and a short Answer of *Mentor's* plunged her into former Doubts.

Thus she spent the Days, one while caressing *Telemachus*, at another, seeking Means to draw him off from *Mentor*, from whom she despair'd to extort the Secret. She employ'd the most beautiful of her Nymphs to inspire with Love the Heart of young *Telemachus*; and that she might succeed, a Deity more puissant than herself came in to her Assistance.

Venus, still full of Resentment for the Contempt which *Mentor* and *Telemachus* had shewn of the religious Honours paid her in the Isle of *Cyprus*, was inconsolable to see these two presumptuous Mortals had escaped the Rage of Winds and Seas, in the Tempest rais'd by *Neptune*. She bitterly complain'd of this to *Jupiter*. The Father of the Gods smiling, would not discover to her that it was *Minerva*, who under the Form of *Mentor* had saved *Ulysses'* Son, allow'd her to seek the Means of revenging herself on these two Mortals. She quitted *Olympus*; thought no more on the sweet Perfumes offer'd on her Altars at *Paphos*, *Cytharia*, and *Idalium*; she flew in her Chariot, drawn by Doves, call'd her Son, and Grief diffusing o'er her Face, adorn'd with new Charms, spoke to him in these Terms.

Seest thou, my Son, those two Mortals who brave thy Power and mine? who will henceforward pay us Adoration? go, and with thy Arrows transfix those Breasts insensible; descend into that Isle with me, I will discourse *Calypso*. She spoke, and dividing the yielding Air, in a gilded Cloud

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Cloud appear'd to the *Ogygian* Queen, who then was solitary on a Fountain's Marge, and at some Distance from her Grott.

Unfortunate Goddess, said *Venus* to her, the ungrateful *Ulysses* has neglected you. His Son not less insensible than he, designs you an equal Slight; but Love himself comes to revenge you: I leave him with you; he shall remain among your Nymphs as *Bacchus*, formerly, in his Infant State, was nurtured by those of *Naxos*.* *Telemachus* will look upon him as a common Child, he will not be able to mistrust him, and he will soon be sensible of his Power. She spoke, and reascending in the golden Cloud out of which she came, left behind an ambrosian Odour which perfum'd all the Grove of *Calypso*.

Cupid remain'd in the Bosom of *Calypso*, who tho' a Goddess, was sensible of his Fires stealing into her Breast. To ease herself she gave him to the Nymph nearest to her named *Eucharis*. But alas! how severely did she in the Sequel repent her having so done. At first nothing could appear more innocent, more mild, more lovely, more sincere, more endearing than was this Child. One would imagine, seeing him sprightly, fondling, and ever smiling, that he could impart only Pleasure: yet, scarcely did any one trust to his Caresses, but they were sensible they communicated somewhat, I know not what, of Venom. The unlucky deceitful Boy cajoled but to betray, and never was he pleas'd but with the cruel Mis-

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* *Naxos* an Island, one of the *Cyclades*; there are 53 of these Islands now called *Isle del Archipelago*. *Naxos* was noted for its Wine, and for that Reason called *Dionysia*. 'Tis also called *Strongye*, *Callipolis*, and *Sicily the Less*.

chiefs he had either done or design'd to do. He durst not come near *Mentor* whose Austerity terrified him; he perceived this Stranger was invulnerable, and that none of his Arrows could fix a Wound. With regard to the Nymphs, they soon felt the Fires which this deceitful Child kindled: but they carefully conceal'd the deep fix'd Wound which rankled in their Hearts.

In the mean while *Telemachus* seeing this Child, who wanton'd with the Nymphs, was taken with his Mildness and his Beauty. He embraced him; sometimes would set him on his Knee, sometimes enfold him in his Arms. He felt within himself a Restlessness, of which he could not find the Cause. The more he sought, innocently, to divert himself the more his Uneasiness encreas'd, and the more enervated he grew. Observe you, said he, *Mentor*, these Nymphs? how greatly do they differ from the *Cyprian* Women, whose Wantonness rendered their Charms displeasing to the Eye. These immortal Beauties are accompany'd with a captivating, artless Innocence and Modesty. Saying this he blush'd, yet knew not why: he could not refrain from speaking, but knew not to proceed when he had begun. His Words were interrupted, obscure, and sometimes void of Meaning.

Mentor replied: O *Telemachus*! the Dangers of the *Cyprian* Isle were none in Comparison with those which you do not now mistrust. Barefac'd Vice shocks us; a bestial Impudence raises Indignation, but bashful Beauty is by much more dangerous. In being taken with it we flatter ourselves it is Virtue alone on which we place our Affection, and insensibly suffer ourselves to be drawn in by the deceitful Snares of a Passion, which is hardly to be perceiv'd, 'till it is almost too

late

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late to be stifled. Fly the Perils of your Youth; but above all fly that Boy, whom you do not know. It is the God of Love, whom *Venus*, to revenge the Neglect you shew'd of her Worship in *Cytharia*, has lately brought into this Island: He has wounded the Heart of *Calypso*, who is enamour'd with you; he has set on Fire all the Nymphs of her Train: you yourself, O unhappy Youth! are enflamed; yet scarcely are you sensible of it.

Telemachus often interrupted *Mentor*, saying, Why should we not make this Island our Abode? *Ulysses* is no longer among the Living: undoubtedly he long since perish'd in the Waves: *Penelope*, seeing neither him nor me return, has not been able to withstand such a Number of Pretenders: her Father *Icarus* has certainly compelled her to receive another Lord. Shall I then return to *Ithaca*, to see her enter into a fresh Engagement and failing in the Fidelity she owes my Father? The *Ithacensians* have forgotten *Ulysses*: we cannot return thither but to seek inevitable Death, since the Lovers of *Penelope* have seiz'd on all the Ports, for our more sure Destruction, whene'er we shall return.

Mentor answer'd, This is the Effect of a blind-ed Passion; we are subtle in finding Reasons to justify it, avert our Eyes from such as condemn it, and are ingenious only to deceive ourselves, and stifle our Remorse. Have you forgot all the Gods have done for you, to favour your Return to your own Country? How got you out of *Sicily*? The Misfortunes which you experienced in *Aegypt*, did they not on a sudden change to a prosperous Situation? What unknown Hand snatch'd you from all the Perils which threaten'd your Life in *Tyre*? After so many Dangers, are

you still ignorant of what the Destinies have design'd for you? But, what do I say? You are unworthy of it. For my Part, I will hence; I shall find Means to quit this Isle. Degenerated Son of so wise so virtuous a Father, lead here an effeminate Life, encompass'd with Women; do, Spight of the Gods, what your Sire thought unworthy of him.

These slighting Words pierced *Telemachus* to the very Bottom of his Heart; he found himself melted by the Discourse of *Mentor*, his Grief was mix'd with Shame, he feared both the Anger and the Departure of this wise Man, to whom he owed so much: but a growing Passion, which he himself knew not, made him other than the Man he was. What then, said he to *Mentor*, you esteem as nothing the Immortality offer'd by a Goddess? I look upon as nothing, *Mentor* replied, whatever is contrary to Virtue and to the Commands of the Immortal Gods. Virtue recalls you to your Country, to see *Ulysses* and *Penelope*. Virtue forbids your giving your self up to a senseless Passion. The Gods who have deliver'd you from so many Dangers, to make you capable of a Glory equal to your Father's, command your quitting this Isle. Love alone, that shameful Tyrant, can retain you. Alas! of what Use is an immortal Life, without Freedom, without Virtue, without Glory? such a Life would be by so much the more wretched, as it would be endless.

Telemachus made no Answer to this Discourse but by his Sighs. One While he wish'd that *Mentor*, Spight of himself, had forced him from the Isle; at another, he was impatient for the Departure of *Mentor*, that he might no longer see this austere Friend, who reproach'd him with his Weakness.

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These different Sentiments, by Turns, tortured his Breast, tho' neither was establish'd. His Heart was like the Sea, which is the Sport of all the contrary Winds. He often continued motionless, stretch'd on the Coast, and often in the Thick of some gloomy Wood, shed salt Tears, venting Cries, like the Roarings of a Lion. He grew lean, his Eyes were hollow and replete with a devouring Fire; he was so pale, wan and exhausted, that none would have taken him for *Telemachus*: His Beauty, Gaiety, his majestick Air, had quite abandon'd him; he resembled a Flower, which, opening in the Morn, diffuses o'er the Field it's refreshing Odours, and towards Even withers by Degrees; it's vivid Colours fade, it languishes, it dries, and drooping hangs it's lovely Head, unable longer to sustain itself. Thus was the Son of *Ulysses* at the very Gates of Death.

Mentor perceiving that *Telemachus* could not resist the Violence of his Passion, thought on an artful Stratagem, to extricate him from so great a Danger. He had observ'd that *Calypso's* Passion for *Telemachus* was excessively great; that *Telemachus* was not less in Love with the young Nymph *Eucharis*; for tyrannick Love, to torture Mortals, orders it so, that seldom the Person loving is again beloved. *Mentor* resolv'd to excite the Jealousy of *Calypso*. *Eucharis* was to carry *Telemachus* a hunting; *Mentor* addressing the Goddess, said, I observe the *Ithacian* Prince has a stronger Inclination for hunting than ever I knew him have, and the Pleasure of this Exercise begins to disgust him to all other; he is now pleas'd with the Forests, and the wildest Mountains only: Is it you, O Goddess, who inspire him with this violent Inclination?

Calypso was so sensibly stung with these Words, that she could not contain herself. This *Telemachus*, said she, who could contemn all the Pleasures of the *Cyprian* Isle, is not Proof against the even moderate Beauty of one of my Nymphs. How has he the Assurance to boast his having perform'd such surprizing Actions, he whose Heart is meanly enervated by sensual Pleasures, and seems born meerly to lead a Life obscure amidst a Bevy of Women? *Mentor*, who with Pleasure remark'd how greatly Jealousy disturb'd the Breast of *Calypso*, said no more, fearing she might mistrust him; he only seem'd to be affected with a deep Concern. The Goddess discover'd to him her Uneasiness on all she had observed, which occasion'd her making fresh and incessant Complaints; this Hunting of which *Mentor* had inform'd her, rais'd her Resentment to the highest Pitch. She knew that the chief Aim of *Telemachus* had been to steal from the other Nymphs, to entertain *Eucharis*. Nay even a second Day's Sport was already propos'd, in which she foresaw he would behave in the like Manner. To thwart his Designs, she let all know she would herself be of the Party. Then on a sudden, unable longer to moderate her Anger, she broke out into the following Terms:

Is it then thus, O presumptuous Youth! that thou hast landed on my Isle, to escape the just Destruction *Neptune* had prepared for thee, and elude the Vengeance of the Gods? Hast thou gain'd Footing in this Island, the Entrance of which is prohibited to all Mortals, only to contemn my Power, and slight the Affection I have manifested for thee? O ye Powers divine of *Olympus'* Hill, and of *Styx*, listen to an unhappy Deity! instantly
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destroy this perfidious, this ungrateful, this impious Wretch. And since thou art more insensible and more unjust than is thy Sire, may'st thou be pursued by Ills yet more durable and more insufferable than those which he has felt. No, may'st thou never see thy native Soil, the barren wretched *Ithaca*, again, which thou blushest not to prefer to an immortal State: or rather may'st thou be swallow'd by the Sea, within Sight of that Isle, and thy lifeless Trunk, the Sport of Waves, be cast upon it's sandy Shore without Hopes of Burial; may my Eyes see it devour'd by Vulturs! She who has possess'd thy Heart shall also see it thus in Prey; she, she shall see it; she shall have thy lacerated Heart, and from her Despair shall result my Happiness.

In saying this, her Eyes were red and enflamed with Rage, and roving fix'd on no one Object; she discover'd I know not what of gloomy Wildness: her trembling Cheeks were o'erspread with black and livid Spots, and minutely changed Colour: oft did a mortal Paleness overspread her Face, her Tears stream'd not as formerly in Showers; Rage and Despair seem'd to have dried their Springs, and scarcely did a Drop or two bedew her Cheeks; her Voice was hoarse, trembling and faltering. *Mentor* remark'd all her Motions, and did not so much as speak to *Telemachus*, to whom he behaved as a Patient given over, and often view'd him with Eyes of tender Pity.

Telemachus, sensible of his Guilt, and how unworthy he was of *Mentor's* Friendship, durst not lift up his Eyes, fearing to meet those of his Friend, whose very Silence condemn'd him. He was sometimes inclin'd to cast himself on his Neck, and to let him see how sensible he was of his Fault;

but one While a faulty Bashfulness, and sometimes the Fear of going greater Lengths than he intended to extricate himself from the Peril withheld him, the Danger sooth'd him, and he could not as yet resolve to get the better of his fond Passion.

The Gods and Goddesses assembled on Mount *Olympus*, had, in a profound Silence, fix'd their Eyes on *Calypso's* Isle, to see whether Love or *Minerva* would win the Day. Love, in toying with the Nymphs, had enflamed the Isle, and *Minerva*, under the Figure of *Mentor*, employ'd Jealousy, the inseparable Attendant on Love, against Love himself. *Jove* was resolv'd to be a neutral Spectator of this Conflict.

In the mean while *Eucharis*, who was apprehensive of losing *Telemachus*, used a thousand Arts to retain him in her Chains. She was already on the Point of setting out with him on the Hunting of the second Day, and was dress'd like *Diana*. *Venus* and *Cupid* had shower'd on her additional Charms in such Profusion, that for the Day her Beauty eclips'd even the Beauty of *Calypso*. This Goddess, seeing her at a Distance, at the same Time view'd herself in the clearest of her Fountains, and ashamed to be thus out-shone, hid herself in the farthest Part of her Grotto, and began this Soliloquy :

I find then my Endeavours to disturb these Lovers, by declaring that I would make one in this Chace, are vain and fruitless: Shall I be there? Shall I go to make her Triumph, and my Beauty prove a Foil to heighten her's? Must the Sight of me contribute more to enflame *Telemachus* for his beloved *Eucharis*? O Wretch that I am! what have I done? No, I will not; neither

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ther shall they go ; I have the Means to prevent them. I will find out *Mentor*, and desire him to force *Telemachus* from hence ; he shall conduct him back to *Ithaca*. But, what do I say ? what must become of me when *Telemachus* is gone ? what is my Situation ? what Resourse is left ? O cruel *Venus*, you have deceiv'd me ! O treacherous Present which you made me ! Pernicious Boy, envenom'd Love, I received thee to my Breast with the sole Hope of living happily with *Telemachus*, and thou hast fill'd this Breast with Confusion only and Despair. My Nymphs revolt against me. My Divinity serves only to render my Misfortune endless. O that I had the Liberty by Death to end my Grief ! *Telemachus*, since I cannot, 'tis thou must die. I will revenge me on thy Ingratitude ; this shall thy Nymph see, I will before her Eyes transfix thy Breast. But, alas ! I rave. O wretched *Calypso*, what is it thou desirest ? woud'st thou the Death of an Innocent, whom thou thyself hast plunged into this Sea of Misfortunes ? It is I who lighted up the Flame in the chaste Breast of the *Ithacensian* Prince. What Innocence ! what Virtue ! what a Horror for Vice ! what Fortitude against shameful Pleasures ! Was I oblig'd to shed the Poison into his Breast ? He would have abandon'd me. Well be it so. Must he not now leave me, or must not I see him live for my Rival, while I am the Object of his Neglect ? No, no ; I suffer only what I have justly merited. Leave me, *Telemachus*, set Seas between us ; leave the comfortless *Calypso*, equally incapable to bear the Load of Life, or find her Ease in Death. Leave this inconsolable Deity cover'd with Shame, and driven to Despair, by thy haughty *Eucharis*.

Thus she solitary in her Grot complain'd, but on a sudden, with Fury, quitting the Place, she cried, Where are you, *Mentor* ! Is it thus you animate *Telemachus* to withstand the Assaults of Vice, which triumphs in his Fall ? You are lock'd in Sleep, while Love is vigilant against you. I can no longer bear this dishonourable Unconcern. What ! can you see the Son of great *Ulysses* thus discredit his Father, and neglect his splendid Destiny ? Was it to your Conduct, or mine, he was entrusted by his Parents ? 'Tis I who study Means to heal his Heart ; and will you contribute nothing ? in the most remote Part of this Forest tall Poplars grow, proper to build a Ship : It was there *Ulysses* built the Vessel, in which he left this Isle ; in the same Place and in a deep Cavern are the necessary Tools, to hew and fit the different Parts.

Scarce had she spoke these Words, but she repented ; but *Mentor* lost no Time, he went to the Cave, found the Tools, fell'd the Poplars, and in one Day's Space finishes a Vessel, fit to put to Sea. The Power and Ingenuity of *Minerva* need but little Time to finish the greatest Undertakings.

Calypso was terribly perplex'd in Mind ; on the one Hand, she had an Inclination to see how *Mentor* went forward in his Work ; and on the other, she could not prevail on herself to leave the Chace, as her Absence would have left *Eucharis* at full Liberty with *Telemachus*. Jealousy would never suffer her to lose Sight of the two Lovers ; but she endeavour'd to direct the Chace towards that Quarter, where she knew *Mentor* was building the Vessel. She heard the Strokes of the Ax and Hammer, she lent an attentive Ear, and each Stroke made her tremble ; but at the same Instant she fear'd, that this Absence of Mind had let some Sign, some Glance,

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from *Telemachus*, or the young Nymph, escape her Vigilance.

In the Interim, *Eucharis* said to the Prince, in a sarcastical Tone of Voice, Do you not apprehend the Reproaches of *Mentor*, for following the Chace without his being of the Party? O! how greatly are you to be pitied, who are under the Direction of so austere a Tutor! Nothing can mollify his Severity, he affects an Abhorrence from all Pleasures, and cannot bear that you should share in any; he esteems the most innocent Things criminal. While you were incapable of governing yourself, you might be allow'd to rely on him; but since you have given Proofs of so great Prudence, you ought not to suffer yourself to be still used like a meer Child.

These subtle Words penetrated the Heart of *Telemachus*, which it filled with Hatred to *Mentor*, whose Yoke he would shake off; he fear'd seeing him again, and his Perplexity was so great that he made *Eucharis* no Reply. At length, towards the Evening, the Sport having been carried on with mutual Restraint on either Side, they came to a Corner of the Forest, but little distant from the Place where *Mentor* had been all Day at Work. *Calypso*, at a Distance, saw the Vessel finish'd; a thick Mist, like that of Death, instantly o'erspread her Eyes; her trembling Knees fail'd her; a cold Sweat cover'd her Body o'er, and she was oblig'd to lean on the Nymphs who compass'd her; *Eucharis* offer'd her Hand to support the Goddess, but she push'd her off, and darted on her a most furious Look.

Telemachus seeing this Vessel, but not *Mentor*, who, having finish'd his Work, was withdrawn, asked the Goddess, To whom it belong'd, and to what

what Use it was design'd? She could not immediately make him an Answer; but at length she said, I have caus'd it to be built, to send away *Mentor*: You shall no longer be incumber'd with that austere Friend, who opposes your Happiness, and would be jealous, should you be made immortal. Does *Mentor* abandon me? then I am quite lost. O *Eucharis*! if *Mentor* leaves me, I have nothing left but you. These Words drop'd from him in the Transport of his Passion, he perceived the Wrong he had done in uttering them; but his Mind was not disengaged enough to weigh what he said. All the Company, in Surprise, remain'd silent. *Eucharis* blushing, and with downcast Eyes, staid behind the rest, quite disconcerted, not daring to shew herself; but while Shame o'erspread her Face, Joy revelled in her Heart. *Telemachus* scarce knew what he had said, and could not believe he had been so indiscreet in his Words; what he had said seem'd to him a Dream, but such a one as left him uneasy and perplex'd.

Calypso, more furious than a Lioness robb'd of her Whelps, darted through the Forest without heeding any Track, or knowing whither she went, 'till she at length found herself at the Door of her Grotto, where *Mentor* waited her Return. Hence, said she, quit my Isle, O Strangers! come to interrupt my Quiet. Far away with this infatuated Youth! and begon thou imprudent old Man, or thou shalt find of what the Wrath of a Deity is capable, if you force him not this Instant hence. I will not suffer him within my Sight, or allow any of my Nymphs to speak to, or even look upon him. I swear it by the black Flood of *Styx*, an Oath which makes even the Gods tremble. But

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know, *Telemachus*, that thy Misfortunes are not yet complete. Ungrateful Wretch, thou shalt not quit my Isle but to be given in Prey to fresh Evils. I shall be reveng'd, and thou shalt regret *Calypso*, but in vain. *Neptune* still irritated against thy Sire, who offended him in *Sicily*, solicited by *Venus*, who suffer'd thy Contempt in *Cyprus*, meditates new Storms. Thou shalt see thy Father, who still lives; but though seeing, thou shalt not know him: and thou shalt not meet him in *Ithaca*, 'till thou hast been the Sport of the most cruel Fortune. Depart. I conjure the Celestial Powers, to take my Revenge in Hand. May'st thou in the Midst of Seas, hanging on the Points of Rocks, and blasted with Thunder, vainly invoke *Calypso*, whom thy Punishment will fill with Joy.

Having utter'd these Words, her troubled Mind was on the Point of taking contrary Resolutions; Love recalled to her Breast the Desire of retaining *Telemachus*. Let him live, said she within herself, let him continue here; perhaps the Time will come, that he may be sensible of all that I have done for him. *Eucharis* has not the Power I have, of imparting to him Immortality. O too blind *Calypso*! thou hast betray'd thyself by thine own Oath; thou hast entangled thy self; and the Waters of *Styx*, by which thou hast sworn, leave thee no longer Hopes. None heard these Words; but in her Countenance the Furies were seen depicted, and her Breast seem'd to exhale all th' infectious Venom of the muddy *Cocytus*.

This caused a Horror in the Breast of the *Ithacian* Prince; she perceiv'd it, (for what cannot jealous Love divine?) and the Dread of *Telemachus* redoubled the Fury of the Goddess. Like
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a *Bacchanalian*, who rends the Air with Shrieks, and makes the *Thracian* lofty Mountains ring, she, armed with her Dart, flew through the Woods, calling upon all her Nymphs, and threatening to transpierce her who follow'd not. Terrified by these Menaces, they pressed on in Crouds to tread her Steps; even *Eucharis* herself set forward with watery Eyes, which at a Distance she fix'd on *Telemachus*, to whom she did not dare to speak. The Goddess, seeing this Nymph near her, shook with Rage; and far from being appeas'd by her Submissions, they added to her Fury, as she perceiv'd the Affliction of *Eucharis* gave new Lustre to her Charms.

In the Interim, *Telemachus* was left alone with *Mentor*; he embraced his Knees, not daring otherwise to enfold or even look upon him. He shed a Flood of Tears, and would have spoken, but his Voice fail'd him, and he was yet more at a Loss for Words; he knew not how to behave, how to say, or what he wish'd. At length he thus broke forth, O my real Father! O *Mentor*! deliver me from all these Mischiefs. I can neither desert nor follow you. Free me from these mighty Ills! rid me of myself, by ridding me of Life.

Mentor embraced, comforted, encouraged, and instructed him to support himself, without soothing his Passion, and thus spake: Son of wise *Ulysses*, whom the Gods have so greatly cherish'd, and for whom they have still a Tenderness, these excessive Evils, under which you suffer, are the Effect of the Love of Heav'n. He cannot have attain'd to Wisdom who has not been sensible of his Weakness, and of the Violence of his Passions; for till then he is a Stranger to, and cannot guard against himself. The Gods have led you as it were
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by the Hand, to the very Brink of the Gulph,
to shew it's Depth, yet sustain'd you from fal-
ling into the Abyss. Conceive now what you
could never have imagined, if you had not proved
it. It would have been Time lost to have lain
before you the Treacheries of Love, who sooths,
to ruine, and under Appearance of Sweets conceals
the most dreadful Bitters. This Boy, all over
Charms, 'midst Mirth and Sports, came attended
by the Graces; you saw him, he robb'd you of
your Heart, and you with Pleasure let him make
this Prize. You sought Pretences to be ignorant
of the Wound your Breast receiv'd, you endea-
vour'd to impose on me, and cheat yourself, you
apprehended nothing; and these are the Fruits of
your Temerity. You now wish for Death, and
'tis the only Hope you have remaining. The per-
plex'd Goddess is like an infernal Fury, *Eucharis*
burns with Flames more insufferable than all the
Pangs of Death, and the Nymphs, in general jea-
lous of, are ready to tear, each other to pieces.
This is the Work of Love, that Traitor, who
appear'd so mild. Summon again your Courage!
How greatly are you cherish'd by the Gods, since
they open to you so fine a Road to fly from Love,
and to see again your dear and native Soil! *Calypso*
herself is oblig'd to send you hence; the Ship is
ready. Why then delay we abandoning this Isle,
where Virtue cannot dwell?

In saying this, *Mentor* took him by the Arm,
and drew him toward the Coast; *Telemachus* un-
willingly follow'd, looking still behind him, full of
the Image of fair *Eucharis*, who, following *Ca-
lypso*, left a large Space of Ground between them,
and which her every Step enlarged. When he
could no longer see her Face, he entertain'd his
Eyes

Eyes with her lovely knotted Tresses, her flowing Robes, and stately Gait, and gladly would have kiss'd the Ground her Steps had mark'd; when even she was lost to Sight, he lent an attentive Ear, imagining he heard her Voice; though absent, still he saw her; her Form was as living present to his Eyes; he even fancy'd that he spoke to her, not knowing where he was, and incapable of listening to *Mentor*.

At length, recovering himself as from a deep Sleep, he said to *Mentor*: I am resolv'd to accompany you; but I have not yet bid *Eucharis* Adieu. Sooner would I die than quit her so ungratefully. Have Patience 'till I have seen her for the last Time, and bid her eternally Farewell. At least permit me to say to her, O Nymph! the cruel Gods, the Gods, jealous of my Happiness, compell my Departure; but sooner shall they make me cease to live, than cease to remember thee. O my Father! or allow me this last Comfort, which in itself is so just, or tear me from the Number of the Living. Fear not, I will neither continue in this Island, nor suffer Love to enslave me. Love has no Place within my Heart, I am sensible alone of Friendship and of Gratitude for *Eucharis*; I request no more than to bid her once again Adieu, and instantly depart.

How greatly do I pity you, answer'd the prudent *Mentor*; your Passion is so exorbitant, that you are insensible of it. You think you enjoy a thorough Calm, yet wish for Death; you have the Assurance to aver you are not subdued by Love, yet have not the Power to rend yourself from the Nymph whom you adore. You have Eyes and Ears for her alone, and are blind and deaf to all Things else. A Man light-headed with his Fever

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will say, he is not sick. O blind *Telemachus*! you were upon the Point of renouncing *Penelope*, who longs for your Return; *Ulysses*, whom you shall see in *Ithaca*, where you are decreed to reign; that Glory, and exalted Fortune, which the Gods have promis'd in the many Wonders they have wrought for you. You were for giving up all these Blessings, to lead a Life inglorious with your *Eucharis*. Will you still say that Love does not bind you to her? Whence then is your Anxiety? Why do you call on Death? Why in the Presence of the Goddess spoke you with such Emotion? I tax you not with Deceit; but I deplore your Blindness. Fly, fly, *Telemachus*! Love can be subdued by Flight alone. True Courage, against such a Foe, consists in Flight and Fear; but we must fly without deliberating or allowing Time to look behind us. You cannot have forgot the Cares I suffer'd in your Infant-State, or the Dangers you have escaped by my Advice; either now follow it, or consent that I may leave you. You know not the Grief I feel to see you running to your Destruction. Did you know what I suffer'd, while I durst not speak to you? the Mother who brought you forth found her Child-bed Pains more tolerable. I had Resolution to refrain from speaking, I stifled my Grief, and suppress'd my Sighs, to see if you would return to me again. O my Son! my dearest Son! ease my Heart, and restore to me what is dearer to me than even that; give me back *Telemachus*, whom I've lost. Return; be your self once more. If your Wisdom conquers Love, it gives me Life, and makes that Life happy; but if Love hurries you away in Spite of Wisdom, *Mentor* cannot longer live.

While

While *Mentor* thus spoke, he continued his Way towards the Sea; and *Telemachus*, who had not, as yet, Resolution enough to follow him, had however enough to suffer his being led without Resistance. *Minerva*, all along conceal'd under the Form of *Mentor*, invisibly covering *Telemachus* with her *Ægis*, and diffusing round him a Ray divine, made him sensible of a Fortitude beyond what he had experienced from the Time he had entered upon this Isle. At length they arrived at a Part of the Isle, where the Sea-Shore was perpendicular; it was a Rock, the incessant Butt of foaming Waves. From this Elevation, they look'd to see if the Vessel *Mentor* had prepared remain'd in the same Place; but their Eyes were struck with a melancholy Spectacle.

Love was highly provoked to find this ancient Stranger not only Proof against his Shafts, but that he moreover carried off *Telemachus*; he wept thro' Vexation, and sought *Calypso*, wandering in the gloomy Woods. She could not see him without sighing, and felt that he open'd afresh all the Wounds of her Heart. Love thus address'd her: Are you a Goddess, and suffer your self to be foil'd by a poor Mortal, a Captive in your Isle? Why do you permit his Departure hence? O unhappy Love! said she, no more will I attend to thy pernicious Counsels. It is thou who has forced me from soothing and uninterrupted Calms, to plunge me into an Ocean of Misfortunes; but there is no Remedy. I have sworn by *Styx*, to suffer *Telemachus* to quit my Isle. Not *Jove* himself, Father of the Gods, invested with all his Power, dare contravene this dreadful Oath. *Telemachus* leaves this Isle; depart thou also, mischievous Boy, thou hast done me greater Injury than the *Ithacian* Prince.

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Love wiping away her Tears, with a disdainful and malicious Smile, Truly, said he, here is a mighty intricate Affair. Leave all to my Management; keep the Tenor of your Oath, and don't you oppose the Departure of *Telemachus*. Neither your Nymphs nor I have sworn by the River *Styx*, to let him go. I will inspire them the Thought to burn the Vessel which *Mentor* built in such a Hurry, and his Diligence, by which you were circumvented, shall be of no Advantage; he shall find no Means left him to force his Pupil from you, and in his Turn be over-reach'd.

Hopes and Joy, with these soothing Words, stole into the inmost Recesses of *Calypso's* Heart. As cool Zephyrs on the Rivers Banks refresh the languid Herds, which droop with Summer's scorching Heat; so did this Discourse appease the fell Despair which prey'd upon the Goddess: her Countenance clear'd up, her Eyes resum'd their Sweetness, and gloomy Cares which rack'd her Breast fled for that Moment far away. She stopp'd short, smiled, caress'd the wanton Boy, and while she cajoled him, prepared fresh Torments for herself.

Love pleas'd with having prevailed on *Calypso*, went to persuade the Nymphs who were dispers'd and wandering o'er all the Hills, like a Flock of Sheep, which the Fury of a famish'd Wolf had put to Flight and driven at a Distance from their Shepherd. Love assembled them, and said, *Telemachus* is as yet within your Power; haste and fire the Vessel which the presumptuous *Mentor* has built for their Escape: Instantly their Torches blaz'd, and they ran together to the Coast, a Tremor siezes on their Limbs, they rend the Air with Cries, and shake their dishevelled

Locks

Locks like *Bacchanalians*. And now the Flames arise, they prey upon the Bark built of dry Wood and overlain with Rozin, Clouds of Smoak and Flame mount up and reach the Skies.

Telemachus and *Mentor* beheld this Fire from the Summit of the Rock, and the former, hearing the Clamour of the Nymphs, was tempted to rejoice at the Event; for his Heart was not as yet entirely cured, and *Mentor* observed, that his Passion was like a Fire not thoroughly extinct, which from Time to Time is visible from beneath the Embers, and emits brilliant Sparks. I am now then, said *Telemachus*, once more entangled in my Chains; no farther Hopes remain of abandoning this Isle.

Mentor perceived *Telemachus* on the Point of relapsing into all his former Weakness, and that he had not a Moment's Time to lose. He at a Distance perceived a Ship which lay in the Offing, not daring to approach the Island, as all the Pilots knew that the Isle of *Calypso* was inaccessible to Mortals. Instantly the prudent *Mentor* gave *Telemachus* a Thrust, as he was sitting on the Edge of the Rock, push'd him Head-long into the Sea, and threw himself after him. *Telemachus* astonish'd with the violent Shock, tasted the briny Waves, and became the Sport of Billows; but recovering himself and seeing *Mentor*, who stretch'd out his Hand to help him in swimming, he thought of nothing more than to get from this fatal Isle.

The Nymphs, who hoped to retain them captive, incapable to prevent their Flight, fill'd the Air with furious Shrieks, *Calypso*, inconsolable, retired to her Grot, which echoed with her Cries. *Cupid*, who saw his Triumph change to an inglorious Defeat, waving his Wings 'rose to the Mid-Air,

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Air, and flew to the *Idalian* Groves, where his cruel Mother waited his Arrival. The Boy, yet more inhuman, found his only Consolation in joining her to laugh at all the Mischiefs which he had occasion'd.

In Proportion to the Distance *Telemachus* got from the Isle, he with Pleasure found his Fortitude and Love of Virtue revive. I now experience, said he, speaking to *Mentor*, what you have often said, and which, without Trial, I could have ne'er believ'd. Vice is alone by Flight to be o'ercome. O my Father! how great a Tenderness did the Gods shew me, in giving me your Assistance! I have deserv'd to be depriv'd of this Blessing, and to be deserted by you. I now fear no Seas, no Winds, no Storms; I fear alone my Passions. Love alone is more to be apprehended, than any Wreck.

End of the Seventh Book.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
Son of *Ulysses.*

BOOK the EIGHTH.

ARGUMENT.

ADOAM, the Brother of Narbal, happens to command the Ship, which proves of Tyre, and Telemachus and Mentor are kindly received on Board. The Captain knows the Ithacian Prince, and relates to him the tragical End of Pigmalion and Astarba, and Rise of Baleazar, whom his tyrannical Father,



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*ASTARBE ayant tué PIGMALION donne l'Armeau Royal, & son
Diamant, à JOAZAR. Liv. 8.*

Book V

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ther, at the Instigation of this Woman, had disgraced. While they were regaled at Table by Adoam, Achitoas by the Melody of his Song draws together all the Tritons, Nereides, and other Deities of the Sea, about the Vessel. Mentor, taking the Lyre in Hand, far excells Achitoas. Adoam, after this, gives them a Detail of what is worthy of Remark in Boetica. He describes the Mildness of the Climate, and other Beauties of that Country, where the People, whose Manners are correspondent with the Dictates of pure Nature, live in great Tranquility.



HE Ship which had brought to, and to which they made, proved a *Phenician* Vessel, bound to *Epirus*. These *Tyrians* had seen *Telemachus* in the *Egyptian* Voyage; but it was not probable they could know him again, while he was yet combating the Waves. When *Mentor* had swum near enough to the Ship to be heard, raising up his Head, he cried with a loud Voice, *Phenicians!* you who are ready to assist all Nations, refuse not to preserve two Men who expect their Lives from your Humanity. If you have any Veneration for the Gods, receive us on Board your Vessel, we will go to whatever Port you are bound. He that commanded answer'd, We will receive you joyfully; we are not ignorant of what is incumbent on us to Strangers, who appear in your unhappy Situation. They were instantly receiv'd on Board.

At

At their first getting on Board, their Breath being well near spent, they remain'd for some Time without Motion; for they had long swum and with great Toil to bear up against the Waves. By Degrees they recover'd their Strength. Their Cloaths being thoroughly soak'd, weighty and dropping with Water, others were brought them. As soon as they were in a Condition to speak, all the *Phenicians* eagerly flocking round them, were desirous to hear their Adventures. How, said the Commander, could you obtain Entrance into the Isle you came from? we are told that it is in the Possession of a cruel Goddess, who never admitted any to land upon it; it is moreover encompass'd with dreadful Rocks, vainly assailed by the Seas, and such as will allow none to approach the Island, but they must be infallibly wreck'd?

Mentor replied, We were cast away upon the Island: We are *Greeks* of *Ithaca*, an Island little distant from *Epirus*, whither you are bound. Should you not put into *Ithaca*, which lies in your Course, even the carrying us to *Epirus* will be of Service to us: we shall there find Friends, who will take Care for the short Passage we have thence to make, and we shall be ever indebted to you for the Pleasure of once more seeing what is the dearest to us in this terraqueous Globe.

It was *Mentor* who address'd him thus; and *Telemachus*, keeping Silence, suffer'd him to speak. The Errors he had fallen into, in the Island of *Calypso*, had made him much more prudent. He was doubtful of himself, and was so thoroughly sensible of the Necessity of constantly adhering to the Advice of *Mentor*, that, when he had no Opportunity of asking it, he at least examin'd his

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his Eyes, and endeavour'd to penetrate his Thoughts.

The *Phenician* Captain fixing his Eyes upon *Telemachus*, fancy'd he had before seen him; but he had so confus'd a Remembrance, that he could not recollect Particulars. Allow me, said he, to ask, if you remember that you have formerly seen me; for I think I call to Mind that I have, e'er now, been acquainted with your Face, which is not new to me, and with which I was immediately struck, but cannot tell where I first set Eyes upon you, your Memory may possibly come in Aid to mine.

Telemachus, with a Mixture of Surprize and Joy, replied, The Sight of you has given me the same Perplexity on your Account. I have formerly known, and now remember you; but cannot recollect whether it was in *Ægypt*, or at *Tyre*. On this the *Phenician*, like a Man awaking with the Morning's Light, who gradually calls to Mind, as from a vast Distance, his fugitive Dreams, which fled away with Sleep, suddenly cried out, You are *Telemachus*, for whom *Narbal* conceived a Friendship, at our Return from *Ægypt*. I am his Brother, whom, no Doubt, you have often heard him mention. I left you in his Care after our *Ægyptian* Expedition, as I was oblig'd to go beyond the utmost Limits of the Seas, to the famed *Bætica*, lying near the Pillars of *Hercules*; wherefore as I had but a Sight of you, 'tis nothing wonderful that I, at first, found so much Difficulty to recollect you.

I plainly, said *Telemachus*, perceive, that you are *Adoam*: I had at that Time little more than a Glimpse of you; but I was acquainted with, by what I heard of, you, from *Narbal*. How great

is my Joy in having an Opportunity to hear of a Person who will ever be so dear to me ! Is he still at *Tyre* ? Groans he not under some inhuman Usage of the jealous, of the barbarous *Pigmalion* ? *Adoam*, interrupting, thus answer'd : *Telemachus*, Know that Fortune has consign'd you to the Care of a Person who will omit none for your Service, and who will land you in *Ithaca*, before he goes to *Epirus*, and give you Instances of as sincere Friendship as could even *Narbal*. Having said this, he found the Wind he waited for sprang up. He order'd his Men to weigh Anchor, loose the Sails, and with their Oars to lash the curling Waves ; after which he took *Mentor* and *Telemachus* aside, to entertain them in Discourse.

Now, said he, looking upon *Telemachus*, I will satisfy your Curiosity : *Pigmalion* is no more ; the impartial Gods have ridd the Earth of him. As he confided in nobody, nobody could trust to him. Good Men were contented with bewailing and flying from his Cruelty, not able to prevail on themselves to cause him the least Injury ; Wicked Men could not think their own Lives in Safety without putting an End to his. There was not a single *Tyrian* who did not daily run the Risque of being the Object of his Jealousies ; nay even his Guards were more expos'd to this Danger than others : As his Life was in their Hands, he feared them more than all the rest of Mankind, and on the least Suspicion sacrific'd them to his own Safety. Thus the Care of his Preservation was what prevented it. Those to whom his Life was entrusted, were in continual Danger from his Diffidence, and they could not deliver themselves from so grievous a Situation, but by the Death of the Tyrant, to be before-hand with his inhuman Suspicions.

The

The impious *Astarba*, of whom you have so often heard mention, was the first who resolved the King's Destruction. She was passionately in Love with a young rich *Tyrian*, named *Joazar*, and hoped to set him on the Throne. The better to succeed in this Design, she persuaded the King, that the elder of his two Sons, whose Name was *Phadael*, impatient to succeed to, had conspired against, his Father, and she found false Witnesses to prove such Conspiracy. The unhappy Monarch put his innocent Son to Death. The second Son, called *Baleazar*, was sent to *Samos*, under Pretence of being instructed in the *Grecian* Customs and Sciences; but in Fact because *Astarba* had hinted to the King, that he ought to be removed, lest he should be link'd in with the Malecontents. Hardly had he put to Sea, but they who were to command and work the Ship, being bribed by this cruel Woman, took Care to wreck the Vessel in the Night; they threw the young Prince into the Sea, and saved themselves by swimming to foreign Barks, which attended to receive them.

The Amours of *Astarba*, in the mean while, were publickly known, and a Secret to *Pigmalion* only, who flatter'd himself, she could never have any other Object of her Love. This mistrustful Prince had such an entire Confidence in this abandoned Woman; Love had blinded him to such Degree. At the same Time, prompted by his Avarice, he sought a Pretext to put to Death *Joazar* (passionately beloved by *Astarba*) as he meditated the seizing on his Wealth.

But while *Pigmalion* was thus possess'd by Jealousy, Love and Avarice, *Astarba* was diligent in forwarding his Death. She fear'd that possibly he had gotten some Inkling of her infamous

Amour with *Joazar*, and beside well knew that Avarice alone was sufficient to push the King on to some cruel Action against the young Man, and thence concluded that she ought not to lose a Moment's Space, to prevent him. She saw the principal Officers of the Palace ready to stain their Hands in the Blood of their Sovereign; daily heard Rumors of some new Conspiracy, but feared to put it in the Power of any one who might betray her: At length she deemed the least dangerous Method was, to take *Pigmalion* off by Poison.

He most commonly eat with her alone, and he himself dress'd all he eat, not daring to trust to other than his own Hands. He shut himself up in the most retired Part of his Palace, that he might the better conceal his Mistrust, and prevent any from observing him while he play'd the Cook: he abridged himself of all that might gratify the Palate, and durst touch nothing which he knew not how to dress; wherefore he not only abstain'd from all made Dishes belonging to the Culinary Art, but even from Wine, Bread, Salt, Oil, Milk, and all other common Aliments: He fed on Fruits alone, which he himself gather'd in his Garden, or else on boiled Pulse of his own Sowing. Farther, he never drank other Water than what he himself, drew from a Spring enclos'd in a Part of his Palace, of which he alone kept the Key. Though he seem'd to repose so great a Confidence in *Astarba*, he was notwithstanding upon his Guard even against her: He made her always eat and drink first, of what was prepared for his Repast, that he might not be poison'd without her, and to deprive her of all Hopes of out-living him; but she took an Antidote, prepared for her by an old Woman,

who

who even went beyond her in Wickedness, and was Confidant in her Amours; after this she did not hesitate at Poisoning the King.

She perpetrated her Crime after the following Manner: At the very Instant the King and she were sitting down to Table, the old Woman, before mention'd, made a sudden Noise at the Door; the King, who was in continual Apprehension of Designs upon his Life, was terrified, and ran to that Door to examine if it was well secured. The old Woman retired, and the King, at a Stand, knew not what to conclude on the Noise he had heard; for he wanted Heart to open the Door, to be satisfied. *Astarba* encouraged, caress'd, and prest him to eat; for she had taken the Opportunity, while he went to the Door, to convey Poison into his golden Cup. *Pigmalion*, according to Custom, made her drink first, which she did, without the least Fear, relying on the Virtue of her Antidote; *Pigmalion* drank also, and soon after fell into a fainting Fit. *Astarba*, who knew him capable of putting her to death on the least Suspicion, began to rend her Cloaths, to tear her Hair, to set up a lamentable Outcry; she embraced the dying Monarch, held him closely enfolded in her Arms, and bath'd him with a Rivulet of Tears, which this deceitful Woman had at Command. At length, when she perceiv'd the King's Strength and Spirits exhausted, and that he was as in the Agonies of Death, fearing he might come to himself, and force her to die with him, she changed her Carresses and the most tender Instances of Affection to the most outrageous Fury. She threw herself upon, and stifled him. After which, she snatch'd the Royal Signet off his Finger, the Diadem from

his Head, and calling *Joazar*, to him she presented both. She flatter'd herself, that all who had adhered to her Interest, would infallibly indulge to her Passion, and her Lover be proclaim'd King. But those who had been the most assiduous in making their Court to her, were Men of mean and mercenary Souls, incapable of a real Affection. Beside, they were deficient in Point of Courage, and apprehensive of the Enemies *Astarba* had made herself. Finally, they stood even more in Fear of this impious Woman's Haughtiness, Diffimulation and Cruelty; wherefore each for his own particular Security wish'd her Destruction.

In the Interim, the whole Palace was in a dreadful Uproar: The King is dead, was the Cry of all. Some were terrified, others took to their Arms, and every one apprehended the Consequences, tho' rejoicing at the News. Fame, from Mouth to Mouth, dispers'd it throughout the vast City of *Tyre*, in which not a Soul could be found who regretted the dead Monarch: His Death was a Deliverance and a Consolation to all his Subjects.

Narbal, astonish'd with this dreadful Event, deplored, as a Man of Integrity, the Misfortune of *Pigmalion*, who had betray'd himself in giving the impious *Astarba* an Ascendant over him, and in chusing rather to be a Monster of a Tyrant, than (as is incumbent on a King) a Father of his People. He turn'd his Thoughts upon the Publick Good of the State, and expeditiously gather'd together all the Men of Probity, to make Head against *Astarba*, under whom they would have experienced a more cruel Government than that lately put an End to.

Narbal

Narbal knew that *Baleazar* escaped Drowning when he was thrown into the Sea. They who had averr'd to *Astarba* that he was dead, spoke what they thought ; but favour'd by the Darknes of the Night he saved himself by Swimming, and some *Cretan* Merchants compassionately receiv'd him on Board their Vessel. He durst not return to his Father's Kingdom, suspecting his Death had been design'd ; and apprehending as much from the Cruelty of *Pigmalion*, as from the Intrigues of *Astarba*, he wander'd sometime in Disguise on the Sea-Coasts of *Syria*, where the *Cretan* Merchants had landed and left him, and was even reduced to the keeping of Cattle for a Subsistence. At length he found Means to acquaint my Brother with his Situation ; he judged that he risqued nothing in trusting his Secret and Life to a Man of *Narbal's* tried Virtue. *Narbal*, though ill used by the Father, had notwithstanding an Affection for the Son, and was vigilant, for his Interests ; but he took Care of them with the sole View to prevent his Deviating from the Duty he owed his Parent, and prevailed upon him to bear his Misfortunes with Patience.

Baleazar had sent Word to *Narbal*, that when he judged it convenient for them to have an Interview, to send him a Gold Ring, and by that he should know it was a Time proper to join him. *Narbal* did not think it proper to send for *Baleazar* while *Pigmalion* lived, he had run the greatest Risque both of the Prince's and his own Life : So difficult was it to be skreen'd from the narrow Inspections of *Pigmalion* ; but as soon as this unhappy King had made an End suitable to his Crimes, *Narbal* dispatch'd away the Gold Ring to *Baleazar*. This Prince immediately set forward,

ward, and arrived at the Gates of *Tyre*, when the whole City was in Confusion about a Successor to *Pigmalion*. He was without the least Difficulty acknowledg'd, not only by the Chief of the *Tyrians*, but by the People in general. He was beloved, not on Account of any Veneration for his Father's Memory, who was universally abhorr'd; but on that of his own Mildness and Moderation: Even his long Sufferings gave him I know not what of Lustre, which heighten'd his excellent Endowments, and moved all the *Tyrians* in his Favour.

Narbal assembled all the Heads of the People, the Elders who compos'd the Council, and the Priests of the great Goddess of the *Phenicians*. They paid Homage to *Baleazar*, and order'd the Heralds to proclaim him King; which Ceremony was answer'd by a thousand joyful Acclamations of the People. *Astarba* heard them even in the farthest Part of the Palace, where she had shut herself up with her despicable and infamous *Joa-zar*. All the abandon'd Wretches, who had been her Tools during the Life of *Pigmalion*, had already deserted her; for the Profligate fear and mistrust their own Stamp, and never desire to see them invested with Power. Men who are themselves corrupt, know how great an Abuse Persons like themselves would make of Authority, and the Outrages they would commit: Good Men they esteem more to their Advantage; as they hope at least to experience from them Moderation and Indulgence. None continued with *Astarba* but the Accomplices in her most hideous Crimes, who could expect nothing but condign Punishment.

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thought only of saving themselves by Flight. *Astarcha*, in the Disguise of a Slave, endeavour'd to escape in the Croud; but was known by a Soldier, seized, and with much Difficulty preserv'd from being torn to Pieces by the furious Populace. They had begun to drag her thorough the Mire; but *Narbal* rescued her from the Hands of the Multitude. She then required an Audience of *Baleazar*, in Hopes to dazzle him with her Beauty, and to raise his of her discovering to him some Secrets of Importance. The young King could not refuse her a Hearing: She instantly discovered, together with her Beauty, a Sweetness and Modesty capable of mollifying the most irritated Breast; she flatter'd *Baleazar* with the most subtle and insinuating Praises; she laid before him the great Affection *Pigmalion* had for her, and conjured him by the Ashes of his Father, to treat her as an Object of his Compassion: She invoked the Gods, as if she had adored them with the greatest Singleness of Heart; she pour'd forth Floods of Tears, and cast herself at the Feet of the new Monarch: But after this, she left no Means unessay'd to induce him to suspect and hate the most zealous of his Servants. She accused *Narbal* of having enter'd into a Conspiracy against *Pigmalion*, and of having endeavour'd to suborn the People to elect him King, in Prejudice to the Right of *Baleazar*; and subjoin'd, that he intended to poison this young Prince. She forged the like Calumnies of all the *Tyrians* who had a Love for Virtue, and flatter'd herself she should find the Heart of *Baleazar* as susceptible of Mistrust and Jealousy, as she had known that of the King his Father. But *Baleazar* being not longer able to bear her malicious Wickedness, interrupted her,

and calling the Guards, she was convey'd to Jail, and the wisest among the Elders were appointed to examine into all the Actions of her Life.

They, struck with Horror, discover'd, that she had poison'd and stifled *Pigmalion*; her whole Course of Life appear'd one continued Series of monstrous Crimes. They design'd to condemn her to the Punishment appointed for the most enormous Crimes, in *Phenicia*, the being burnt to Death by a slow Fire; but when she was thoroughly convinced that she had no Hopes left, she resembled an Infernal Fury, and swallowed Poison, which she constantly had about her, to put an End to her Life, in case she should be condemn'd to suffer a torturing and ling'ring Death. They who attended her perceived that she labour'd under acute Pains, and would have given her Ease; but she refused to make any Answer to them, and by Signs gave them to understand, that she would admit of no Relief. When Mention was made to her of the impartial Gods, whom she had highly provok'd, instead of giving any Indications of Shame, and Penitence for the Crimes she had committed, she, as it were to insult the Immortal Powers, turn'd her Eyes towards Heaven with Arrogance and Contempt.

Rage and Impiety were pictured in her dying Features, and there remained not the least Trace of that Beauty which had been the Ruin of such a Number of Men. All her Charms were obliterated, her Eyes deprived of their Brilliancy rolled in her Head, and darted savage Glances; her Lips were convuls'd, and her gaping Mouth was of a shocking Width; her Face contracted to a narrow Breadth, but drawn in Length, was, by Contortions, hideous to the Sight. Her whole Body

was

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was seized with livid Paleness, and a mortal Coldness; sometimes she seem'd to revive but it was alone to vent her Shrieks: she at length expired, and left those who saw her die in the utmost Fright and Horror. Doubtless her impious Shade descended to the dark Abodes, where the cruel *Danaides* * eternally draw Water in Vessels perforated; where *Ixion's* † Wheel incessant turns; where *Tantalus* ‡, parch'd with Thirst, cannot taste the liquid Element which flies his Lips; where *Sisyphus* § rolls in vain the Stone which still

* These were 50 in Number, Daughters of *Danaus* King of *Argos*, and married to as many Sons of their Uncle *Ægysthus*, who, *Hypermnestra* excepted, slew in the same Night all their Husbands, and, for their Punishment, are condemn'd in Hell to draw Water, 'till they have filled a Cask that is pierced full of Holes, which Labour must consequently be eternal.

† Son of *Phlegias* King of *Thessaly*. *Jupiter* took him into Heaven, where he would have ravish'd *Juno*; but *Jove* put a Cloud, to which he had given the Form of *Juno*, in his Way, and on this he begot the *Centaurs*. He boasted that he had enjoy'd the Goddess, Wife of the Thunderer; and for such Boasting was condemn'd to be fasten'd to a Wheel in Hell, which incessantly turns with him.

‡ Grandfather of *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, and Son of the Nymph *Plota*, begotten by *Jupiter*. To prove the Divinity of the Gods whom he entertain'd, he killed and served to Table his Son *Pelops*. To revenge this Insult on their Omniscience, and to revenge the Barbarity of the Action, he is set up to the Chin in Water, and Fruit hanging near his Lips; but though tormented with both Hunger and Thirst, can taste neither.

§ Grandfather of *Ulysses*, and Son of *Æolus* a great Robber, and slain by *Theseus*. His Punishment in Hell

is

still returns, and where *Tityus* * eternally will feel the gnawing Vultur, which on his renewing Entrails preys.

Baleazar, delivered from this Monster, by innumerable Sacrifices returned his Thanks to the Immortal Powers. He began his Reign in a manner diametrically contrary to that of his Father. He applied himself to the making Trade, which daily decreased, revive with fresh Vigour. He pursued the Counsels of *Narbal* in his principal Affairs, but does not give himself up to his Management; for he will himself inspect every Thing that is transacted. He listens to all the different Opinions that are offer'd him, and afterwards decides according to that which appears to him the most just. He has the Affections of his People, and by gaining their Hearts he has made himself Master of greater Treasures than his Father could ever amass by his cruel Avarice; for there is not a Family who would refuse to yield him up all the Wealth they possess, should he be driven to Straights. Thus what he leaves in the Hands of his Subjects, is more his than if he had deprived them of it. He is under no Necessity to be on his Guard for the Security of his Life, for he is always environ'd with the surest, to wit, the Love of his People. He has not a Subject who does not fear to lose him, and who would not hazard his own Life to preserve that of so good a King. He

lives

is to rowl a Stone to the Top of a Hill, which incessantly rowling back, makes his Labour eternal.

* The Son of *Elara* by *Jupiter*, a Giant of enormous Size. *Juno* incited him to ravish *Latona*, for which Attempt his Father kill'd him with a Thunder-bolt. He is chain'd in Hell, and condemn'd to have a Vulture gnaw his Liver, which renews with the Moon.

lives happily himself, and all his Subjects participate in the Happiness of their Sovereign. He fears being too burthensome to his People, and they fear that they offer him not a sufficient Part of their Fortunes. He repines not at their Affluence, and that Affluence is not productive of Insolence or Indocibility; for they are labourious, indefatigable, addicted to Trade, and tenacious in the Preservation of their ancient Laws. *Phenicia* is again raised to the highest Pitch of her former Majesty and Glory, and it is to her young Monarch that she owes her flourishing Situation.

Narbal is Lieutenant of the Kingdom, under *Baleazar*. O *Telemachus*! if he could now see you, with what Pleasure would he load you with Presents! What a sensible Joy would it be to him to convoy you in Splendor to your native Soil! How happy am I, who can have an Opportunity of doing what he would gladly do; of going to *Ithaca*, and of placing on his Throne the Son of *Ulysses*, that he may there rule with a Prudence equal to that with which *Baleazar* manages the Ruins of Government at *Tyre*.

Adoam having finish'd this Discourse, *Telemachus* charm'd with the Events the *Phenician* had related, but still more with the Marks of Friendship which he had experienced from him in his Misfortunes, tenderly embraced him. *Adoam* asked him afterwards, what Adventure had thrown him on *Calypso's* Isle? The young Prince gave him, in his Turn, an Account of his Departure from *Tyre*; of his Passage to the Island of *Cyprus*; of the Manner he had met with *Mentor*; of their Voyage to *Crete*; of the Publick Games for the Election of a King, after the Abdication of *Idomeneus*; of the Wrath of *Venus*; of their Shipwreck;

wreck; of the Pleasure with which they were receiv'd by *Calypso*; of the Jealousy that Goddess had of one of her Nymphs, and of *Mentor's* Action, who cast him into the Sea soon as he perceiv'd the *Phenician's* Ship.

This Discourse ended, *Adoam* order'd a splendid Entertainment; and to give more signal Proofs of his Satisfaction, he united all the Pleasures that could be there enjoy'd. During the Repast, serv'd in by young *Phenicians* cloath'd in White, and crown'd with Flowers; the most exquisite Oriental Perfumes continually burnt, and the Benches of the Rowers were filled with Players on the Flute, who were from Time to Time interrupted by *Achitoas*, with the melodious Concert of his Voice and Lyre, worthy to be heard even at the Table of th' Immortal Gods, and capable of ravishing the Ears of *Phæbus* self. The *Tritons*, *Nereides*, and all the Deities who own great *Nep-tune's* Power, nay the Monsters of the Sea quitting their deep and wat'ry Cells, in Shoals, flock'd round the Ship enchanted with the Harmony. A Company of young *Phenicians*, of singular Beauty, cloath'd in fine Linnen, whiter much than Snow, long time perform'd the Dances of their Country, then the *Ægyptian* Measures, and lastly those of *Greece*. From Time to Time the Trumpet's shrill and warlike Note re-ecchoed from the Deep, and the sweet Sound diffus'd to distant Shores. The Silence of the Night, the tranquil Sea, the trembling Light which bright *Diana* o'er all the Surface of the Water spread, the gloomy Azure of the Skies, thick set with glitt'ring Stars, all contributed to add a still greater Beauty to the engaging Sight.

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Telemachus, naturally of a lively and flexible Temper, relish'd these Pleasures, but durst not allow them to make too great an Impression on him. Since he had, with so great Confusion of Face, experienced how suddenly is Youth enflamed, he apprehended all, even the most innocent Pleasures he held suspected: he view'd *Mentor*, and examining his Eyes and Countenance, endeavour'd to discover what Judgment he ought to make of these delightful Scenes.

Mentor was pleas'd with seeing him in this Suspence, but seem'd not to observe it; at length, moved by the Moderation of the young Prince, he said to him, with a Smile, *Telemachus*, I conceive your Fear; you are highly commendable for that very Fear: but you must not push it on to an Extreme. Nobody desires more than I do that you should be sensible of Joy, but of a Joy which does not enflame and enervate: Your Recreations should be such as may re-invigorate, such as you may relish in the Enjoyment of them, without disturbing your Reason; but not such as may hurry you from it. The Pleasures I wish you are calm and moderate, which will not make you like a Brute enraged. It is now proper to refresh you after your Fatigues. Partake, in Complaisance to *Adoam*, of those Pleasures which he offers you. Give a Loose to Mirth, divert your self, *Telemachus*, Wisdom has nothing either austere or affected. It is she that affords true Pleasures; 'tis she only who has the Art to temper them in such a Manner, that they become both pure and durable. She can mix in, with Mirths and Sports, the most serious and weighty Occupations; she prepares Pleasures by Toils, and refreshes Toil with Pleasures. Wisdom is not ashamed to appear with Gaiety when the Time requires it. In

In uttering these Words, *Mentor* took up a Lyre, and play'd with so much Skill, that jealous *Achitoas* through Vexation let fall his Instrument; his Eyes sparkled, his gloomy Countenance changed Colour, and every one had perceiv'd his Uneasiness and Shame, if *Mentor's* Lyre had not engross'd the Attention of all present. Scarcely durst they draw their Breath, fearing to break in upon the Silence, and lose somewhat of the divine Song; which too they fear'd, from his Beginning, he would end too soon. *Mentor's* Voice had nothing of an effeminate Softness; it was strong and flexible, animated, and made the most minute Things deeply affecting.

He at first sang the Praises of *Jupiter*, Father and King of Gods and Men, who with a single Nod shakes the whole Universal Frame. He afterwards represented *Minerva*, issuing from the Head of *Jove*, to wit, that Wisdom which the God conceives within himself, and which flows from him for the Information of docile Minds. *Mentor* chanted those Truths with so moving a Voice and such religious Zeal, that the Company thought themselves transported to the Summit of *Olympus* *, and in the Presence of almighty *Jove*, whose Glances are more penetrating than his fiery Bolts. He next sang the unhappy Fate of young *Narcissus* †, who foolishly becoming enamour'd of his own Beauty, which he incessantly admired

on

* *Olympus* is a Hill in *Thessaly*.

† The Son of the River *Cephyssus* and the Nymph *Liriope*. He was so beautiful, that all the Nymphs were enamour'd with him. At his Birth *Tiresias* answer'd those who enquired of his future Fortune, that he should live as long only as he did not see himself.

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on a Fountain's Marge, pined away with Grief, and was changed to a Flow'r which bears his Name. At last he sang the cruel Death of beautiful *Adonis* *, rent by a Boar, and whom *Venus*, who loved him passionately, could not, with all her wailful Complaints to Heaven, recall to Life.

None of those who heard him could refrain from Tears, and they felt I know not what of Satisfaction in giving Vent to them. When he ceas'd Singing, the astonish'd *Phenicians* gazed on one another : One cried, this is *Orpheus* ; 'twas thus his Lyre tamed the savage Beasts, and attracted to him Woods and Rocks : 'Tis thus he enchanted † *Cerberus*, and suspended the Pains of *Ixion* and the *Danaids* ; that he mollified the inexorable *Pluto*, to retrieve from Hell his fair *Euridice*. Another called him *Linus* ‡, the Son of *Apollo* ; but a third answer'd, No, you are mistaken, it is that God himself. *Telemachus* was little less surpriz'd than was the rest of the Company, for he knew not that

After that he was grown up, seeing his own Face in a Fountain, he became so much in Love with it, that he pined to Death, and was changed into a Flower, which bears his Name.

* Son of *Cynaras* by his own Daughter *Myrrha*, so beautiful, that *Venus* is said to have been in Love with him ; he was killed by a wild Boar, and his Death greatly lamented by the *Paphian* Goddess. After his Death he was chang'd to the Flower of his Name. His Father *Cynaras* was King of *Cyprus*.

† *Cerberus*, the Dog that guards the Gates of Hell. Some say he has three, others fifty, and *Horace*, an hundred Heads.

‡ He was the Son of *Apollo* and *Terpsichore*, an excellent Musician.

that *Mentor* could sing and strike the Lyre in so great Perfection. *Achitoas*, who had had Leisure to conceal his Jealousy, began to praise *Mentor*; but in doing this, he was covered with Blushes, and could not finish what he had begun to say. *Mentor*, who perceiv'd his Confusion, broke in, as if he had a Design to interrupt him, and endeavour'd to comfort, by giving him all the Praise he merited; but it was ineffectual, he was sensible that *Mentor* excelled him both in his Modesty and the Melody of his Voice.

In the Interim, *Telemachus* said to *Adoam*, I remember you mention'd to me a Voyage you made to *Bætica**, after our Departure from *Egypt*. There are so many wonderful Things reported of the Country of *Bætica*, that they seem almost incredible: Vouchsafe to inform me, if all that is said of it is consonant with Truth. I willingly, replied *Adoam*, will give you a Description of this famous Region worthy of your Curiosity, and which exceeds all that Fame has reported of it. He instantly thus began:

The River *Bætis* flows through a fertile Country under a clement Sky, ever serene. The Land has it's Name from this River, which empties it self into the Great Ocean, pretty near to the Pillars of *Hercules*, and to that Part where the enraged Sea breaking down its Banks formerly divided the Land of *Tarſis* from the Great *Africk*. The Country seems to have preserv'd all the Pleasures of the Golden Age. The Winters are here tepid, and no boisterous Northern Winds are ever felt.

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* Now called *Andalusia*, in Spain; the River *Bætis*, now called *Guadalaquivir*, runs through the Middle of it.

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The Summer-Heats are always temper'd by refreshing Western Gales, which blowing about Mid-day mitigate the Air. Thus the whole Year is a happy Union of Spring and Autumn, which seem assistant to each other. The Grounds in the Vales and level Plains yearly afford a double Harvest. The High-ways are border'd with Laurel, Pomegranate, Jassemin, and other Ever-greens, which always flourish. The Hills are covered with Flocks, who bear a Wool so fine, that it is coveted by all known Nations. This lovely Country contains several Mines of Gold and Silver; but the Inhabitants, Strangers to Artifice, and happy in that Ignorance, will not suffer even Gold and Silver to be reckon'd among their Riches. They value nothing which is not absolutely necessary to relieve the Wants of Men.

When we first settled a Trade with these People, we found they put Gold and Silver to the very Uses in which we employ Iron; for Example, their Plough-shares were of these Metals. As they had no Foreign Commerce, they wanted no Money. They are the greater Part Husbandmen and Shepherds. Few Mechanicks are to be met with among them, as they will admit of no Arts which are not essentially necessary to Life: Beside, tho' the greater Number of these People are addicted to Husbandry and Grazing, yet they nevertheless are skill'd in such Arts as are necessary to their plain and frugal Manner of Living.

The Women spin this delicate Wool, and make Cloths of it exceeding white; they knead and bake Bread, and prepare their Meals, which is no hard Task, as in this Country the chief Sustenance is Fruits or Milk, and rarely Flesh. Of
their

their Sheep-skins they make light Shoes for themselves, their Children, and Husbands; they make Tents, some of wax'd Hides, and some of the Barks of Trees: they make and wash all the Linnen of the Family, and keep all their Household-stuff wonderfully neat and clean. As to their Cloths, no great Art is required to make them; for in that mild Climate no one wears other than a fine light Piece of Stuff, which is not shaped by the Scissars, and with which, for Modesty's sake, they, in general, wrap round their Bodies in long Folds, according to every Man's particular Fancy.

The Men employ themselves in no other Business but Husbandry and Grazing, except the making Utenfils of Wood and Iron; nay they make but little Use of the latter, if not in Tools for Tillage. As for those Arts which have any Relation to Architecture, they are of no Use to them, as they never build any Houses: It is, say they, being too much wedded to Earth, to raise Edifices which are of much longer Duration than our Lives. It is enough if we shelter our Bodies from the Injuries of the Weather. As for all other Arts so highly prized among the *Greeks*, the *Egyptians*, and all other civilized People, they have them in Abhorrence, as the Productions of Vanity and Luxury.

When they hear mention of People who have the Skill to raise splendid Buildings, to make Gold and Silver Furniture, Cloths or Silks embellish'd with Embroideries and Jewels, excellent Perfumes, delicious Cates, and Instruments whose Harmony charms the Sense, they answer: Those People are very unhappy in employing so much Labour and Invention to corrupt themselves, as

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these Superfluities conduce only to enervate, intoxicate, and torment their Possessors: They tempt such as have them not, to acquire them by Violence and Injustice. Can that possibly be term'd a Good which tends only to make Men wicked? Are the Inhabitants of such Countries either more healthy or more robust than we? Are they longer lived? Does a greater Harmony reign among them? Live they with greater Freedom, more Tranquility, or more chearfully? On the contrary, they must necessarily be jealous of one another, be in Prey to gloomy, mean and corroding Envy, ever tormented with Ambition, Fears and Avarice, and incapable of pure and genuine Pleasures, as they are Slaves to so many imaginary Wants, on which they found their Happiness.

'Tis thus, continued *Adoam*, that these wise Men reason, who have attain'd to Wisdom by the sole Study of, pure Nature; they detest our studied Politeness, and we cannot deny but that their Complaisance in their amiable Plainness is really great. They live in common, without dividing the Lands; each respective Family is govern'd by it's Head, who is in Fact it's King. The Father has Power to punish his Children, or even Grand-children, guilty of an ill Action; but before he inflicts the Punishment, he consults the rest of his Family. These Examples happen but very rarely; for the Innocency of Manners, Probity, Obedience, and an Abhorrence from Vice are planted in this appy Soil. One would think that *Astræa*, who 'tis said is withdrawn to Heaven, is still on Earth, and lies concealed among this People. There is no Occasion for any Judge, as every Man's Conscience

passes

passes Sentence on, or acquits him. They have no particular Property. The Produce of the Fruits of Trees and that of the Earth, together with the Milk of their Cattle, are Riches so abounding, that a People of such Sobriety and Moderation have no manner of Necessity for dividing them. Every individual Family stragling through this beautiful Region, carry their Tents from one Place to another, when they have exhausted the Fruits and Herbage of that on which they had pitch'd. Thus they have no Property to maintain one against another, and their Love, which is both reciprocal and fraternal, is never molested. 'Tis the Prohibition of useless Wealth and deceitful Pleasures, which preserves to them this Tranquility, this Union, this Liberty. They are all free; they are all Equals.

No Distinction is to be found amongst them, but that which arises from the Experience of wise Ancients, or the more than common Sagacity of young Men who rival Old-ones of consummate Virtue. Never is the cruel and infectious Voice of Fraud, Oppression, Perjury, Litigations, or War heard in this Land favour'd by the Gods. Never did human Blood distain this Soil, and scarcely is any Part discolour'd with that of Lambs. When these Inhabitants hear talk of sanguinary Wars, of rapid Conquests and subverted States, customary in other Nations, their Astonishment is not to be describ'd. What! say they, are not Men mortal enough without hast'ning on each other's Death? Life of it self is short, and it seems they think it is too long! Are they placed on Earth only to destroy, and make each other wretched?

Finally, the People of *Bætica* cannot understand why Conquerors, who subdue great Kingdoms,

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should be the Objects of Admiration. What a Folly is it, say they, to place Happiness in the Governing of others, which to do with Equity and Reason, is a Task of so great Difficulty! But why should any delight to govern them by Force*? It is a difficult Matter for a wise Man to submit to the Fatigue of Ruling a tractable People, whom the Gods have committed to his Care; or, when a Nation entreats him to be their common Father and Protector: but to govern a People against their Will, it is to become extremely unhappy, to purchase the false Glory of keeping them in Slavery. A Conqueror is a Man whom the Gods angry with Mortals, in their Wrath, have placed on Earth to lay waste Kingdoms, to spread Terror, Misery and Despair, and to make as many Slaves as there are Men who enjoy a native Freedom. If a Man thirsts after Glory, will he not find enough in

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* This the *French* Remarks mention as glancing at the Usurper *Oliver*, who waded through the Blood of his Sovereign, to the Command over Three Kingdoms. Lord *Clarendon* calls him a wicked great Man. It is certain, he was a Tyrant, and oppress'd particular Parties and Persons; but, Usurper and Tyrant as he was, he had the Interest and Glory of the Nation at Heart, and employ'd the publick Treasure in those Means which were most conducive to such Views: he neither rais'd a great Estate for himself and Family, nor suffer'd his Relations to make a Prey of the People. Neither *French* nor *Spaniards* durst insult the *English* Name, which the Bravery of the Officers he employ'd made really formidable in every Quarter of the World. Our Trade was protected, our Arms were cleared, and the Friendship of the Nation courted by Foreign States. The Nation was not plunder'd by avaritious Ministers, nor made a Stall, a Property to false Patriots.

managing with Wisdom what the Gods have entrusted to his Care? Thinks he that Oppression, Injustice, Arrogance, Usurpation, and Tyrannizing over his Neighbours are the only Means by which he can merit Fame? The Preservation of Liberty ought alone to make us even think of War. Happy is the Man who, being himself free, is a Stranger to the idle Ambition of depriving others of the same Blessing! These mighty Conquerors, whose Pictures are drawn with so much Pomp, are like Rivers which having overflow'd their Banks, appear Majestick; but at the same Time waste those Plains, which they ought alone to bath.

Adoam having given this Description of *Bœtica*, *Telemachus* delighted with it, asked him several curious Questions: Do these People, said he, ever drink Wine? 'Tis not probable, replied *Adoam*, that they should drink it; for they would never suffer it to be made. It is not for Want of Grapes, for no Country bears sweeter; but they are satisfied with eating them like other Fruits, and they are afraid of Wine, as the Corruptor of Men: They say, it is a Species of Poison, which enrages; it does not indeed kill, but it makes Men Brutes. Health and Vigour may be preserv'd without Wine, and with it, we hazard the Destruction of a florid Constitution, and the Loss of good Customs.

Telemachus then said, I would gladly be inform'd what Laws regulate the Marriages among these People. No Man, replied *Adoam*, can have more than one Wife; whom he must keep during her Life. A Man's Honour, in this Country, depends as much on his Fidelity to his Wife, as in others a Woman's Virtue consists in her

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Inviolable Faith to her Husband. There never was a People that equall'd them in Point of Continency, or cou'd be more jealous of their Chastity. The Women are handsome and agreeable; but artless, modest and industrious. Their Marriage-State is peaceable, prolific and spotless. The Husband and Wife seem but one Person in two different Bodies, and divide the Cares of the Family between them. The former regulates all the Affairs Abroad, the latter confines herself to those of the Household; she proves the Comfort of her Husband, and seems born alone to please him: She gains his Confidence, and engages his Affection less by the Beauty of her Form than by the Virtue of her Mind, the true Charm of their Union, Death alone has Power to dissolve. The Sobriety, Temperateness and uncorrupted Manners of this Nation bless them with long Life, exempt from Infirmities. You may see among them Men of a Hundred and a Hundred and Twenty Years of Age, who have not entirely lost all their Gaiety and Vigour.

I have farther, said *Telemachus*, a Desire to know how these People avoid War with their Neighbours? *Adoam* replied, Nature has, by the Sea on one Side, and by high Mountains on the other, divided them from other Nations; but, moreover, the neighbouring States, have a Veneration for them, on Account of their Virtue; and often when any Dissentions happen'd between Nation and Nation, they have been chosen Arbitrators to decide their Difference, and have been made the Depositories of the Lands or Cities in Dispute. As this wise People have never been guilty of any Violence, every one reposes a Confidence in them. They smile when told

of Kings who cannot agree about settling the Frontiers of their Dominions. Are they afraid, say they, that the Earth will be found too scanty for the Inhabitants? there will be always a Surplus, cultivate all they can. While there is a Remnant of Ground unpossess'd and untill'd, we would not defend even what we possess, against our Neighbours who should come to supplant us. Among all the Inhabitants of *Bætica* you will find neither Pride, nor Haughtiness, Dis-ingenuity, nor a Desire to enlarge their Dominion; wherefore the neighbouring States have nothing to fear from such a People, and they can have no Hope of being fear'd by them; for which Reasons they suffer them to enjoy their Quiet. This Nation would either quit their Country, or suffer Death sooner than submit to the Yoke of Servitude: wherefore the Subduing them is as difficult, as their Inclinations are abhorrent from subduing others. 'Tis this which preserves a profound Peace between them and their Neighbours.

Adoam closed this Narrative with an Account of the *Phenicians* Trade with the *Bæticans*: These People, said he, were surprized when they saw Strangers arrive from so distant a Coast, who cut their Way through the Billows of the Deep. They permitted us to lay the Foundations of a Town in the Isle of *Gades*, and moreover gave us a favourable Reception. They bestow'd on us a Part of whatever they had, and would take no Payment from us: Farther, they liberally offer'd to give us the Surplus of their Wool, after they had a Provision for themselves of what was necessary. In effect, they sent us a valuable Present of this Commodity. They take a Pleasure in presenting to Strangers whatever is superfluous.

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With Regard to their Mines, they readily gave them up to us ; for they were of no manner of Use to them. They thought that Men who would, with so much Labour, search into the Bowels of the Earth for what could neither make them happy, nor even supply any real Want, were not over-wise. They would often say to us, Digg not so deep into the Earth, content yourselves with tilling it, it will yield essential Riches for your Subsistence, and you will gather from it Fruits more valuable than Gold and Silver, since Men covet these only to purchase Aliments for Sustenance.

We often offer'd to teach them Navigation, and to take with us some of the young Men of their Country to *Phenicia* ; but they would never consent that their Children should learn our Way of living : They will learn, said they, to stand in Need of all those Things which are become necessary to you ; they would, at all Adventures, procure them, and give up Virtue, to obtain them by unjustifiable Arts. They would become like a Man, who having able Legs, but by losing the Habit of Walking at length accustoms himself to the Necessity of being always carry'd, as are sick Persons. As to Navigation, they admire it, on Account of the Ingenuity of the Art ; but they look upon it a pernicious one. If those People, say they, have a Sufficiency in their own Country to supply the Necessaries of Life, why do they seek it in other Countries ? Is not what satisfies Nature enough to content them ? If in Defiance of Storms they will go in Search of Death, to satiate the Avarice of Merchants, and to indulge to the Passions of others, they deserve to perish by Shelves and Rocks.

Telemachus was highly delighted with *Adoam's* Narrative, and not less pleas'd that the World contain'd a People who, guided by genuine Nature, were at once both so very wise and happy. O! said he, how different are these Habits from those of vain and ambitious People, who are, in the Opinion of the World, much wiser! We are so greatly corrupted, that scarcely can we believe this natural Ingenuity can be real. We look upon the Manners of this People as an entertaining Fable, and they have Reason to esteem our Customs as a monstrous Dream.

End of the Eighth Book.



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THE
ADVENTURES
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TELEMACHUS,
Son of *Ulysses.*

BOOK the NINTH.

ARGUMENT.

VENUS continuing incensed against Telemachus, solicites Jupiter to destroy him; but the Fates not suffering him to perish, the Goddess goes to, and concerts Measures with, Neptune, to drive him far from Ithaca, whither Adoam design'd to carry him: To this Purpose they employ a deceitful Deity, to impose upon the Pilot Athamas, who, thinking he had reach'd Ithaca, enters full Sail into the

Harbour of the Salentines. Their King Idomeneus receives Telemachus in his new-raised City, where he was then preparing a Sacrifice to Jupiter, for the Success of a War against the Mandurians. The Sacrificator, consulting the Entrails of the Victims, gives Idomeneus the greatest Hopes, and informs him, that his Happiness will be owing to his two new Guests.



WHILE thus the Prince and *Adoam* convers'd, neglecting Sleep, and heedless of the Night, which had already finish'd half it's Course, in vain the Pilot *Athamas* essay'd to make the *Ithacensian* Coast, led by an adverse and deceitful Deity a Course far distant from the wish'd for Shores. The Ocean's Lord, tho' to the *Phenicians* kind, indignant bore *Telemachus*' escaping from that Storm, which wreck'd his Vessel on th' *Ogygian* Shelves: nor with less Rage the *Paphian* Goddess view'd the Youth triumphant, who over Love and all his pow'ful Charms had gain'd a Victory complete. Transported with her Grief she *Cithera* *, *Idalia* †, *Paphos* ‡ left; left all the Honours paid her in

* An Island over against *Crete* or *Cerigo* (as it is now called); hither *Venus* was first brought in a Coeh, and from it had the Name of *Citherea*. This Isle, which is but six Miles in Compass, was formerly called *Porphyris*, or *Porphyrysa*, on Account of the fine Purple Fishes here taken.

† Is a Town in *Cyprus*, by the Hill *Idalus*.

‡ Also a City in *Cyprus*, now called *Baffo*.

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PROMETHEUS se presente à l'Assemblée des Dieux & y demande la porte de
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Book I

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in the *Cyprian* Isle ; these Places, in which *Telemachus* her Pow'r contemn'd, she could no longer bear, but strait ascends to *Olympus'* Hill resplendent, on which the Gods were in Assembly met before the Throne of the all powerful *Jove*. From hence they view the Planets beneath their Feet in Order roll, and see this Globe of Earth appearing as a small Mass of Dirt, while the vast extended liquid Plains seem but few Drops moist'ning that Mass, and largest Kingdoms no more than Grains of Sands, by which it's Surface's cover'd o'er. Innumerable People, and the most powerful Armies, are like so many little Ants contending with each other, upon this small Ball, for a poor Blade of Grass. The Immortal Powers smile at the most ardent Affairs which disquiet the Mind of feeble Mortals, and which to them appear no more than Infant Sports. What Men term Glory, Grandure, Power, deep Policy, these Supreme Deities deem Misery and Weakness.

'Tis in this Site, so vastly elevated above our Globe, that *Jove* has fix'd, immoveable, his Throne. His Eyes penetrate th' Abyss, and the most conceal'd Designs of Men explore. His Countenance, serene and mild, diffuses Peace and Joy throughout the Universe : But on the other hand, when e'er his awful Head he shakes, Heav'n and Earth are mov'd, and even the Gods, dazzled with the glorious Rays, which 'round him flash, trembling approach the Ruler of the Skies.

All the celestial Powers were seated with Imperial *Jove*, when *Venus* deck'd in all the Charms, with which her Bosom glows, join'd the Assembly. Her flowing Robe exceeded, in it's Brightness, all the various Colours with which the lovely *Iris* is adorn'd, amidst the gloomy Clouds, when

She comes forth t' assure affrighted Mortals that Storms shall cease, and Skies serene appear. This Robe was girt with the famous *Cestus*, on which were the three *Graces* * seen. The Tresses of the Goddesses were in a neglected manner gather'd in a West, with Gold, and hung behind. Her Beauties as much surpriz'd th' Assembly of the Gods, as if they now, for the first Time, appear'd to Sight; nor were their Eyes less dazzled with her Charms, than those of Mortals are, with the Sun's bright Rays, when after a Length of Night they bring on Day. They, with Astonishment, on each other look'd, but incessantly their Eyes return'd and fix'd upon the *Paphian* Goddesses: Hers, they perceiv'd, were bath'd in Tears, and that corroding Grief was pictured in her Face.

In the Interim, with swift and gentle Steps, like the rapid Flight of Birds which cut th' expanded Air, *Venus* advanced towards the Throne of the Imperial *Jove*. The Thunderer view'd her with indulgent Eyes, benignly smiled upon, and embraced her, rising from his Throne. My dearest Daughter, what, said he's your Grief? I cannot see your Tears and not be moved. Fear not to open all your Heart to me, you know my tender Fondness and Indulgence.

Venus replied with enchanting Voice, but which her Sighs oft interrupted: O thou Father of Gods and Men, canst thou, who all Things dost behold, be ignorant of my Cause for Grief? *Minerva*, not satisfy'd with having subverted, even the

* The *Graces* were three in Number, *Aglaia* or *Pasithea*, *Thalia*, and *Euphrosyne*; they always accompany'd *Venus*. They were the Daughters of *Jupiter* and *Autonoe*, or of *Eurynome*.

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Foundations of the stately *Troy*, which I my self defended; and with being revenged on *Priam's* * Son, who thought my Beauty preferable to hers, now conducts, through Lands and Seas, the Son of *Ulysses*, that inhuman Prince, who razed the *Trojan* Walls. *Telemachus* has *Minerva* for Companion, and this prevents her appearing here, and in her Place, among the other Deities. She carry'd this rash Youth to the *Cyprian* Isle, to insult me. He has condemn'd my Power, he would not even deign, there, to offer Incense on my Altars; he shew'd an Abhorrence from the Festivals celebrated to do me Honour, and barr'd his Heart against all Pleasures. *Neptune*, in vain, to punish him at my Intreaty, irritated the Winds and Seas against him. *Telemachus* cast, by a dreadful Wreck, upon *Calypso's* Isle, there triumph'd over even Love himself, whom I had thither sent to mollify the Heart of this young *Greek*. Neither the Youth, nor Charms of *Calypso*, nor of her Nymphs, nor the Darts enflamed of Love were able to surmount *Minerva's* Arts. She forced him from the Isle. Thus am I put to Shame; a Boy thus triumphs over *Venus*.

Jove, to console the *Paphian* Goddess, thus reply'd: Daughter, 'tis so; *Minerva* protects the Heart of this young *Greek* against the Arrows which your Son lets fly; nay more, designs him

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Glory,

* *Discord* having thrown a Golden Apple amidst the Company present, at the Nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, inscrib'd to the most beautiful: *Juno* and *Minerva* disputed to which of them it ought to be adjudged? They refer themselves to *Paris*, whose Judgment was to terminate the Difference; and he giving Sentence in Favour of *Venus*, brought upon him the Hatred of the other two Deities.

Glory, such as never Youth has merited. I am displeas'd that he your Altars slighted; but yet I cannot give him to your Power. I, for your sake, consent that he shall roam o'er Lands, through Seas, far distant from his native Soil, expos'd to ev'ry Danger, every Ill; but Destiny allows not that he perish, or that his Virtue yield to those Allurements with which you sooth the Minds of Men. Be comforted then, my Daughter, and be contented with the sovereign Power you hold o'er so many other Heroes, and o'er so many of th' Immortal Gods.

In saying this, with indulgent Majesty he smiled upon the Goddess; a Ray of Light, like a transpiercing Flash of Lightning darted from his Eyes, and in tenderly embracing *Venus*, he diffus'd ambrosial Sweets, which perfumed the sacred Mount. The Goddess could not but with Gratitude receive this great Indulgence from the Supreme among th' Immortal Gods, and notwithstanding all her Tears and Grief, Joy was visibly diffused o'er all her lovely Face. She dropp'd her Veil to hide the Blushes which o'er-spread her Cheeks, and that Confusion which she felt. The whole Assembly of Gods applauded what *Jove* had said, and *Venus*, without a Moment's Loss, went strait to *Neptune*, that, with him, she might concert the Means to be reveng'd on young *Telemachus*.

She related to this God what *Jupiter* had said. I before knew, replied the Ruler of the Seas, the irreverfible Decree of Fate; but since we cannot overwhelm this *Greek* with raging Seas, at least, let us neglect nothing which may make him wretched, and retard his wish'd Return to *Ithaca*. I cannot yield to wreck the *Phenician* Vessel, in which he is embark'd; that Nation I call

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mine; they, more than any other, cultivate my Empire. By their Means the Seas are now become the Band of Society, uniting all the Nations of the Earth. In Honour of me, they offer frequent Sacrifices on my Altars; they are just, knowing, and indefatigable in Traffick, and they, every where, introduce Ease and Affluence. No, Goddess, I cannot suffer that a Ship of theirs should perish. But I will, however, so order that the Pilot shall mistake his Course, and take one wide of *Ithaca*, whither he now intends to steer. *Venus*, satisfied with this Promise, malignly smiled, and, returning to her Char, flew o'er the *Idalian* Meads, where the *Graces*, Sports, and Mirth, express'd their Joy at her Return, and danced around her on Flow'rs which spread sweet Odours through th' enchanted Site.

Neptune immediately dispatch'd away a deceitful Deity, resembling Dreams; but these delude in Sleep alone, whereas the former enchant the Senses while we are awake. This malicious God, encompass'd by a Croud innumerable of wing'd Deceits, which hover round him, came to, and pour'd a subtle liquid Spell o'er the Eyes of, *Athamas*, who view'd attentively the Brightness of the Morn, the Course of Stars, and the Coast of *Ithaca*, whose steepy Rocks he had now descried, but little distant from him. From that Instant, the Pilot's Eyes saw nothing real; an imaginary Sky and Shore fictitious appear'd to Sight. The Stars seem'd to have changed their Course, and to have measured back that they had run o'er. All *Olympus* appear'd to move in a new Order, and even the Land itself was changed. An imaginary *Ithaca* was incessantly set before the Pilot's Eyes, t' amuse him, while he steer'd wide from the real Island of *Ulys-*
sea

ses. The nearer he approach'd to this deceitful Image of the Coast, the farther still it receded, and constant fled before him, who knew not how to account for this surprizing Flight. Sometimes he fancied that he already heard the bustling Noise in Harbours frequent, and was preparing, according to his Instructions, privately, to gain a little Isle near *Ithaca*, thus to conceal the Return of young *Telemachus* from the Knowledge of his Mother's Suitors, who had conspired against him. Sometimes he apprehended the Shelves which lie upon this Coast, and thought he heard the dreadful Roaring of the Waves, which dash and break upon those Shoals: Then on a sudden he remark'd the Land appear'd, as yet, far distant; the Mountains, to his Eyes remote, resembled the little Clouds, which, when the Sun declines, sometimes darken all th' Horizon. Thus was *Athamas* struck with Astonishment, and the delusive Deity, who had fascinated his Sight, made him sensible of a Terror to which he had hitherto been a Stranger. He was even induced to think that he was not awake, and that he was illuded by a Dream. In the Interim, *Neptune* order'd the Eastern Wind to arise, and drive them on th' *Hesperian* Coast. The Wind obey'd, and blew so violent that they soon reach'd the Shore appointed by the Ruler of the Seas.

The Day *Aurora* now proclaim'd; and now the Stars, dreading and jealous of the Sun's bright Rays, retired and in the Ocean hid their languid Lights: when *Athamas* cried out, At length my Doubts are o'er; we are now close in with *Ithaca*. Give, *Telemachus*, a Loose to Joy; you, in an Hour's Space, may see again *Penelope*, and possibly may find *Ulysses* remounted on his Throne.

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As this Alarm *Telemachus*, motionless in the downy Arms of Sleep, awoke, and rising hasted to the Helm; embraced the Pilot, and with Eyes scarcely as yet unclosed, view'd the neighb'ring Coast. He sigh'd, not discovering his Country's Shore. Alas! said he, whither are we got? this is not my beloved *Ithaca*: You have mistaken *Athamas*; you are but ill acquainted with this Coast so distant from your Country. No, no, reply'd the Pilot, I cannot be deceiv'd when I see the Coast of this Island. How often have I enter'd your Harbour? the minutest Rock in it I am acquainted with, and hardly do I better know the *Tyrian* Shore. Call to Mind that prominent Mountain, see you that Rock which rises like a Tower; do you not now hear the Billows break upon those others, while with their Fall, they seem to threaten the Seas? Do you not observe the Temple of *Minerva* aspiring to the Clouds? Yonder 's the Citadel, and the Palace of your *Ulysses*.

You are mistaken, *Athamas*, reply'd *Telemachus*; on the contrary I see a pretty high and even Coast; I perceive a City, but not *Ithaca*. O ye Gods! is it thus that you sport with Men!

While he said this, the Sight of *Athamas* was changed; the Fascination ended, he saw the Coast, such as in Reality it was, and own'd his Error. He cried, I acknowledge, O *Telemachus*! what you say; some adverse Deity had bewitch'd my Eyes. I fancy'd that I saw *Ithaca*, and I had the whole Figure of it present to my Sight; but this Instant 'tis vanish'd like a Dream. I see another City, and doubtless it is *Salentum**, which
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* Capital of the Country of the *Salentines*; a Corner of *Italy*, called *Terra d'Otranto*, formerly *Messapia*.

Idomeneus, flying from *Crete*, has newly founded in *Hesperia*. I see the rising yet unfinish'd Walls; I perceive a Harbour, whose Fortifications are not quite compleat.

While *Athamas* observed the different new Works rising in this Town, and that *Telemachus* bewailed his unhappy Fate, the Wind, which *Neptune* raised, drove them full Sail into a Road, where they found Shelter, and were near the Port.

Mentor, to whom the Revenge of *Neptune* and the cruel Intrigues of *Venus* were well known, smiled all the while at the Mistake of *Athamas*. When in this Road, he said to the *Ithacian* Prince, *Jove* proves you, but will not that you perish: On the contrary, these Trials are with no other View than to open, to *Ulysses'* Son, the Way to Fame. Call to your Mind the Labours of *Hercules*, let those of your Father be ever present in your Memory; he who knows not how to suffer, has no great Soul. Your Patience and your Courage must weary out an inexorable Fate, which takes Delight to persecute you. I fear less Danger to you from the most dire Misfortunes, caused by *Neptune*, than I apprehended from the flattering Caresses of the Goddess who detain'd you in her Island. Why do we loiter? let us enter this Port; here we find a People who are Friends: It is among *Greeks* that we arrive. *Idomeneus*, who has himself felt the rigorous Strokes of Fortune, will pity the Unfortunate. They immediately entered the Haven, where the *Phenician* Ship was readily admitted; for the *Tyrians* are in Peace and Trade with all the World.

Telemachus gazed with Admiration on this rising Town; like a young Plant, which nourish'd by the gentle Dew of Night, feels the Sun's morn-

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ing Rays, which strike upon and give it Beauty : it expands it's tender Buds, unfolds it's verdant Leaves, and, with a thousand various Colours, it's fragrant Flowers blow, and every Moment adds to it's glowing Luster. Thus, on the Sea-Coast, flourish'd the Town that *Idomeneus* rais'd. Each Day, each Hour it enlarged, with Splendor, and yielded to the distant Sight of Foreigners, who plough'd the Seas, fresh Ornaments of Architecture, which rose to Heaven. All the Coast echoed with the Noise of Workmen, and with their Tools. Stones by Cranes were suspended in the Air in Ropes. At the Appearance of the Day, all the principal Men encouraged the Labourers to ply the Work, and *Idomeneus* himself directing the whole, it was advanced with Speed incredible.

At the very first Arrival of the *Phenician* Vessel, the *Cretans* gave *Telemachus* and *Mentor* all possible Proofs of sincere Friendship; they instantly advertized *Idomeneus* of the Arrival of *Ulysses*' Son. *Ulysses*' Son † cried he, the Son of that loved Friend, that prudent Hero, by whose Assistance we, at length, levell'd with the Dust the City *Troy* ! Conduct him hither, that I may convince him how dear his Father ever was to me. Immediately *Telemachus*, was presented to him, who in declaring his Name, asked an hospitable Reception.

Idomeneus answer'd him with a serene and smiling Countenance : Had I not been told your Quality, I am of Opinion I should have known you. I see *Ulysses* self; I see his piercing and his stedfast Look, his Air, at first Appearance cold and reserved, and which conceal'd such graceful Sprightliness; his Smile significant, his neglected Mo-

Motion and his alluring Tone of Voice unaffected and insinuating, which persuaded e'er we had Time to guard against it. Yes, you are the Son of *Ulysses*; but shall be also mine. O my Son! my dearest Son! what Accident could bring thee to these Coasts? Is it in your Father's Search? Alas! I have heard nothing of him: He and I have both felt a persecuting Fate. He has the Misfortune not to find again his Country, and I had that of returning to mine, with the Wrath of the Immortal Powers upon my Head. While *Idomeneus* spoke, he had his Eyes fix'd on *Mentor*, as on a Man not unknown to him; but whose Name he could not call to Mind.

In the mean while *Telemachus* answer'd with Eyes bath'd in Tears: O King! pardon a Grief which I cannot conceal, though at a Time I ought to shew my Joy for, and my Acknowledgment of, your Goodness! By the Regret you manifest for lost *Ulysses*, you your self make me sensible of my Misfortune, in not finding my Sire. I have long sought him through every Sea. The Gods, incens'd, permit me neither to see him more, to learn if he is wreck'd, nor to return to *Ithaca*, where *Penelope* languishes, anxious, to be deliver'd from her Pretenders. I hoped to have found you in *Crete*; I there learn'd your cruel Destiny, and did not think I should ever approach the *Hesperian* Coast, on which you have founded your new Kingdom: but Fortune, who sports with Mortals, and makes me incessantly wander in Regions far from *Ithaca*, has at length driven me on your Coast. This among all the Evils she has made me suffer, I bear with greatest Chearfulness. If she has removed me to a Distance from my Country, however she

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has given me an Opportunity to know the most generous among Princes.

At these Words *Idomeneus* tenderly embraced *Telemachus*, and, leading him into his Palace, said, who is the prudent old Man who bears you Company? I think I have elsewhere seen him. It is *Mentor*, reply'd the Prince, the Friend of *Ulysses*, to whose Care he had entrusted me in my Infancy; but who can tell you how much I owe him?

Immediately *Idomeneus* advanced, and stretching forth his Hand to *Mentor*, said: We have before now seen each other. Have you forgot your Voyage to the *Cretan* Court, and the sound Advice you gave me? But then, I was hurried away by the Warmth of Youth, and a Relish for vain Pleasures; nothing less than my Misfortunes could instruct and teach me what I would not believe. O prudent old Man! Wou'd to God that I had listen'd to you. But it is with Surprize I observe you are but little alter'd in so many Years: You have the same florid Colour in your Face, the same upright Shape, the same Vigour; your Hair alone is somewhat whiter.

Great King, reply'd *Mentor*, were I capable of Flattery, I should say the self-same Things of you; that you have preserv'd all the Bloom of Youth, which flourish'd in your Countenance before the Siege of *Troy*: but I would rather risque your Displeasure than wound the Truth. Beside, I remark by the Prudence of your Discourse you love no Adulation, and that we run no Hazard in addressing you with Sincerity. You are greatly changed, and I should with Difficulty have recalled you to my Mind. The Reason is obvious to me; you have suffer'd very much under your Misfortunes. But by your Sufferings
you

you have reap'd no small Gain, since you have acquired Wisdom. We may easily bear with the Wrinkles of the Face, while our Hearts are employ'd in the Exercise of, and grows strong in, Virtue. But, moreover, Kings decay sooner than other Men. In Adversity the Anxieties of the Mind, and the Labours of the Body make them old before their Time: In Prosperity, the Pleasures of an indolent Life wear them out more than all the Toils of War. Nothing is more hurtful than those Pleasures in which we cannot govern our selves. Hence it is that Kings, both in Peace and War, have greater Fatigues and greater Pleasures, which hasten on old Age before the Time prescribed by Nature: A plain sober temperate Course of Life, free from Anxieties and Passions, regular and laborious, may, in the Members, of a prudent Man, retain a sprightly Youthfulness, which, without this provident Care, is ever ready to take it's Flight upon the Wings of Time.

Idomeneus charm'd with *Mentor's* Discourse, had long listen'd to him if he had not been put in Mind of a Sacrifice which he was to make to *Jupiter*. *Telemachus* and *Mentor* accompany'd him, accompanied by a great Croud, which with Eagerness and Curiosity view'd the two Strangers. The *Salentines* said to one another: These Men are very unlike. The young one has, I know not what, of lively and amiable, all the Graces of Youth and Beauty are diffused over his Face and Person; but it is a sort of Beauty which betrays nothing languid and effeminate: notwithstanding his tender Bloom of Youth, he seems vigorous, robust and inured to Toil. The other, though of much greater Age, has lost nothing of his Strength: At first we discover not the same Loftiness in his

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Countenance, or the same Sweetness in his Face; but when we examine him closely, we find in his Plainness, Marks of Virtue and Wisdom accompany'd with a surprizing Dignity. When the Gods descended to Earth to reveal themselves to Men, doubtless they assumed the same Forms of Foreigners and Travellers.

In the Interim they arrived at the Temple of *Jupiter*, which *Idomeneus*, descended from that Deity, had embellish'd with great Magnificence. It was surrounded with a double Range of Columns of variegated Marble, whose Chapiters were of Silver. The whole Temple was cas'd with Marble enrich'd with Figures in *Basse relievo*, representing *Jupiter* under the Form of a Bull; the Rape of *Europa* *, and *Jove's* Passage through the Sea to *Crete*. The Waves seem'd to pay a Homage to the God, though under an assum'd Form. Others represented the Birth and Youth of *Minos*, with his advanced Age, in which he was dictating

* The Daughter of *Agenor*, King of *Phœnicia*; she was ravish'd by *Jupiter*, who, in the Shape of a Bull, carried her away to *Crete*: She bore him a Son who was the King and Law-giver of the *Cretans*. There are several Opinions upon the Grounds of this Fable: some tell us, that a Chief of *Candy* took the City of *Tyre* from *Agenor*, and carry'd off his Daughter *Europa*; and that his Name being *Taurus*, a Bull, gave Rise to the Fiction of *Jupiter*, under that Form, carrying her to *Crete*. *Echemenides*, who wrote the History of *Crete*, tells us with more Probability on his Side, that some *Cretan* Merchants having seen *Europa*, surpriz'd with her Beauty, bore her off for their King *Asterius*; and as their Vessel had in its Head a White Bull, and their Sovereign affected to be called *Jupiter*; hence sprang the Metamorphosis of the Father of the Gods to commit a Rape.

dictating Laws to his Subjects, for the settling his Island in an ever flourishing Condition, which might be equally permanent. *Telemachus* also observ'd, in these Figures, the most remarkable Events of the Siege of *Troy*, in which *Idomeneus* had acquired the Fame of a great Captain. Amidst these Representations of Battles he sought his Father, and discovered him leading off the Horses of *Rhesus* *, whom *Diomedes* † had newly slain. Soon after he found him represented as disputing in Presence of the *Grecian* Chiefs and the whole Army of the *Greeks* drawn together, for the Arms of *Achilles*, with the renown'd *Ajax* ‡; and again,

as

Herodotus agrees with this Author as to *Europa* being carry'd off by *Cretans*; and farther adds, that this Rape was by way of Reprisal, the *Phenicians* having before taken away *Io* Daughter of *Inachus*: 'Tis this *Io* whom the Poets feign turn'd into a Heifer by *Jupiter*, to conceal her from the Jealousy of *Juno*.

* King of *Thrace*, who coming to the Assistance of the *Trojans*, was the first Night of his Arrival slain in his Tent by *Diomedes* accompany'd by *Ulysses*, who led off his fine white Horses.

† One of the *Grecian* Heroes, who assisted at the Siege of *Troy*. His Wife, during his Absence, carry'd on an Amour with *Cyllabarus*, which *Diomedes* being inform'd of he was asham'd to return to his own Home. He wounded *Venus*, and she, some say, possess'd *Ægiate* the Wife of *Diomedes* with such Rage, that she prostituted herself to all who would have Commerce with her.

‡ He was a famous Chief, and next to *Achilles*, the strongest *Greek* in the Camp before *Troy*; was Son of *Telamon* and *Hesione*, he King of *Salamis*, she Daughter of King *Laomedon*. Tho' some tell us that *Telamon* had *Ajax* by another Woman, and that the Son he had by *Hesione* was named *Teucer*: *Ajax* fought Hand to Hand with *Hector*, who presented him with a Sword, and

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as issuing out of the fatal Horse, to deluge the Streets of *Troy* with *Trojan* Blood.

Telemachus instantly distinguish'd him by these famous Actions which he had often heard mention'd, and which *Mentor* had related to him. His Tears burst forth; he changed Colour, and his Countenance betray'd the Anguish of his Mind. *Idomeneus*, though the young Prince to hide his Trouble from him had turn'd aside, perceiving it, said, Be not ashamed that we should witness how sensibly you are touch'd, both by the Fame and the Misfortunes of your Sire.

In the Interim the People gather'd together under the capacious Porticoes, form'd by the double Row of Pillars encompassing the Temple. There were two Bands of young Boys and Maidens, who sang Lays in Honour of the God whose Hand is arm'd with Thunder. This selected Youth, of the most lovely Form, wore their long flowing Hair which fell upon their Shoulders; their Heads were crown'd with Roses and Perfumes, and they were cloath'd in White. *Idomeneus* sacrific'd to *Jupiter* an hundred Bulls, to render him propitious in the War he had enter'd upon against his Neighbours. On all Hands the Blood of Victims steam'd and gushing was receiv'd into deep Cups of Silver and of Gold.

The ancient *Theophanes*, favour'd of the Gods and Priest of the Temple, during the Sacrifice continu'd with his Head cover'd with one End of

'twas with this Sword he slew himself; for the *Grecian* Princes having adjudged the Armour of *Achilles* to *Ulysses*, which Armour *Ajax* contend'd for, he ran mad, fell upon Flocks of Sheep, and at length slew himself, and was changed into a Violet.

of his Purple Vestment. At length he examin'd the yet palpitating Entrails of the Victims. Then standing on the sacred Tripod, O Gods! he cried, who are these two Strangers whom Heaven has directed to these Parts? without them our undertaken War had been fatal to us, and the Walls of *Salentum* had been bury'd in their Ruines e'er they had been rais'd from their Foundations. I see a young Hero, whom Wisdom herself conducts. Mortal Lips are forbid to utter more.

In saying this his Looks were wild, and his Eyes sparkled; they seem'd fix'd on other than the Objects which were before him: His Countenance was enflamed; he was confused, and no longer possess'd himself. His Hair was erected, his Mouth foam'd, his Arms were rais'd and motionless, his inspired Voice * was stronger than that of Mortals; his Breath failed him, he could not contain the Deity by which he was possess'd.

O happy *Idomeneus*! he cried again, what Events do I now see! what Mischief shunn'd! what pleasing Peace within! but Abroad, what Battles and what Victories! O *Telemachus*! thy Toils surpass those of thy Sire; the haughty Foe groans, groveling in the Dust, beneath thy conqu'ring Blade! the brazen Gates, Ramparts inaccessible fall at thy Feet. O great Goddess! That his Father! — O glorious Youth! thou again at length shall see — At these Words, his Accents died away, and, as it were compell'd, he remain'd in a Silence thoroughly astonishing.

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The whole Assembly were chill'd with awful Fear, and *Idomeneus* himself, trembling, durst not urge him to make an End: Even *Telemachus*, in his Surprise, understood not well what he had that Instant heard; and scarcely could believe that such glorious Prophecies had struck his Ear. *Mentor* was the only one who was not astonish'd at the divine Breath. You have heard, said he to *Idomeneus*, what the Gods design against whatever Nation you shall direct your Arms, Victory will attend them, and you will owe the Success of those Arms to the young Son of your Friend *Ulysses*: Be you not jealous of him, but take you only the Advantage of what the Gods shall grant you through his Means.

Idomeneus, not having as yet recover'd from his Surprise, fought in vain for Words; his Tongue remain'd without Motion: *Telemachus*, more ready, said to *Mentor*: The great Fame promis'd, moves me not; but say, what is the Import of these last Words, *Thou again shall see*? Is it my Father, or is it only *Ithaca*? Alas! why made he not an End! he has left me more in Doubt than before I was. O *Ulysses*! O my Father! is it you your self? * that I shall once more see? Will this be so? but I deceive my self; cruel Oracle! thou find'st a Pleasure in mocking an unhappy Man: One Word added had rais'd me to the Height of Happiness.

Mentor

* *You your self* alludes to the Heathen Tenet, which holds three constituent Parts of Man. *Telemachus* fears that the Oracle may promise him a Sight of his Father's Shade only; wherefore he exclaims *Is it you your self?* you in Person? Is it not your Shade?

Mentor answer'd him, Receive with Veneration what the Gods reveal, and undertake not to pry into the Secrets of Immortals. A rash Curiosity ought to be cover'd with Confusion. The Fate of feeble Mortals, the Gods by Wisdom, replete with Goodness, veil from their Eyes in an impenetrable Cloud of Darkness. It is of Use to foresee what depends on us, that we may act rightly ; but it is not less useful to be ignorant of what no way depends on our Care, and of the Manner the Gods, with Regard to us, design to act.

Telemachus, affected with these Words, contain'd himself, though it gave him no small Uneasiness. *Idomeneus*, on his Part, having recover'd from his Astonishment, began the Praises of *Jupiter*, who had sent the young *Telemachus* and prudent *Mentor*, to make him triumph o'er his Enemies. After a splendid Entertainment, which follow'd the Sacrifice, he thus address'd the Strangers :

I acknowledge that I was not sufficiently versed in the Art of Government when I return'd from *Troy* to *Crete*. You, my dear Friends, are not ignorant of those Misfortunes which put an End to my reigning o'er that spacious Isle, as you told me that you had been there since the Time I abdicated. I shall think my self truly happy if the most severe Strokes of Fortune have conduced to inform my Judgment, and to make me more moderate. I cross'd the Seas like a Fugitive, pursued by the Vengeance both of Gods and Men ; all my past Glory contributed only to render my Fall more ignominious, and more intolerable. I took Refuge for my House-

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hold Gods *, on this desert Coast, where I found Forests coeval with the Earth, Lands uncultivated, cover'd o'er with Thorns, Briars; and Rocks almost inaccessible, the Retreat of savage Beasts. I was reduced to a Condition which made me joy in the Possession of this wild Place, accompany'd by a few Troops, and Friends, who would not abandon me in my Misfortunes, and esteem it my

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Country;

* The *Penates*. The Heathens had these in their Houses, and they esteem'd, what they possess'd, under their Protection, and therefore safe: they offer'd Sacrifices to them, which were for the most Part Fruits; sometimes, however, bloody Victims were offer'd. These Household-Gods were always consulted on any signal Enterprizes, and sometimes their Statues were carry'd by their Votaries along with them in the Voyages they undertook; and we may believe that the Idols of *Laban*, which *Jacob* carried away, called in Holy Writ *Teraphim*, were *Penates* or Household-Gods. These *Penates* had the Protection of the House in general committed to them. But the Heathens had, beside, other Gods for peculiar Parts, as for the Custody of the Doors, the Keys, the Hinges, &c. 'Tis possible these Household Gods were first, the *Manes* of the Ancestors of respective Families, who were supposed, after Death, to be delighted with, and continue in their former Habitations, in which they were often bury'd, and their Statues kept in the best Apartments; these being treated by their Dependants with great Respect, as Men distinguish'd by their Virtues, Homage was by Degrees paid them, Prayers offer'd them, their Assistance implor'd in arduous Affairs, and Sacrifices offer'd to them, which in very ancient Times was of Children; but this Custom was abolish'd by that *Brutus*, who drove out the *Tarquins*, and Fruits, and sometimes Animals, substituted. This, I say, was possibly the Original of the Household-Gods; but in Process of Time, they took other Divinities into this Class, and of these there were

Country ; for I had not the least Ground to hope that I should ever visit more that happy Isle in which the Gods had given me Birth, to commit the Government of it to my Care. Alas ! said I within my self, how great is the Change ! What a dreadful Example am I for all Sovereigns ! I ought to be a Spectacle to all invested with Regal Power, that by my Catastrophe they may learn Instruction. They imagine

were four different ; out of which the *Penates* were chosen : The first Class was that of the Celestial Deities ; the second was that of the Marine Gods ; the third, that of the Infernal Divinities ; and the fourth Class was that of deify'd Heroes. They were chosen according to the respective Devotion of every Particular, as at this Day among the *Roman Catholics* every one has his particular Saint, to whose Tutelage he commits himself, his Family, and Affairs. Thus as the Heathens placed their Confidence in some one particular Deity, *Jupiter* or *Vesta*, for Example, preferably to any other of the Gods, so the *Roman Catholics* have some one Saint, some another, to whom they pay their Devotions in a more particular Manner than to the rest of the Saints, whom, some few excepted, they invoke in the Lump : Nay Kingdoms are placed under the Tutelage of particular Saints, as Saint *Denis*, for whom the *French* have a greater Respect than for any other ; and St. *Anthony*, whom the *Portuguese* shew more Honour than to all the rest, and confide more in his Protection, &c. In short, these Household-Gods were the Saints of the Heathens, as we may say the Saints are the Household-Gods of the Ignorant among the *Roman Catholics* ; for I have Reason to think, no other among them, whatever Respect they pay the Saints, does place his Trust in any, but God alone ; and it is their high Veneration for that great Being of Beings which induces the *Catholics* to address their Prayers to him through the Mediation of Saints, as more proper (from an humble Opinion of themselves) to offer up their Petitions at the Throne of eternal Glory.

imagine they have nothing to apprehend, as they
 are rais'd above the rest of Men : Alas ! it is this
 very Elevation, that is the Cause they have every
 thing to apprehend. I was fear'd by my Enemies,
 and belov'd by my Subjects ; I reign'd over a power-
 ful and a warlike Nation : Fame had extended my
 Name to the most distant Regions ; I was Sove-
 reign of a fertile and delightful Island : An hun-
 dred Cities brought me the yearly Tribute of their
 Wealth. The People knew that I was of the
 Blood of *Jupiter*, born in their Country, and
 lov'd me as the Grand-son of *Minos*, whose Laws
 are the Basis of their Pow'r and happy Situation.
 What was then wanting to complete this Felicity
 but Knowledge, to enjoy it with Moderation ?
 but my Pride, and the Flattery to which I lent a
 willing Ear, have over-turn'd my Throne : And
 thus will all Monarchs fall who are govern'd by
 their own Passions, and the Advice of Adulators.
 I endeavour'd, in the Day, to shew a chearful
 Countenance, with mighty Hopes replete, thus to
 support the Courage of my Followers. Let us
 here, said I, raise a new Town, which may con-
 sole us for all we've lost. We are surrounded
 with Nations, who have set us a brave Example
 in such an Enterprize. Not distant from us we
 see *Tarentum* rise, a Kingdom, newly founded by
balantus and his *Lacedæmonians*. *Philoctetes*
 on the same Coast built a large City, which
 has named *Petilia* ; and such another Colony
Metapontum. Shall we not do as much as have
 these Strangers, Wanderers equally with us, and
 so have felt a Destiny not less severe than
 ours ?

While I endeavour'd with these Words to
 mitigate the Afflictions of my Companions in

Misfortune, I concealed the mortal Grief lodged within my Breast. I was happy when the Day was closed, and the Darknefs of Night brought me full Liberty to bewail my miserable Fate. My Eyes pour'd forth two Rivulets of briny Tears, and Strangers were to Sleep. I renew'd my Toils with the returning Day, and with fresh Vigour; and this is the Reason, O *Mentor*, that I appear to you so much advanced in Years.

Idomeneus having finish'd the Account of his Misfortune, entreated the Assistance of *Telemachus* and *Mentor* in the War in which he was involved: The Minute, said he, that it is finish'd, I will send you back to *Ithaca*. In the Interim, I will fit out Ships to search the most distant Coasts, to get Intelligence of *Ulysses*. In whatever habitable Part, Storms or the Anger of the Gods have cast him, I will find Means to bring him thence. May the Gods grant that he still lives! As for your Parts, I will send you hence with the best Ships that e'er were built in *Crete*; the Wood, of which they're made, was fell'd on the very Mount *Ida*, on which great *Jove* was born. This holy Timber can never perish by the Waves. The Winds and Rocks fear and revere it. *Neptune* himself, when most enraged, dares not against this Wood excite his Waves; wherefore you may depend both on a happy and facile Passage back to *Ithaca*, and that no Deity averse can make you wander o'er so many Seas. The Distance is both short and easy. Dismiss the *Phenician* Vessel, which brought you hither, and bend your Thoughts alone on acquiring the Glory of establishing the rising Kingdom of *Idomeneus*, to make Amends for his past Misfortunes.

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tunes. It is thus, O Son of *Ulysses* ! that you will be esteem'd worthy of your Father : For tho' by the Severity of Fate already he's descended to *Pluto's* gloomy Realms, all the admiring States of *Greece* will think in you they see again that Hero.

At these Words *Telemachus*, interrupting *Idomeneus*, said : Let us dismiss the *Phenician* Ship : Why do we not instantly take Arms, t' attack your Foes ? They are now become our Enemies. If we could conquer when we fought in Sicily for *Acestes*, a Trojan, and Foe to *Greece*, shall we not be more zealous, and more favour'd by the Gods, when we combat for one of those *Grecian* Heroes who razed the wicked Town of *Priam*. This, the Oracle we newly heard, leaves us no Room to doubt.

End of the Ninth Book.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
Son of *Ulysses.*

BOOK the TENTH.

ARGUMENT.

IDOMENEUS acquaints Mentor with the Subject of his War with the Mandurians: He tells him that these People, on his first Landing on the Coast of Hesperia, where he built his City, yielded it to him, and withdrew themselves into the neighbouring Mountains, where some of their Nation having

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ving been ill used by a Band of his Men, the Mandurians sent two of their Elders to him, as their Agents : That with these he had agreed upon Articles of Peace : that this Peace being infringed by some of his People, who had not been apprized of it, the Mandurians made Preparations for War against him. While Idomeneus is giving him this Account, that Nation who had lost no Time in arming, appeared before the Gates of Salentum : Nestor, Philoctetes and Phalantus, whom Idomeneus imagined neuter, were in the Mandurian's Army. Mentor goes out of Salentum, and singly proposes Terms of Peace.



MENTOR casting a serene and indulgent Look upon *Telemachus*, who was already thirsting for the Fight, address'd him in these Terms : It is a sensible Pleasure to me, O Son of *Ulysses* ! to see in you this noble Ardency in the Pursuit of Fame. But know that the great Renown your Father acquired among the *Grecians*, at the *Trojan* Siege, was solely owing to his being the most prudent, and having the greatest Command of his Temper, of any one among them. *Achilles*, though invulnerable, and invincible, though sure of striking Terror and carrying Death where e'er he fought, could never take the Town of *Troy*, but fell before the Walls of that City, and she triumph'd o'er the Conqueror of *Hector* : but *Ulysses*, whose Cou-

rage was under the Direction of Prudence, carried Fire and Sword into the Midst of the *Trojans*, and to him is owing the Subversion of those tall and stately Towers, which for ten Years Space menaced all the united Powers of *Greece*. As greatly as *Minerva* is superior to furious *Mars*; so greatly does considerate and wary Valour excell an impetuous and savage Courage. Let us then begin by being inform'd of the Circumstances of this War, which we are to sustain. I shun no Danger; but I think, *Idomeneus*, you ought, in the first Place, to shew us that this War is just; then, against whom 'tis made: and lastly, what your Forces are to give you Hopes of succeeding happily.

Idomeneus replied: When we arrived on this Coast, we found a savage People, who wander'd in the Forests, and sustain'd themselves by Hunting, and by such Fruits as the Trees naturally produce. These People, who are called *Mandurians*, were terrified at the Sight of our Ships and Arms, and withdrew to the Mountains; but as our Soldiers were curious to view the Country, and were in the Pursuit of Deer, they happen'd upon some of these savage Fugitives, the Chiefs of whom thus accosted them: We have abandon'd, to yield to you, the agreeable Sea-Coasts, and have nothing remaining but Mountains almost inaccessible: It is then at least reasonable that you should suffer us to possess these in Peace and Freedom. We have met you wandering and dispers'd, and you are the weaker Body; we have it in our Power to destroy you, and even to conceal your unfortunate End from the Knowledge of your Companions; but we will not embrue our Hands in the Blood

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Blood of those who are our own Species. Return ; remember that you are endebted for your Lives to our Sentiments of Humanity. Never let it slip your Memory, that you have receiv'd this Lesson of Moderation and Generosity from a People whom you name rude and savage.

Our Men who had been thus sent back, returning to the Camp, related what had happen'd. It caused a Commotion among our Troops, who were asham'd to see *Cretans* endebted for their Lives to this Band of Fugitives, that appear'd to them rather Bears than Men. They went a Hunting in a greater Number than the former, armed with all Sorts of Weapons. They very soon fell in with, and attack'd the Savages. The Fight was bloody, and the Arrows flew on either Side thick, as Hail falls upon the Plains while a Storm lasts. The Savages were compelled to draw off to their steepy Mountains, which our People fear'd to enter.

Soon after, this Nation sent me two of the wisest Old Men among them, to require Peace. They brought me Presents, consisting of the Skins of savage Beasts, they had killed, and some Fruits of their Country ; which having delivered to me, they spoke as follows :

“ O King ! we hold, as you perceive, in one
“ Hand the Sword, and in the other an Olive
“ Branch. (Indeed, they held both.) Here is
“ either Peace, or War. The Choice we leave
“ to you. We our selves prefer the former,
“ and for the Sake of that we thought it no Dis-
“ grace to yield to you the kindly Coasts, on
“ which the Sun renders the Earth fertile, and
“ produces such a Number of luscious Fruits ; but
“ the Sweets of Peace excell the Sweets of Fruits.

" It is for the Love of Peace that we have
 " withdrawn to those tall Mountains, eternal-
 " ly cloath'd with Ice and Snow, where the
 " Spring's Flow'rs or Autumn's valuable Fruits
 " are never seen : We abhor that Brutality,
 " which, cover'd under the glaring Epithets of
 " Glory and Ambition, madly lays waste whole
 " Provinces, and sheds the Blood of Men who
 " are all by Nature Brethren. If you are af-
 " fected with this false Glory, we envy you
 " not ; on the contrary, we pity you, and
 " pray the Gods to preserve us from a like
 " Rage. If the Sciences which the *Greeks* stu-
 " dy with so much Assiduity ; if the *Urbanity*,
 " on which they value themselves, inspire them
 " nothing more than this detestable Injustice ;
 " we esteem our selves extremely happy in not
 " having those Advantages. We shall always
 " count it our Glory to be ignorant and un-
 " polish'd ; but just, humane, faithful, dis-inter-
 " ested, accusom'd to be content with little,
 " and to despise that idle Delicacy, which ob-
 " liges us to stand in Need of much. What
 " we prize is Health, Frugality, Liberty, Strength
 " of Mind and Body, a Veneration for Virtue,
 " a religious Fear of the Gods, good Nature
 " to our Neighbours, Adherence to our Friends,
 " Fidelity to all Man-kind, Moderation in Pro-
 " perity, Fortitude under Misfortunes, Courage
 " boldly, at all Times, to speak the Truth, and
 " an Abhorrence from Flattery. Such are the
 " People whom we offer you for Neighbours and
 " Allies. If the incens'd Gods so far blind you,
 " that you reject Peace, you will too late be
 " made sensible that a Nation, who esteem Peace
 " and Temperance, are the most formidable in
 " War."

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While the old Men held me this Discourse, I could not satiate my Eyes in examining their Figure: Their Beards were long and neglected, the Hair of their Heads was shorter, but white; their Eye-brows thick, their Eyes sprightly, their Looks and Countenance steady, their Speech grave and authoritative; their Behaviour plain and ingenuous. The Furs which they used for Cloathing were knotted on the Shoulder, and disclos'd their Arms, more nervous, musculous and brawny, than are those of *Grecian* Wrestlers. I answer'd these Deputies: that I was desirous of Peace. We candidly agreed upon several Conditions, to which we attested all the Gods, and I sent the Men to their own Home with Presents. But the Gods who had driven me from the Kingdom of my Ancestors, were not as yet weary of persecuting me. Our Hunters, who could not so soon have Notice of the Peace newly concluded, on the very same Day, met a great Number of these Barbarians, who accompany'd their Deputies, returning from our Camp. They attack'd them with great Fury, slew a Part of them, and pursued the rest into the Woods. The War on this breaks out afresh. These Savages think there is no longer Confidence to be repos'd either in our Promises or Oaths.

To have a greater Power against us, they have called to their Assistance the *Locrians* *, the *Apulians* †, the *Lucanians* ‡, the *Bruti-*
ans,

* *Locrians* were a People of *Achaia*, inhabiting either Side of *Parnassus*.

† *Apulians*, a People inhabiting the Country now called *Puglia*.

‡ *Lucanians* are Neighbours to the *Apulians*. These *Lucanians* draw their Origin from the *Samnites*.

ans*, the People of *Crotona* †, of *Neritum* ‡ and *Brundusium* §, and *Messapia* ||. The *Lucanians* come in Chariots, arm'd with Scythes; the *Apulians* are cloath'd, every one, with the Skin of some wild Beast, which he has killed; they carry knotted Clubs, fitted with Iron Spiks, they are almost of Gigantic Stature, and their Bodies become robust by laborious Exercises, to which they addict themselves: Thus the very Sight of them impresses Fear. The *Locrians*, who came from *Greece*, give to this Day some Indications of their Origin, and are more humanized than the others: But to the exact Discipline of the *Grecian* Troops, they add the Vigour of Barbarians and the Custom of living hard, by which they are invincible. They wear light Bucklers made of wrought Osiers, and cover'd with Skins; their Swords are long. The *Brutians* are swift in the Race, as Bucks or Does; one would think the most tender Grass had scarcely felt their nimble Feet, and hardly leave they any Marks upon the Sands they've trod. You see them on a sudden rush upon the Foe and instant

* *Brutians*, they inhabited the farthest Parts of *Italy*, beyond the *Lucanians*, opposite to *Sicily* in *Calabria*.

† The *Crotonians* possess'd *Tuscany*, their Town lay between the Lake *Perugio* and the Town of *Arezzo*.

‡ *Neritum*, now called *Nardo*, is a Town in the Kingdom of *Naples* and the Land of *Otranto*, towards the West, about a League from the Gulph of *Tarentum*.

§ *Brundusium*, a City of *Calabria*, by the *Adriatick* Sea; it has the best Harbour of all *Italy*; 'tis now called *Brindisi*.

|| *Messapia*, a Province of *Italy* in the Kingdom of *Naples*, now called *Terra d'Otranto*.

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stant vanish with the same Rapidity. The People of *Crotone* are excellent Archers; a Man of ordinary Strength, among the *Greeks*, could not bend the Bow which is common among the *Crotonians*: and should they ever apply themselves to our publick Games, they would carry off the Prize. Their Arrows are dipp'd in the Juice of certain venomous Herbs, which, 'tis said, come from *Avernus*; the Poison of these is certain Death. As to those of *Neritum*, and *Brundisium*, and *Messapia*, their only Talent is in Strength of Body and an undisciplin'd Bravery; the Shouts they set up at the Sight of the Enemy pierce the Skies, and are really dreadful: they use the Sling indifferently well, and they darken the Air with a Shower of slung Stones; but they fight without Order or Method. This, *Mentor*, is what you desired to know: You are now acquainted with the Ground of the present War, and have heard what sort of Enemies we have to deal with.

After this Information being finish'd, *Telemachus*, impatient for the Battle, thought there was nothing more to do than to take to Arms. *Mentor* again check'd this Ardour, and thus spoke to *Idomeneus*: How comes it, that even the *Locrians*, a People, who are from *Greece*, should enter into an Alliance with Barbarians, to war on *Greeks*? How happens it that so many Colonies flourish on these Coasts without having the like War to maintain? O *Idomeneus*! you say the Gods are not yet weary of persecuting you; and I say, that they have not yet thoroughly instructed you. The many Misfortunes you have experienced, have not yet taught you what is necessary to prevent the War. What you

you yourself relate of the Sincerity of these Barbarians, is sufficient to prove that you might have lived with them in Peace; but Pride and Arrogance light up the most dangerous Wars. You might have exchanged Hostages with them: It was easy for you to have sent some of your Captains with these Ambassadors to have convoy'd them back in Safety. Since the rekindling of the War, you ought again to have appeas'd them, by representing that their having been assaulted was owing to an Ignorance of the Alliance which had been newly sworn. You ought to have given all the Securities they cou'd have required, and have decreed severe Punishments on such of your Subjects as shou'd have infringed the Alliance: but what has pass'd since the War began?

I thought, said *Idomeneus*, that it wou'd have betray'd a Meanness of Spirit to court these Barbarians, who with all Speed drew together every Man they had capable of bearing Arms, and pray'd the Succour of all their Neighbours, whose Hatred to, and Jealousy of me they endeavour'd to excite. I thought the most prudent Course, was expeditiously to sieze on certain Passes in the Mountains negligently guarded: We secured these with little Difficulty, and by their Means are in a Situation to distress these Barbarians. I have in these Passes rais'd Towers, from which our Soldiers can with their Darts overwhelm the Enemy, coming from the Mountains, towards our Colony, and at the same time they secure to us an Inroad, whenever we judge it convenient, to lay waste their principal Habitations. Thus are we enabled, with unequal Forces, to make Head against this innumerable Multitude of Enemies by which we are encompassed. Finally, as Things now are, Peace between us must

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prove a Point very difficult. We cannot give them up these Towers, but we must expose ourselves to their Incurfions; and they look upon them as so many Fortresses, which we intend to make use of to bring them under the Yoke of Bondage.

Mentor answer'd, you are a wise Monarch, and desire to hear pure Truth without Palliation; You are not like weak Men, who are afraid to see that immaculate Beauty, and wanting Courage to repair, employ their whole Authority to support the Errors they have committed. Know then that these Barbarians, in their coming to ask Peace at your Hands, gave you a most excellent Lesson. Was it thro' a Diffidence of their own Strength that they required it? Did they want Courage, or Expedients to oppose you? You are convinc'd they did not, since they are so inured to the Toils of War, and supported by such formidable Neighbours. Why do not you copy after the Example of their Moderation? But a vain Glory has brought your present Misfortune upon you. You fear'd making these People too insolent, but you did not fear the making them too powerful, by uniting on account of your haughty and unjust Conduct, all the Nations against you. Of what Use are these Towers which you have so greatly boasted, but to put all your Neighbours under a Necessity of perishing, or of making you perish to secure themselves from impending Bondage. You rais'd the Towers with the sole View of your own Safety; and they are these Towers which have involved you in so great a Peril. The strongest Bulwark of a State, is Justice, Moderation, Sincerity, and the well grounded Opinion of your Neighbours, that you are incapable of encroaching upon their Territories. The strongest Walls may be levelled with the

the Ground by many unforeseen Accidents. Fortune is capricious, and inconstant in War, but the Affections and Confidence of your Neighbours, when they are made sensible of your Temperance, will render your State Invincible, and prevent frequent Attacks upon it: If even an unjust Neighbour should assault it, all the others, interested in its Preservation, would instantly arm in its Defence. This Support of such a Number of People, who wou'd find their own Interests in protecting yours, would have render'd you more formidable, than those Towers which have made your Misfortune past all Remedy. If you had, at the first, thought of preventing the Jealousy of all your Neighbours, in general, your rising Town wou'd have flourish'd in a prosperous Calm, and you had been the Umpire of all the *Hesperian* States. But let us now confine our selves to the sole Thought of repairing the past by the future. In the beginning of your Story, you gave me to understand that several *Grecian* Colonies have fix'd their Sites on these Coasts; these shou'd methinks, be inclin'd to lend you their Assistance. The Name of the celebrated *Minos*, Son of *Jupiter*, is still fresh in their Memory, as are your Toils, when at the *Trojan* Siege you so often distinguish'd your self among the *Grecian* Princes, in the common Cause of *Greece*. Why do you not think of engaging these Colonies in your Interest?

They are all, said *Idomeneus*, determin'd to continue neuter. They are indeed, in some Measure, inclin'd to afford me Succour, but the too splendid Appearance of this City, even in its Foundations, has alarm'd them. These very *Greeks* fear no less than the other Nations, our having form'd Designs upon their Liberty. They apprehend,

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that having submitted the Savage Mountaneers, we may carry our ambitious Views still farther. In a Word, all are against us; and even they who do not openly Attack, wish to see us humbled: Jealousy leaves us not one single Ally.

Strange Extremity, *Mentor* reply'd. You have sapp'd your Power, by desiring to appear too powerful, and while abroad you are the Object of your Neighbours Fears and Hate, you at home drain your own Colony by the Efforts necessary to maintain so great a War. O unfortunate, doubly unfortunate *Idomeneus*, whom even this Misfortune cou'd not but by halves instruct! Must you fall twice e'er you will foresee thee Ills which menace the most potent Monarchs? Leave all to my Care, and let me only know which of the *Grecian* Cities, in particular, have rejected your Alliance.

The Chief, said *Idomeneus*, is *Tarentum*.* It was three Years since founded by *Phalanthus*,† he had

* *Tarentum*, a Town of the *Salentines* in the Province of *Messapia*, now an Archiepiscopal City in the Land of *Otranto*, lying on the Southern Coast of the Kingdom of *Naples*.

† *Phalanthus* a *Lacedemonian*, a War subsisting between the *Athenians* and *Lacedemonians*, which greatly drain'd both Parties, especially the latter, they gave their Maidens full Liberty to lie with what Men they pleas'd to chuse; on the Conclusion of this War the Youths, who were the Issue of these Women, being ashamed of their Birth, ignorant of their Fathers, and as they thought, a reproach to their Country, chose *Phalanthus* for their Leader, and withdrew in a Body to a Town of *Calabria*, which augmenting, they called *Tarentum*. The Archbishop gives here another different Account of this Colony.

had drawn together in *Laconia** a great Number of young Men, born of Women who had forgot their absent Husbands during the War of *Troy*. Upon the return of these Husbands, their Wives were intent alone on appeasing them, and on denying their Crime. This numerous Youth, born out of Wedlock, and knowing neither Father nor Mother, lived in extravagant Licentiousness. The strictness of the Laws curbing these Disorders, they united under the Conduct of *Phalanthus*, a bold, intrepid, and ambitious Chief, whose Artifice had gained their Hearts. With these young *Laconians* he arrived on this Coast, and of *Tarentum* they have made a second *Lacedemon*. On the other hand, *Philoctetes*,§ who acquired so much Glory at the Siege of *Troy*, by carrying thither the Arrows of *Alcides*, has raised in this Neighbourhood the Walls of *Petilia*† less powerful, 'tis true, than is *Tarentum*, but govern'd with greater Prudence. Lastly, we have but little distant from

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* *Laconia* was a Province of *Peloponesus*, it is now *Franconia* in the *Morea*.

§ *Philoctetes*, Son of *Pæas*, was a Friend and Companion of *Hercules*, who obliged him to swear that he wou'd never tell the Place of his Burial to any Mortal, and made him a Present of his Arrows dipp'd in the venomous Blood of the *Hydra*. The *Grecians* being told that without these Arrows *Troy* cou'd not be taken, *Ulysses* gain'd on *Philoctetes* to go to the Siege, and to discover the burial Place of *Hercules*, which he did by stamping on the Ground where he was interr'd, and thus eluded his Oath: But he was punished for this by that Foot being wounded, as the Archbishop hereafter tells the Story, and the Stench of his Wound was so intolerable, that he was left in the Isle of *Lemnos*.

† *Petilia*, now called *Petigliano* in *Tuscany*.

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us, the City of *Metapontum*,* which the wise *Nestor* and his *Pylians* founded.

How! reply'd *Mentor*, *Nestor* in *Hesperia*, and you are incapable of engaging him in your Interest? *Nestor*, who has so often seen you fight against the *Trojans*, and was then your Friend? I have lost him, answered *Idomeneus*, by the Artifices of these People, who are Barbarians in their Name alone; they have had the Cunning to persuade him that I design'd to make myself Tyrant of *Hesperia*. We will, said *Mentor*, disabuse him. *Telemachus* saw him at *Pylos*† before he came to establish his Colony, and before we entered upon our long Voyage in Search of *Ulysses*. He cannot already have forgotten that Hero, or the Marks of Tenderness he gave his Son *Telemachus*. But our principal Point is to get the better of his Jealousy. Jealousies have lighted up this War, and by dissipating these groundless Jealousies must it be extinguish'd. Once more leave all to me.

Idomeneus at these Words embracing *Mentor*, was so moved with grateful Tenderness, he could not speak; at length he said, with some difficulty, O thou sage old Man, sent me by the Gods to repair my Errors! I acknowledge I shou'd have been incens'd against every other Person who shou'd have talk'd to me with the same Freedom. I acknowledge 'tis you alone that could have prevailed upon me to seek a Peace. I was determin'd either to have perish'd or to have triumph'd over all my Enemies; but it is reasonable that I shou'd rather

* *Metapontum*, once a City in *Lucania*, now *Terra di Mare* in *Italy*.

† *Pylos*, there were several Cities so called, this of *Nestor's* was in *Messina*.

rather listen to your prudent Counsel, than to the Dictates of my own Passion. O happy *Telmachus*! you can never err, as I have done, having such a Tutor. *Mentor*, I leave all entirely to your Direction. All the Wisdom of the Gods centers in you, even *Minerva* herself could not give Advice more wholesome. Go, promise, conclude, give all I have, *Idomeneus* will ratify whatever you judge proper to be done.

While they thus discoursed, on a sudden they heard a Noise confus'd of Chariots, neighing of Horses, of Men whose Shouts were terrible, and of Trumpets, whose warlike Clangors filled the Air. There was an out-cry that the Enemy was at hand, who by a large Circuit had avoided the guarded Passes. They are yonder, coming to besiege *Salentum*. The old Men and the Women seem'd in Consternation. Alas, said they, did we then bid adieu to our dear native Soil, the fertile *Crete*, to follow an unhappy Monarch thro' such vast Seas, and to found a City, which will, like *Troy*, be bury'd in its Ashes? From the Ramparts of the new rais'd Walls, were seen in the extended Plains, the Helmets, Cuirasses and Bucklers of the Foe, which glitter'd in the Sun, and dazzled the Beholders Eyes. A Grove of Pikes appear'd, which cover'd o'er the Land, like luxurious Crops which *Ceres*, in *Enna's** Fields of *Sicily*, in Summer Heats, prepares to recompence the Hinds unwearied Toils. The Chariots arm'd with Scythes, next roll in Sight, and the diff'rent Nations advancing

* *Enna*, formerly a noble City in the Center of *Sicily*, ennobled by the stately Temple of *Ceres*, and by a sacred Grove, out of which *Proserpine* was stolen away, whence she is called *Ennea*.

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vancing to this War, were with ease distinguishable.

Mentor, to take a better View of them, ascended to the Top of a Tower, and was close followed by *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus*. Scarcely had he taken this Station when he discover'd, on the one side, *Philoctetes*, and on the other, *Nestor* with his Son *Pisistratus*. *Nestor* was easily distinguish'd by his venerable Age. What then! cried *Mentor*, did you believe, O *Idomeneus*, that *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* wou'd rest satisfy'd with barely having deny'd you Succours? Yonder they appear in Arms against you; and if I am not deceived, those other Troops which march so slowly, and with such Regularity are *Lacedemonians*, under the Leading of *Phalanthus*: All are against you: There is not a neighbouring People on this Coast which you have not made, without designing it, your Enemy.

In saying this, *Mentor* hastily descended from the Tower; walk'd to the City Gate, which was on the side the Enemy advanced, caused it to be open'd, and *Idomeneus*, astonish'd at the Majesty with which he acted, durst not even ask him his Design. *Mentor* made a signal with his Hand, that none shou'd attempt to follow him. He proceeded on to meet the Enemy, who was surpriz'd to see a single Man advancing to them. At a distance he shewed them an Olive Branch, as a Sign of Peace; and when near enough to be heard, he required them to call together all their Chiefs, who immediately assembled, and to whom he address'd himself in these Terms:

O generous Men, collected from the many Nations flourishing on th' *Hesperian* Coasts, I am sensible it is the common Interest alone of Liberty

erty that brings you hither. I applaud your Zeal; but permit me to point you out an easy Method to preserve both the Liberty and Glory of all your People, without the shedding human Blood.

O *Nestor*, prudent *Nestor*, whom I perceive in this Assembly, full well you know how fatal are even those Wars which Justice undertakes, under the Protection of the Immortal Gods. War is the severest Scourge with which the Gods afflict Mankind. You never can forget what the *Greeks* suffer'd for ten long Years before ill-fated *Troy*. How great were the Dissentions among the Chiefs? How many were the Turns of Fortune? What Slaughter of the *Greeks* by *Hector's* Hand? What Misfortune were experienc'd in all, even the most powerful Cities, arising from the War, in the long Absence of their Sovereigns? In their return, some were wreck'd on the *Capharean** Promontory, others met a cruel Death in the very Bosoms of their Wives. O ye Gods! 'twas doubtless in your Wrath ye arm'd the *Greeks* for that famous Expedition! O ye Nations of *Hesperia*, I beseech the Gods that they never grant you such a fatal Victory. *Troy*, indeed, lies now in Ashes; but it had been better for the *Greeks*, had she to this Day continued in her former Glory, and that the base *Paris* had still continu'd his infamous Amour with *Helen*. *Philoctetes*, you who were so long

† *Caphareus*, a dangerous Rock on the *Eubæan* Shore, where *Nauplius* King of the Country, in Revenge for the Death of his Son *Palamedes*, ston'd to Death by the *Greeks*, at their Return from *Troy* set a Light on the Top of the Hill, by which many ran upon the Rock and were lost. The *Capharean* Promontory is now call'd *Capo fegera*, or *Capo del Oro*.

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long wretched and abandon'd in the Isle of *Lemnos*, fear you not meeting, in a like War, a like Misfortune? I am not ignorant that the *Laconians* have also felt the Disorders to which the long Absence of the Princes, Captains, and Soldiers, gone to the *Trojan War*, gave rise. O ye *Grecians*, who have settled in *Hesperia*, it was a Series of Misfortunes, the Consequences of the *Trojan War*, 'twas that alone drove you hither.

Having thus spoken he went towards the *Pylians*, and *Nestor*, who had called him to Mind, came forwards to salute him. O *Mentor*, said he, it is with a sensible Pleasure that I again see you. There are many Years elaps'd since I saw you first in *Phocis*: you were then but fifteen Years of Age; and from that Instant I foresaw in you, that Wisdom of which you have since given sufficient Proof: But what Adventure has brought you to these Parts? and what are the Means that you propose to terminate this War, which *Idomeneus* himself has forced us, who desire nothing more than Peace, to undertake against him? Our respective Interests urged us to wish it; but there was no reposing any Confidence in him, he has violated all his Promises made to his nearest Neighbours, and Peace with him cou'd not be term'd a Peace: He wou'd make no other use of it than to dissolve our Alliance, which is our only Resource; he has given to all the other Nations ample Proofs of his ambitious Design to bring them into Slavery, and the only Means he has left us to secure our Liberty, is that of subverting his newrais'd Kingdom. His Insincerity has reduc'd us to this Choice, either to destroy him, or submit our Necks to his Yoke. If you can find any Expedient

dient by which we may place a Confidence in him, and be ascertain'd of a real Peace, all the Nations, whom you here see, will chearfully lay down their Arms, and we will with Pleasure acknowledge that you surpass us all in Wisdom.

Mentor reply'd, you know, O prudent *Nestor*, that *Ulysses* entrusted to my Care his Son *Telemachus*. This Youth burning with Impatience to learn what was become of his Father, address'd himself to you at *Pylos*, where you receiv'd him with all the generous Hospitality of a sincere Friend to his unfortunate Sire, and even order'd your own Son to conduct him. He afterwards enter'd upon tedious Voyages; has been in *Sicily*, *Ægypt*, *Cyprus*, and the Isle of *Crete*. The Winds, or rather the Gods, in his Return to *Ithaca* drove him on this Coast, and we opportunely arriv'd here to prevent you from the Horrors of a cruel War. It is not now *Idomeneus*, it is the Son of the wise *Ulysses*, it is I, who answer for the Performance of every Article that shall be promis'd.

While *Mentor*, encompass'd by the confederate Troops, held this Discourse to *Nestor*, *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus*, with all the *Cretans* under Arms, observ'd him from the Top of the Battlements of *Salentum*. They were heedful to remark after what manner *Mentor's* Words wou'd be receiv'd, and wish'd they could have heard the wise Conversation of these two aged Men. *Nestor* had always been esteem'd the most Experienc'd and the most Eloquent among the *Grecian* Monarchs. It was he, who during the Siege of *Troy* repress'd the boiling Wrath of *Achilles*, the Haughtiness of

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Agamemnon *, the Pride of *Ajax* †, and the impetuous Courage of *Diomedes*. Soft Persuasion flow'd like Streams of Honey from his Lips. These Heroes would give Attention to his Voice alone, and all were hush'd when he unseal'd his Lips. He only could appease wild Discord in the Camp. He began to feel the Injuries of chilling Age; but yet his Words were insinuating and energetick. To instruct the Minds of Youth, by his Experience, he would relate Events that long were pass'd, and his Accounts, though somewhat tedious, were yet agreeable.

This aged Prince, justly admired by all the *Greeks*, seem'd, from the Instant *Mentor* appear'd with him, to have lost all his Eloquence, and Majesty: His old Age appear'd to be wither'd, and too flagg in Comparison with *Mentor*, in whom Time seem'd to pay a Deference to the Strength and Vigour of his Constitution. *Mentor*'s Words, though grave and unadorn'd, were accompany'd with a Vivacity and a commanding Power, which began to fail in *Nestor*. All that he said was concise, distinct and nervous; never was he guilty of a Repetition. He never spoke but to the Point in Question. If he was obliged to mention one Thing more than once, either to inculcate or to persuade with Efficacy, it ever was by different Turns and Similies, which struck the Mind. He would sometimes even shew, I know not what of,

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* *Agamemnon*, King of *Mycenæ* and *Argos*, was Captain General of the *Greeks* at the Siege of *Troy*.

† *Ajax* we have already taken Notice of. But there was another King of the *Locrenses*, in *Greece*, and Son of *Oileus*. After the taking of *Troy* he ravish'd *Cassandra* in the Temple of *Pallas*, and by that Goddess, in his Return home, was struck with Thunder.

Complaisance and Gaiety, when he would suit himself to the Capacities of others, and insinuate to them some necessary Truth. These two Persons, so venerable, were a moving Spectacle to such a numerous and collected People. While all the Confederates, Enemies of *Salentum*, crouded on one another to get a nearer View of them, endeavouring to hear their wise Discourse; *Idomeneus*, and those with him, did all they could, with eager and attentive Eyes, to interpret what their Gestures, what their Looks imported.

End of the Tenth Book.



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TELEMACHUS,
Son of *Ulysses.*

BOOK the ELEVENTH.

ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS seeing *Mentor* in the Midst of the *Allies*, resolves to learn what passes among them. He orders the *Gates of Salentum* to be open'd to him, and goes to *Mentor*. His Presence contributes to induce the *Allies* to accept the Terms of Peace which *Mentor* propos'd to them on the Part of *Idomeneus*. The *Kings* enter *Salentum* as *Friends*. *Idomeneus* ratifies

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all that had been stipulated. Reciprocal Hostages are given, and a common Sacrifice is perform'd between the Camp and the City, for the Confirmation of this Alliance.



IN the Interim, *Telemachus*, grown impatient, privately left the Crowd which encompass'd him, ran to the Gate, *Mentor* had gone out at, and with an Authority caus'd it to be open'd. Soon after *Idomeneus*, who thought he was near him, was astonish'd to see this young Prince running cross the Plain, and already pretty near to *Nestor*. That ancient Monarch, who knew him, with slow and heavy Steps, advanced to receive him. *Telemachus* threw his Arms round his Neck, and embraced him closely without uttering a Word. At length he cried, O my Father! (for such I dare to call you) the Misfortune of not finding him whom Nature had given me, and that Goodness which I have experienced at your Hands, entitle me to use the tender Appellation. O my Father! my dearest Father! I once more have the Joy to see you! O may I thus also see *Ulysses*! Could I receive, by any Means, a Consolation, being deprived of him, it would be by experiencing in you another, yet the same, *Ulysses*.

Nestor, at these Words, could not repress his Tears, and conceiv'd a secret Satisfaction in seeing those, which, with surprizing Gracefulness, bath'd the Cheeks of the *Ithacian* Prince. The Beauty, Sweetness, and noble Confidence of this young Stranger, who, without Precaution, went through so many Ranks of hostile Troops, astonish'd all the

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MENÉE, par le secours de MENTOR, aiant fait la Paix avec les ALLIEZ, fait faire un
sacrifice commun, entre la Ville & le Camp, pour la continuation de cette Alliance.

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the Confederates. Is not this, said they, the old Man's Son, who came to speak with *Nestor*? Doubtless it is; we may discover the same Wisdom in the different and most opposite Stages of human Life. In the one, it is but in the Bloom; in the other, it yields abundant Store of ripen'd Fruit.

Mentor, who had with a sensible Pleasure observed the Tenderness with which *Nestor* receiv'd the Prince of *Ithaca*, took his Advantage of this favourable Disposition. Behold, said he, the Son of *Ulysses*, that *Ulysses* who is so dear to *Greece* in general, and to you, O prudent *Nestor*, in particular. Behold him present; I deliver him into your Hands as an Hostage and the most valuable Pledge, that can be given, for the Integrity of *Idomeneus* in his Promises. You must be satisfied; I would not that the Loss of the Son should follow that of the Father, and give *Penelope* Ground to reproach *Mentor* with having sacrificed her Offspring to the Ambition of new *Salentum's* King *. With this Pledge, who comes voluntarily to offer himself, and whom the Gods, Lovers of Unity, have sent you, I undertake, O ye People collected from among such different Nations, to propose to you Terms for the establishing for ever a lasting Peace.

At this Word *Peace*, a confused Noise was hear'd through all the Ranks. All these different Nations trembled with Rage, thinking the Time, the Battle was delay'd, was so much lost. They

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* The French says, to the Ambition of the new King of *Salentum*. But *Idomeneus* was no new-made King, his City was indeed new; but he was born to reign, as the Bishop makes him say a little before: wherefore I take the *nouveau Roy*, the new King, to be a Mistake in copying.

figured to themselves that these Harangues were calculated with the sole Design to abate their Rage, and snatch the Prey from out their Hands: But above all, the *Mandurians* could not, with Patience, bear that *Idomeneus* should even hope ever to delude them more. They oft endeavour'd to interrupt *Mentor*, as they fear'd his Reasonings, dictated by Wisdom, might deprive them of their Associates. They began to suspect all the *Greeks* in the Assembly. *Mentor*, who perceiv'd, endeavour'd to heighten this, Diffidence, and to divide these People in their Sentiments.

I acknowledge, said he, the *Mandurians* have Reason to complain, and to require some Reparation for the Wrongs they have suffer'd; but on the other Hand, it is not just that the ancient Inhabitants of this Country should be diffident of, and hate, the *Greeks* who settle Colonies along this Coast. On the contrary the *Grecians* ought to live in Harmony among themselves, and exact good Usage from all others; they are under no other Tie than to be moderate, and never usurp upon their Neighbours Lands. I am convinced that *Idomeneus* has been unfortunate enough to give you Umbrage; but it is not difficult to remove your Jealousies. *Tele-machus*, and I, offer our selves Hostages for the Sincerity of *Idomeneus*; we will remain in your Custody, 'till all that's promis'd you be faithfully perform'd. The Cause of your Resentment, O *Mandurians*, is the *Cretan* Troops having, by Surprise, seiz'd on the Passes of your Mountains, by which they are enabled, Spight of your Efforts, as often as they shall please, to enter the Country whither you have withdrawn to leave them the Plains upon the Coast. These Defiles which the *Cretans* have fortified, with tall Towers, and strong Gar-

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rifons, are the real Subject of the War. Say, is there any other?

On this, the Chief of the *Mandurians*, stepping forward, spoke in the following Manner: What is it we have left undone to avoid this War? The Gods can witness for us, that we did not reject Peace, 'till the restless Ambition of the *Cretans*, and the Impossibility, they had reduced us to, of placing any Confidence in their Oaths, had irretrievably driven Peace from among us. O infatuated People! who have compell'd us, contrary to our Inclination, to the dreadful Necessity of taking desperate Measures against you, and allow'd us no other Mean of Security to ourselves, but that of your Destruction! While they remain in Possession of those Defiles, we shall always apprehend a Design to sieze our Lands, and fix the Yoke of Bondage on our Necks. If they, in Reality, had no other View than to live peaceably with their Neighbours, they would rest satisfied with what we readily yielded to them, and not endeavour to secure a Passage into a County, on the Liberties of which they had form'd no ambitious Schemes. But you, O venerable Sage, know not this People, and it is to our Misfortune, that we have been taught to know them. Forbear, O Favourite of the Gods, to retard a War so just, so necessary, and without which, *Hesperia* can never hope a settled Peace. O ungrateful, deceitful, cruel Nation, whom the incens'd Gods have sent among us, to disturb our Peace, and scourge us for our Crimes! But, O ye Immortal Powers! when ye have punish'd, ye also will revenge us, and not be less just against our Foes than against our Nation.

At these Words the whole Assembly appear'd in a Commotion. *Mars* and *Bellona* seem'd to range

through every Rank, kindling in their Hearts that furious Thirst of War, which *Mentor* had endeavour'd to extinguish. He thus resumed his Speech :

Had I Promises alone to make, you might reject them ; but what I offer is both certain and immediate. If you are not satisfied with *Telemachus* and me, as Hostages sufficient, I will procure twelve of the noblest and the bravest *Cretans* to be deliver'd to your keeping : but it is not less just, that you, on your Side, should also give Hostages to *Idomeneus*, who, though sincerely desirous of Peace, desires it not from Fear, or from an abject Spirit. He wishes it, as you say, you your selves did, from Motives of Prudence and Moderation, not that he may indulge in a Life effeminate ; or through Imbecility, upon a near View of Dangers threatend by a War. He is prepar'd either to die or conquer ; but he prefers Peace to the most pompous Victory. He would be ashamed to fear his being conquer'd ; but he fears to be unjust ; and is not ashamed to shew he would repair his Faults.

He offers you a Peace, with Sword in Hand ; the Terms of it he will not haughtily impose, for he has no Confidence in a Peace compell'd. He requires a Peace which shall be satisfactory to all concern'd ; which shall entirely remove all Jealousies ; stifle all Resentments, and put an End to all Diffidence. In a Word, the Sentiments of *Idomeneus* are such, as I am satisfy'd, you desire them to be ; the only Difficulty is to persuade you of this Truth : and that Persuasion will become easy, if you will give me a calm and an unprejudiced Attention.

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Hear then, ye Nations, who abound in Courage, and you O Chiefs, so well united and so truly wise; hear what I now, from *Idomeneus*, offer. It is not just that he should enter on his Neighbours Lands; neither is it just his Neighbours should have Entrance into his. He consents that the Passes fortified by lofty Towers, be garrison'd by neutral Troops. You *Nestor*, and *Philoctetes*, you, are originally *Greeks*, yet on this Occasion you are the Enemies declared of *Idomeneus*, wherefore you cannot fall under the Suspicion of being too tender of his Interests. You are alone actuated by the common Peace, and Liberty of all *Hesperia*. Be you the Depositaries, the Guardians of these Passes which have stirr'd up this War. You are as much interested to prevent the ancient Inhabitants of *Hesperia* from subverting *Salentum*, a new Colony of *Greeks*, like those you have settled, as to curb *Idomeneus* that he usurp not on his Neighbours Lands. Hold you the Ballance then between these two. Instead of carrying Fire and Sword among a People whom you ought to cherish, reserve to your selves the Glory of being both their Umpires and their Mediators. You will perhaps allow these Conditions excellent in your Opinions, could you be assured that *Idomeneus* would observe them with Sincerity; but I will now satisfy you.

For Security, reciprocal Hostages, already mention'd, shall be given 'till all the Defiles are entrusted to your keeping. When the Security of all *Hesperia*, when that of *Salentum* itself, and *Idomeneus*, are left to your Discretion, will you be then satisfied? After this, whom can you mistrust? Will you be diffident of your selves? You dare repose no Confidence in *Idomeneus*, and *Ido-*

Idomeneus is so very incapable of deceiving, that he will entirely confide in you. Yes, he will entrust you with both his and his People's Safety, Lives, and Liberties. If you, in Earnest, have nothing but a just and solid Peace in View, it is on these Conditions offer'd you, and they are such, as leave you no Pretence for going off. Once more, flatter not your selves that the Offers he now makes are the Result of Fear: No, they are Justice and Prudence which have prevail'd upon him to take this Step, without giving himself the least Concern, should you impute that to his Weakness, which is the Effect of Virtue. He at the first was guilty of some Errors, but he glories in acknowledging those Oversights by Offers which out-strip your Wishes. It is Weakness——It is Vanity——It is the most stupid Ignorance of their own Interests, in such who hope to cover o'er their Errors, by undertaking to support them with Pride and Arrogance. He who, to his Enemy, ingenuously acknowledges the Oversights he has been guilty of, and offers to repair them, even by that Confession gives Proof of his being incapable of committing others; and an Enemy has Ground to fear the worst from so resolute and wise a Conduct, unless he concludes a Peace. Take you then Heed that you allow not *Idomeneus*, in his Turn, to cast the Blame on you. If you reject Peace and Justice, which come to seek you, Peace and Justice will be revenged, and *Idomeneus*, who had just Cause to fear the irritated Gods his Enemies, will find them yours, and favouring him. *Telemachus* and I must, in so just a Cause, take Arms against you. I attest all the Immortal Powers of Heaven and Hell to the Justice of the very Terms which I now have offer'd.

Mentor

Mentor, having thus spoken, rais'd his Arm, that the whole Body of the united Troops might see the Olive Branch which was in his Hand, a Sign pacifick. The Chiefs who had a near View of him, were astonish'd at, and dazzled with the Light divine, which sparkled in his Eyes. He appear'd with Majesty and Pow'r, surpassing all that was ever seen among the greatest of the Race of Men. The Force of these mild pathetick Words made captive ev'ry Heart, like those enchanting Syllables, which in the Silence of the peaceful Night have Force instantaneously to stop, i'th' Middle of *Olympus*, the Moon and Stars; to calm the Seas enraged; to hush the Billows, and the roaring Winds, and to suspend the River's rapid Course.

Mentor was, in the Midst of these furious Nations, like *Bacchus*, when encompass'd round with Tygers, which, forgetting their Fierceness, attracted by the Sweetness of his Voice, came to lick his Feet, and by their Fawnings give Signs of their Submission. At first, a profound Silence reign'd throughout the Camp. The Chiefs look'd upon each other, and could neither withstand this Man, nor yet comprehend who or what he was. All the Troops suspended turn'd their Eyes upon him. None durst to speak, lest he should proceed, and of what he farther said they might prevent the Hearing. Though they knew not what could be added to that he had deliver'd; yet they could have wish'd to have hear'd him longer. What he had pronounced remain'd deeply impress'd upon their Minds. While he spake he gain'd the Hearts and Confidence of all, and every one was in a manner in Suspence, eager to sieze the minutest Word which he let fall.

At

Mentor

At length, after a pretty long Silence, a humming Sound was heard, which gradually was diffused around. It was not now the Noise confused of Men, who chafed with Rage; but on the contrary a low and auspicious Murmur: their Countenances discover'd something, which we can alone conceive, but not express, of a Mind serene and pacified. The *Mandurians*, so greatly irritated, found their Weapons insensibly drop from out their Hands. The fierce *Phalanthus* and his *Lacedæmonian* Youth were surpriz'd to find their flinty Hearts quite mollified. Others began eagerly to wish the happy Peace that had been set to View. *Philotes* being more sensibly affected than any other, by the Experience of his Misfortunes, could not refrain from Tears. *Nestor*, incapable to speak, in the Extasy which *Mentor's* Harangue had caused, tenderly embraced him, and all the Troops, as if this had been a given Sign, cried out: O thou venerable Sage, thou hast disarm'd us! *Peace! Peace!*

Nestor, immediately after, would have enter'd on an Harangue; but all the Troops, impatient, fearing he might start some Difficulty, once again cried out *Peace! Peace!* and there was no silencing them, but by the Generals of the Army joining their Cries of *Peace, Peace*. *Nestor*, convinced he could not obtain Leave to make a premeditated Speech, said only, *Mentor* you see of what Weight are the Words of a Man of Probity. When Wisdom and Virtue speak, they calm all Passions; our just Resentments change to Friendship and the Desire of a solid Peace. We accept it on the Terms propos'd. At the same Time all the Generals stretch'd forth their Hands in Token of Consent.

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Mentor immediately hastened to the Gate of *Salentum*, to cause it's being open'd, and to acquaint *Idomeneus* that he might come forth without Precaution. In the Interim, *Nestor* embracing *Telemachus*, said : O lovely Son of the Wisest among all the *Greeks*, may you equal him in your Wisdom, and meet a Destiny more favourable ! have you yet learn'd nothing of your Father's Fate ? The Remembrance of that Hero, whom you so much resemble, has conduced to stifle our Resentment. *Phalanthus*, tho' rough and fierce, though he had never seen *Ulysses*, yet could not but be touch'd with his, and with his Son's Misfortunes ; and they began to be earnest with *Telemachus* to relate his Adventures, when *Mentor* return'd with *Idomeneus*, follow'd by all the *Cretan* Youth.

The Allies found their Wrath rekindle at the Sight of *Idomeneus*, but *Mentor's* Speaking extinguish'd this Flame ready to burst out afresh. Why, said he, do we delay to ratify this sacred Alliance, of which the Gods will be both Witnesses and Protectors ? May they take Vengeance for it, if ever any Wretch flagitious dare to infringe it ; and may all the most dreadful Calamities of War, far from overwhelming the innocent and faithful Subjects, fall upon the perjured Head of the execrable ambitious Man, who shall trample on the sacred Rights of this Alliance. May he be detested both by Gods and Men ; may he never reap the Fruits of his vile Perfidy ; may the infernal Furies, under the most terrifying Form, hurry him on to Madness and Despair. May sudden Death o'ertake him, and may he have no Hopes of Burial ; but may his Carcass fall a Prey to Dogs and Vulturs ; may his Soul be hurled down to the deep Abyss of Hell,

Hell, and there feel Torments endless, exceeding those of *Tantalus*, *Ixion*, and the *Danaids*: But rather, may this Peace be firm and steady as the Rock *Atlas* *, which supports the Heavens; may it, by all these People, be rever'd, and may they and their late Descendants reap it's Fruits. May the Names of those, who by their Oaths confirm it, be by late Posterity mention'd with Veneration and Affection. May this Peace, founded on Justice and Fidelity, serve as a Model of future Peace to all Nations inhabiting this Globe, and may such States, as by their Union would secure their mutual Happiness, imitate the People of *Hesperia*.

At these Words, *Idomeneus* and the other Monarchs swore to the propos'd Conditions, and twelve Hostages were given on either Side. *Telemachus* would be one, on the Part of *Idomeneus*; but they would by no Means admit of *Mentor* being in the Number, as the Allies insisted on his continuing with *Idomeneus*, that he might warrant the Conduct both of *Idomeneus* and of his Council, 'till the Conditions promised were entirely perform'd. An hundred Heifers, white as Snow, and as many Bulls, whose Horns were gilt and adorn'd

* *Atlas*. There are two Hills so called; one which divides the Kingdoms of *Fes* and *Morocco*: And this here mention'd, which is in *Mauritania*, and takes it's Name from a King of that Country, who being a great Astronomer was said to support the Heavens. He was changed into this Mountain by *Perseus* at the Sight of the *Gorgons* Head. He was Brother to *Prometheus*, and had seven Children, who after Death were made Stars, and are the *Pleiades*, or what are vulgarly called the Seven Stars.

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adorn'd with Festons, were sacrificiz'd between the Town and Camp. The Lowings of these Victims, which fell beneath the sacred Blade, were heard to eccho from the neighb'ring Hills. Their reeking Blood gush'd on all Hands, and Wines, most exquisite, were pour'd in Plenty forth for the Libations. The *Aruspices* consulted the yet palpitating Entrails. These Sacrificators burnt on the Altar Incense, which arose in Clouds, and with grateful Odours perfumed the Plains around.

In the Interim, the Soldiers on either Side, who no longer view'd each other with an hostile Eye, began to entertain themselves with their Adventures. They now refresh'd themselves, after their Toils, and had a Foretast of the endearing Sweetness of Peace. Many of those, who had follow'd *Idomeneus* to the Siege of *Troy*, knew again such of *Nestor's* Men as had born Arms in the same tedious War. They tenderly and mutually embraced, and related to each other, reciprocally, what ever Events they had experienced from the Time that they had raz'd that splendid Town, once the Ornament of *Asia*. And now they stretch'd them on the Grass, and, crown'd with Flowers, amicably quaff'd the Wine which from the Town was, in large Vessels, brought, to celebrate the so auspicious Day.

On a sudden *Mentor* said, O Kings, O Captains, who are here assembled, henceforth, though called by different Names, and under different Chiefs, yet shall ye be but one united People; for thus the impartial Gods, Lovers of Men, and Authors of their Existence, will themselves be the Band of perfect Harmony among them. All the Race of Men are but one Family dispers'd o'er the whole Face of Earth. All the Inhabitants of the Globe are Brethren, and such ought to agree in
mutual

mutual Love. Woe to those impious Caitifs, who seek a cruel Fame by shedding their Brethrens Blood, which is indeed their own. Wars are sometimes necessary, I acknowledge: but 'tis the Reproach of human Kind, that, on some Occasions, they are inevitable. O ye Monarchs, say not that War is desirable, that we may purchase Fame. True Glory is not to be found beyond the Limits of Humanity. Whoever prefers his peculiar Glory to the Sentiments of Humanity, is a Monster swoll'n with Pride and not a Man, and will never attain to more than a false Glory; for the true Glory is to be found in Moderation and in Goodness only. Such an one may be flatter'd, to sooth his stupid Vanity; but in private, whoever speaks his real Sentiments, will say, he is by so much less worthy of Glory, as his Anxiety to acquire it was unjust. He merits not the Esteem of Men, since he had so little for them, that he was lavish of their Blood, through brutal Vanity. Happy that Prince who loves his People and has gain'd their Confidence; who far from making War upon them prevents all Dissensions which may arise among them, while Foreign Nations envy their happy Lot in living under his Dominion. Deliberate then O you Chiefs of the most puissant Cities of *Hesperia*, on frequent Meetings. Agree on general Assemblies, once every three Years, in which all the Kings, now present, may convene, and by a new Oath renew th'Alliance, confirm the promis'd Amity, and consult the common Interests of all. While you remain united, this delightful Coast will inwardly be bless'd with Peace, with Glory, and with Plenty; while Abroad you'll ever prove invincible. Discord, alone, sprung from Hell, to be the Scourge of Men, can possibly disturb

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disturb the Happiness which is design'd you by the Immortal Powers.

Nestor replied, You may judge by the Readiness with which we have agreed to Peace, how far we are from entering into War, actuated by vain Glory, or a Desire to rise by our Neighbours Harm : But when we border on a restless Prince, who knows no Law but his own Interests, and omits no Opportunity to seize on the Rights of other States, what Method can we hold ? Think not I have now an Eye on *Idomeneus* ; No, I no longer entertain this Opinion of him. It is *Adrastus* *,
King

* *Adrastus*, the French Notes say, was King of *Argos*, and also of these *Daunians* ; but I don't find, in his Story, any Mention of these People as his Subjects, and his Character is vastly different from that which our Author here gives him, and which is rather the real one of the late King of *France*, who aspired at Universal Monarchy, and by his ambitious Views and Haughtiness united all his Neighbours against him ; he stuck at nothing which might any way contribute to his Designs, and there was no depending on the most solemn Treaties ; for he would break through all Ties if he found his Advantage in it : A Policy (of which we have a recent Example, with Regard to the Queen of *Hungary*) the *French* will ever practice, if we may judge from their former and present Regard to Engagements enter'd into with other States.

Adrastus was King of *Argos* Son of *Talaus*, a very gallant Prince, who acquired great Fame in the first War against *Thebes*, which he undertook to support the Pretensions of his Son-in-law *Polynices*, and was, 'tis said, the only one of the Chiefs that return'd from the War. He govern'd the Kingdom of *Argos* and that of *Sicyon*, which was left him, with great Equity. He was of a most engaging Temper and Carriage, humane and affable, and entirely beloved by his Subjects ; yet was he driven

King of the *Daunians* *, from whom we have Ground to apprehend the very worst of Ills. This Prince contemns even the Gods themselves, and figures to himself that all Mankind was born to contribute, by their Bondage, to his Glory. He is not content with Subjects to be at once their Father and their King; he will have Slaves. He demands Adorers. He exacts divine Honours to be paid him. Hitherto blind Fortune has been propitious to his unjust Attempts. We were expeditious in advancing to
assault

driven out of his own Kingdom by his Brother-in-law, who had married his Sister *Euriphyle*; but was again restor'd. He reign'd long and happily, revered and beloved; acquired a great Reputation for both his Justice and Bravery, at length died with Grief for the Loss of his Son, slain before *Thebes*, and was honoured as a Hero; especially in *Sicyon*, where a Temple was built and Altars rais'd to his Honour, as a Deity.

There are so many Fables about the Horse of this Monarch, called *Arion*, that the Reader may not be displeas'd at my taking Notice of them. *Servius* and *Probus* will have it to be the very Horse which *Neptune* rais'd out of the Earth, in his Contention with *Minerva*. *Pausanias* affirms this Horse to have been the Offspring of *Neptune*, begotten on *Ceres*, or of *Zephyrus* and a *Harpy*, and that he was rear'd by the *Nereides*, or Fairies of the Sea, and that he sometimes drew the Char of *Neptune*, who gave him to *Copreus*. He again presented him to *Hercules*, who made Use of this Horse against *Cycnus* the Son of *Mars*, whom that Hero slew, and *Hercules* gave him to *Adrastus*. His Feet on the Off-side resembled those of Men, and he had the Use of Speech.

* The *Daunians* were a People inhabiting, formerly, the East Part of *Italy*, now called *Piana*, belonging to the Kingdom of *Naples*.

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assault *Salentum*, to rid us of the weakest of our Foes, whose Establishment on this Coast is but in its Infancy, that we might afterwards turn all our Arms against this other more potent Enemy. He has already taken several Towns from our Allies; he has in two Battles triumph'd over the *Crotonians*. He employs all Means to satiate his Ambition, and Force and Fraud are to him alike, if he can crush his Enemies. He has amass'd vast Treasures; his Troops are well disciplin'd and inured to War; his Officers have great Experience, and he is perfectly well served. He is himself an incessant Watch o'er all who act by his Command; he is severe in punishing the minutest Fault, and with Liberality rewards the Service done him. His own Bravery animates and supports that of his Troops. Did Justice and Sincerity guide his Actions, he would be a Monarch thoroughly accomplish'd: But he apprehends neither the Gods, nor the Reproaches of his own Conscience. He even despises Reputation, which he looks upon as a vain Phantome, capable to check weak Minds alone. Nothing with him is a real or a solid Good, but the Advantage of possessing Treasures immense, of being fear'd, and of trampling over all Mankind. We shall very soon see his Armies enter our Possessions, and if the Confederacy of so many States is not sufficient to make Head against him, all Hopes of Liberty are lost. *Idomeneus* is not less concern'd in Interest than we are, to oppose this Neighbour, who can suffer nothing near him in native Freedom. Should we be conquer'd, the same Misfortune would threat *Salentum*; wherefore, let us, in a Body, haste, to prevent the

the Danger. While *Nestor* held this Discourse, they advanced towards the City; for *Idomeneus* had invited the Kings and Generals thither, to pass the Night.

End of the Eleventh Book.



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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
Son of *Ulysses.*

BOOK the TWELFTH.

ARGUMENT.

NESTOR, in the Name of the Allies, asks Succours of Idomeneus, against their Enemies the Daunians. Mentor, who has an Eye to the Regulation of the City of Salentum, and to the inuring the People to Husbandry, manages in such a Manner, that they are satisfy'd with a Hundred of
the

the Cretan Nobility, commanded by Telemachus. After his Departure, Mentor takes an exact Survey of the Town and Harbour. He informs himself of every Particular, and engages Idomeneus to institute new Laws, both for Trade and Civil Government. He persuades him to range the People in Seven Classes, which, with Regard both to Precedency and Birth, he distinguishes by their different Habits. He prevails upon him to banish Luxury and all useless Arts, and to employ the Artificers in Husbandry, which he brings into Esteem.



AND now the whole Army of the Allies had pitch'd their Tents, and the extended Plain glow'd with the dazzling Colours of rich Pavillions, under which, the fatigued *Hesperians* waited the Call of *Morpheus*. The Kings on entering the City, with their Attendants, seem'd astonish'd that such magnificent Structures could, in so small a Time, be rais'd, and that the Avocations of so great a War could not prevent the Town being at once rais'd embellish'd.

The Vigilance and Wisdom of *Idomeneus*, who was able to found so noble a Kingdom, were the Objects of their Admiration, and every one concluded that, a Peace having been ratified with this Prince, if he was induced to enter into their Alliance against the *Daunians*, it would acquire a powerful Reinforcement. The Proposal was made



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*Les ROIS ALLIÉZ partent de SALENTE & vont faire la Guerre
aux DAUNIENS avec TELEMAQUE & cent Nobles CRETOIS. Liv. 12.*

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made him, and as he could not reject what was in it self so just, he promis'd to furnish some Troops : But as *Mentor* was perfectly well vers'd in every Thing that could contribute to make a Nation flourish, he judg'd rightly that the Forces *Idomeneus* had, could not be as considerable as they appear'd. He drew him therefore on one Side, and held him this Discourse :

You see our Endeavours have not been useless to your Interests : *Salentum* is now deliver'd from the menacing Misfortunes, and it depends on you alone to raise her Glory to the Skies, and equal in the Government of your People, the Wisdom of your Grandfire *Minos*. I continue to accost you with a liberty of Speech, as I suppose 'tis what you wish, and that you detest all Flattery. While these Princes extoll'd your Magnificence, I tacitly reflected on the Rashness of the Course you have held.

At the Word Rashness, *Idomeneus* changed Countenance, his Eyes wander'd, the Colour mounted in his Cheeks, and he was ready to interrupt *Mentor* to speak his Resentment. *Mentor* with a modest and respectful, yet a free and a resolute Voice, said, you are shock'd with the Word Rashness, I plainly can perceive it : Any other but myself wou'd have done wrong had he employ'd this Term. Kings we ought to Honour, and have Regard to their Sensibility, even in reprov'ing them ; Truth of itself is sufficiently offensive to their Ears, without the Addition of hard Terms ; but I flatter'd myself that I might address you without palliating my Words, to shew your Errors : My Design was to accustom you to hear Things mention'd by their true Appellations, and to make you sensible that when others shall give you their
Opinion

Opinion on your Conduct, they will not dare to utter all they think. You must, if you will not be deceived by the Sentiments of such, conceive more than they will speak on Things which will be to your Disadvantage. As to my Part, according as your Affairs will admit, I will palliate my Words: But it is to your Advantage, that a Man who has no Interest to serve, a Man of no Importance, shou'd in Private speak to you in rugged Terms: No other will venture to do it, and you will never but by halves, or under a specious Veil come at the Truth.

At these Words, *Idomeneus*, recover'd from his first Emotion, seem'd ashamed of his too great Delicacy. You see, *Mentor*, said he, the Effects of being accusom'd to Adulation. The Welfare, the Preservation of my new Kingdom I owe to you, and I shall esteem my self happy in hearing any Truths from you: But O take Pity on a Prince whom Flattery has infected, and who cou'd not, even in Misfortunes, find one Person generous enough to tell him Truth; no, never found I one, who loved me well enough to hazard my Displeasure, by telling it me, neither curtail'd nor disguis'd.

In saying this his Eyes were filled with Tears, and he with Tenderness strain'd *Mentor* to his Breast. The wise old Man then proceeded. It is with Grief that I find myself compell'd to say to you Things disagreeable; but can I bear to betray you by covering o'er the Truth? Suppose yourself in my Place. If you have hitherto been deceiv'd, the Reason's plain, you were willing to be so; you have apprehended Counsellors who had too much Sincerity. Have you sought out Men disinterested and the most proper to contradict you? have you taken Care to put such

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Men on speaking who were the least forward to please you; the least Self-interested in their own Conduct, and the most capable of arraigning your Passions, and your unjust Sentiments? When you have discovered Flatterers, have you driven them from your Court? Have you had a Diffidence of them? No, no, you have not done what none omits doing who have a Love for Truth, and are worthy of her Acquaintance. Let us now see if you have Fortitude enough to be mortify'd by that Truth by which you are condemn'd.

I told you, that what had acquir'd you such Praise, ought much rather to be exploded. While, without, you had such a Number of Enemies who threaten'd your new erected Kingdom, as yet but ill establish'd, you bent your whole Thoughts within, upon raising Magnificent Structures in your Infant City. It is this, which caused you the many restless Nights, as you yourself acknowledged to me. You exhausted your Treasures, you never once thought of encreasing the Number of your People, or of cultivating the fertile Lands which lye upon this Coast. Ought not these two Points to have been the true essential Basis of your Power? Namely, the having a Number of able Men, and cultivated Lands for their Subsistence. In these Beginnings, to contribute to the multiplyings of your Subjects, a long Peace was necessary. You ought to have turn'd your Thoughts alone on Husbandry, and the Establishment of prudent Laws; but vain Ambition push'd you on to the very brink of Ruin; and by endeavouring to appear Great, you had near destroy'd your real Greatness. Delay not to repair these Oversights. Sur-cease these mighty Works, renounce this Pomp, which will be the

Deſtruction of your new City; give a peaceful Reſpite to your People, and employ your Care to procure them Plenty to facilitate their Marriages; for know, you are a King no longer than you have Subjects over whom you Reign, and that your Power is not meaſured by the extent of Lands which you poſſeſs, but by the Number of Men who inhabit thoſe Lands, and who are, by Inclination, ſubmitted to your Dominion. If you poſſeſs but a moderate Tract of Land, cultivated by an innumerable, laborious, and a diſciplin'd People, and fix your Empire in their Hearts, you are more poiſſant, more happy, and more glorious, than are all thoſe Conquerors, who lay waſte ſo many Kingdoms.

What Method can I then take, reply'd *Idomeneus*, with Regard to theſe Confederate Princes? Ought I to expoſe the Weakneſs of my State? I acknowledge I have neglected both Husbandry and Trade, tho' for the latter, I am, on this Coaſt, ſo commodiouſly ſituated: I have been intent alone on raiſing a ſplendid City; muſt I then, my dear *Mentor*, diſcredit myſelf in an Aſſembly of ſo many Sovereign Princes, and publiſh my own Imprudence? If it is expedient, I will not heſitate in doing it, however grating; for I have learn'd, from you, that he who is in Fact a King, made ſuch, for his Subjects, and owes his whole Care to them; ought to prefer the Welfare of his Kingdom to his own Character.

This Sentiment, answer'd *Mentor*, is worthy of the Father of his People. It is by this Benevolence, and not by the vain Magnificence of your City, that I diſcover in you the Heart of a real King; but you muſt be tender of your Honour, as it is for the Intereſt of your Kingdom. Leave it to
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my Care; I will immediately insinuate to these Monarchs that you are engaged to establish *Ulysses*, if he is still living, at least his Son, in the Regal Power of *Ithaca*; and are resolv'd, by Force of Arms, to clear that Island of the Pretenders to *Penelepe*. They will easily conceive that such a War requires numerous Forces, and will be therefore satisfy'd with your furnishing, in the Beginning, but a small Reinforcement against the *Dau-nians*.

At these Words, *Idomeneus* seem'd like a Man eased of an intolerable Burthen. You save, said he, my dear Friend, my Honour and the Reputation of this rising Town, whose Weakness you conceal from all my Neighbours. But with what Probability can I say that I am determin'd to send Troops to *Ithaca*, for the Reestablishment of *Ulysses*, or at least his Son, in that Island, while *Telemachus* is himself engaged to go against the *Dau-nians*? Give your self no Trouble, replied *Mentor*, I will say nothing, which does not quadrate with the Truth. The Ships which you design to send, to settle a Trade, shall steer for the Coast of *Epirus*, and may execute two Commissions at the same Time; one, to invite back the Foreign Merchants to your Shores, who have been driven from *Salentum* by the too heavy Customs: the other, to enquire after great *Ulysses*. If he is still living, he cannot be far from those Seas which divide *Greece* from *Italy*; and it has been, even confidently, reported, that he was seen among the *Phenicians*. Nay should even all Hopes of seeing him again be lost, your Vessels will, howe'er, perform a signal Service to his Son; they will spread, in *Ithaca*, and in all the neighbouring Countries, the Terror of the Name of young *Telemachus*, whom,

with his Father, they imagine dead. The Pretenders to *Penelope* will be stunn'd at the News of his being on the Point to return with the Succours of a powerful Ally, and the *Ithacians* will not dare to cast off their Obedience: *Penelope* will receive Comfort, and will persist in her Refusal to make Choice of a new Consort. Thus will you be serviceable to *Telemachus*, while he supplies your Place among the Allies of this Coast of *Italy*, against the *Daunians*.

At these Words, *Idomeneus* cried out: Happy the King who is supported by prudent Counsels! One wise and faithful Friend is of greater Value, to a Monarch, than victorious Armies; but doubly happy is the Prince who is sensible of the Blessing, and can improve it, by making a prudent Use of wise Advice! for often does it happen that we remove far from our Confidence Men of the greatest Probity and Merit, apprehending their Virtue, to listen to Flatterers, not apprehending their Treachery. I my self have been guilty of this Oversight: I will give you a Detail of the Misfortunes in which I was involv'd by a false Friend, who sooth'd my Passions, hoping, in my Turn, that I would flatter his.

Mentor, without Difficulty, made the moderate Monarchs sensible, that it was incumbent on *Idomeneus* to undertake the Interests of *Telemachus*, while this Prince accompany'd them. They were satisfy'd with having the Son of *Ulysses* with a Hundred *Cretans*, the Flower of the young Nobility, whom *Idomeneus* had brought with him from *Crete*, to follow *Telemachus*. *Mentor* had advis'd his sending them to this War. We ought, said he, in Time of Peace, to apply our Care to the multiplying the People; but lest the whole

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Nation should become enervated and ignorant of Military Affairs, it is necessary to send the young Nobility into Foreign Wars. They alone suffice to keep up an Emulation of Glory, a Love of Arms, a Contempt of Toil, nay even of Death it self, and, lastly, Experience in the Military Art among all your People.

The confederate Princes departed from *Salentum*, thoroughly satisfied with *Idomeneus*, and charm'd with the Wisdom of *Mentor*. They were overjoy'd that *Telemachus* accompany'd them, but he himself was overwhelm'd with Grief when he came to part from his dear Friend *Mentor*. While the allyed Monarchs took their Leaves of, and gave their Oaths to, *Idomeneus*, that they would keep a never ending Alliance with him, *Mentor* held the *Ithacian* Prince enfolded in his Arms, and found himself bedew'd with the Tears *Telemachus* let fall. I am, said the Prince, insensible of Joy, tho' setting out in the Pursuit of Fame; and am affected with the Grief alone of our Separation. Methinks I again see that unhappy Time, when the *Ægyptians* forced me from your Arms, and removed me far from my dear *Mentor*, leaving me not even the Hope ever to see you more.

Mentor, to comfort him, answer'd, indulgently: This is a Separation vastly different. This is voluntary, will not be long, and you go in Quest of Victory. Your Affection for me, my Son, should have less of Tendernefs, and more of Fortitude. Accustom your self to bear my Absence, I shall not be always with you. Wisdom and Virtue rather, than the Presence of *Mentor*, ought to inspire how you ought to act.

In speaking these Words, the Goddess, conceal'd under the Form of *Mentor*, cover'd *Telemachus* with her *Ægis*, and inspired his Mind with Wisdom and Foresight; intrepid Bravery and gentle Temperance, which are so very rarely found united. Go, said he, whenever it may be necessary: Go into the Midst of greatest Perils. A Prince * brings a greater Blemish on his Honour, in eschewing Dangers, in a Battle, than in never going forth to War. His Courage should never be equivocal, who has the Command of others. If it is necessary to a People to preserve their King or General, it is still more necessary for them not to see the Reputation of his Courage dubious. Remember that he, who commands, ought to be a Pattern for others; his Example ought to animate the whole Army. Fear you then, O *Telemachus*, no Peril, and rather chuse to perish in the Fight, than suffer your Bravery once to be called in Question. Those Flatterers, who will be the most earnest to prevent your exposing your self to Danger when necessary, will, if they find you easily diverted on such Occasions, be the first to whisper † That you

* *Lewis* the Fourteenth often went into the Field, but in every Campaign took a very prudent Care to be out of Harm's Way, when any Battle was fought; so that nothing was more doubtful than his personal Courage, as it was pretty apparent at the Siege of *Bouchain*, where, a Battle with the Prince of *Orange* being inevitable, the Marshal *Schomberg* seeing the King, who was in the Council of War, turn pale, artfully averted the Opinion of all present, which was to give Battle. This is the *French Remark*.

† This was often said of *Lewis* the Fourteenth in his own Court, where even the Princes made themselves

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you want Courage: However, do not expose your self to useleſs Dangers. Bravery is a Virtue, but while 'tis under the Government of Prudence; it is otherwiſe a ſenſeleſs Contempt of Life, and a brutal Ardor. Raſh Valour has no Solidity. He who is not cool in Danger, is rather violent than brave; he muſt be always in a Rage to get the better of his Fear, for he can never ſurmount it by the natural Situation of his Heart. In ſuch a Circumſtance, if he does not fly, he is, however, in Confuſion; he loſes his Preſence of Mind, which would be of ſuch eſſential Uſe to him in the giving proper Orders, in laying Hold on Opportunities to overthrow his Enemies, and to ſerve his Country. If he has all the Fervency of a Soldier, he wants the Diſcernment of a General; nay he cannot have the true Courage of a common Centinel: for ſuch a one muſt, in the Battle, keep his Preſence of Mind, and Temperance, neceſſary to obey Command. He who raſhly expoſes himſelf confuſes the Diſpoſition of the Troops, ſets an Example of fool Hardineſs, and often puts a whole Army to the Hazard of great Diſaſters. They who prefer a vain Ambition to the Safety of the common Cauſe, merit Chaiſtifeмент, not Rewards.

Take Heed then, my dear Son, be not too impatient in the Purſuit of Fame. The true Method of attaining Glory is calmly to wait a favourable Opportunity. Virtue compells by ſo

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ſelves merry at the King's Expence; he, thoroughly unconcern'd, was lock'd up with Madam *de Maintenon*, while his Generals expoſ'd their Lives on his Frontiers, which were on all Sides open to the Irruptions of the Enemies. *French Remark.*

much the greater Veneration, by how much it appears unaffected, modest, and an Enemy to all Parade. As the Necessity shall increase of exposing our selves to Dangers, in like Proportion should new Remedies, new Penetration, fresh Courage also augment. Farther remember, that you should never draw upon you the Envy of any; and never, on the other Hand, be you jealous of the Success of others; give them Praise for what ever is Praise worthy, but do you this with Judgment, applauding with Alacrity; cast a Veil over what's amiss, and let it not occur to your Thoughts but with Regret. Take not upon you to decide in the Presence of those ancient Chiefs, who have all the Experience which 'tis impossible that you yet can have; hear them with Deference, ask their Advice; Entreat the most expert among them to give you Instruction, and never be ashamed to attribute to the Light, you receive from them, whatever you perform laudable.

In a Word, never listen to any Stories which either cause your Diffidence, or excite your Jealousy of the other Chiefs. Accost them with Confidence and Ingenuity; and if you judge that they have been wanting in their Respect to you, unbosom your self and declare your Reasons. If they are capable of making a right Judgment of so generous a Procedure, you will win their Hearts, and you will obtain from them, whatever you can reasonably expect: If, on the contrary, they want Judgment to concur with you in Opinion, you will, by your own Experience, be taught what Injustice you may suffer from them, will take your Measures to no more expose your self, while the War continues, and have nothing in your Conduct to reproach you. But, above all, never acquaint certain Adulators,

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tors, who sow Division, with the Subject of Uneasiness, which you may think given you by any of the Heads of the Army in which you are. I will remain here, said *Mentor*, to be assistant to *Idomeneus*, in the Necessity he is under of exerting himself for the Welfare of his People, and to thoroughly prevail on him to repair the Mistakes, which bad Counsellors and Sycophants have led him into in the Establishment of his new Dominion.

Telemachus, at these Words, could not help shewing some Surprise, and even some Contempt of the Conduct of *Idomeneus*; but *Mentor* took him up in an austere Tone: Are you astonish'd, said he, that the most valuable Men are no more than Men; and that amidst the innumerable Snares and Perplexities, inseparable from a Regal State, they should discover some Remains of human Frailty? *Idomeneus*, 'tis true, has been brought up with pompous * lofty Notions. But where's the Philosopher, who, in his Situation, could have been superior to Flattery? I allow he has suffer'd those, in whom he placed his Confidence, to gain too great an Ascendant over him; but the wisest Kings are oft deceiv'd, whatever Care they take that they may not. A King must necessarily have Ministers to share his Burthen, and in these he is obliged to repose a Confidence, as he cannot do every Thing himself. Moreover, a Sovereign is less acquainted than are private Men, with those about him. They

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* This an exact Account of the Education of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, who suffer'd his Ministers to gain an Ascendant over him, and could not well guard against their Snares, as he was put, so young, into their Hands. *French Remark.*

appear before him ever in a Mask, and the most subtle Arts are all exhausted to deceive him.

Alas, my dear *Telemachus*, Experience will make you but too sensible of this! We find not in Men either the Virtues or the Talents we require. It is to little Purpose that we study them, and endeavour to know them thoroughly; we are daily out in our Account. We never thoroughly succeed, even with the best of Men, to make them such, as, for the publick Wealth, they ought to be. They have their Obstinacies*, their Antipathies, and their Jealousies; it is not easy to either persuade or to correct them. The more populous a Kingdom is, the greater Number of Ministers are required, to transact what Princes themselves cannot; and the more numerous are those with whom they lodge their Authority, the more are they liable to be mistaken in their Choice.

They, who unmercifully censure the Conduct of Sovereigns to-day, would to-morrow, invested with a Regal Power, employ it worse; be guilty of the self-same Faults, and infinitely greater in their Government. A private State of Life, moderately adorn'd with Elocution, covers all natural Defects, heightens shining Talents, and makes us, in Appearance, worthy of all the Posts, which we have not. Authority is the severe Test of our Talents, and discovers great Defects. Greatness may be compar'd to Convex-Glasses, which

* This reflects on Mr. *de Louvois*, and Mr. *Colbert*, who could never agree, whose Incompatibility occasion'd a great Damage to both the King and Kingdom. *French Remark.*

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which magnify all Objects. All our Faults seem to encrease in Magnitude, in an exalted Station, in which the minuteſt Things are great in their Conſequences, and the ſmalleſt Overſights have violent Repercuffions.

The whole World are conſtantly intent on examining one particular Man, to censure him with the greateſt Severity. His Judges have not the leaſt Experience of his Situation; they are Strangers to the Difficulties which attend it. They will not, ſuch Perfection do they require in him, allow him to be mere Man. Let a King be never ſo good, never ſo wiſe, yet is he a Man. His Capacity and Virtue have both their Limits. He has his natural Diſpoſitions, his Paſſions, and his Habits, which he cannot thoroughly get the better of: he is beſieged by artful and ſelf-intereſted Men; he finds not the Relief he ſeeks; he daily falls into ſome Error, one while miſſed by his own, at another by the Paſſions of his Miniſters. Scarcely has he rectified one Miſtake e'er he is guilty of another. Such is the Condition of the moſt penetrating and the moſt virtuous Monarchs. The longeſt and the beſt Reign is too ſhort, and too full of Imperfections, to repair at the Cloſe what has been, undeſignedly, ſpoil'd in the Beginning.

All theſe Calamities accompany a Regal State, and human Frailty ſinks under ſuch an oppreſſing Load. Kings are to be pity'd and to be excuſed. Are they not to be pity'd who have ſuch a Number of Men to govern, whoſe Wants are numberleſs, and who give ſo great Perplexity to thoſe who wiſh to rule them well? To ſpeak plainly, Men, indeed, are Objects of Compaſſion, in as much as they are obliged to be under the Domi-
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nion of one of their own Species: to reform Mankind is a Work for Gods to undertake. Kings are no less to be lamented, who being nothing more than Men, that is, weak and imperfect, have such an innumerable Number of Men, deceitful and corrupt, to govern.

Telemachus answer'd with Warmth: It was by his own Fault that *Idomeneus* lost the Kingdom of his Ancestors in *Crete*, and he had lost this second of *Salentum* but for your Advice. I allow, said *Mentor*, that he has committed great Oversight; but visit *Greece*, visit all other Countries, even the best govern'd, and find a King, who has not been guilty of Faults inexcusable. The greatest Men have Defects in both their Temper and Genius, which get the better of them; and the most Praise is due to those who have the Fortitude to acknowledge and redress their Faults.

Do you imagine that even *Ulysses*, the great *Ulysses*, your Father, who is a Pattern for all the *Grecian* Monarchs, is exempt from Faults and Foibles? had he not been guided, even Step by Step, by the immortal *Pallas*, how often had he sunk under the Perils and Perplexities in which Fortune sported at his Expence? How often has *Minerva* either restrain'd or corrected that Hero to keep him in the Tract of Glory through the Paths of Virtue. Do not flatter your self that when you see him in the Height of his Glory, seated on the Throne of *Ithaca*, that you will find him all Perfection. Doubtless you will see Faults in him; yet Spight of these, he has been the Admiration of *Greece*, of *Asia*, and of all the Isles: A thousand surprizing Qualities obliterate his Defects. You will be truly happy, if you
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also admire this Hero ; never cease to study him, as an Example for your own future Conduct.

Accustom your self, *Telemachus*, to expect nothing, even from the greatest Men, beyond the Power of Mortals. Unexperienced Youth easily give into presumptuous Censures, which disgust them to those very Patterns they ought to copy, and give them over to an Indocibility incurable. You ought not only to love, to reverence and imitate your Father, though he is not faultless, but you ought, beside, to have a high Esteem for *Idomeneus*.

Notwithstanding all that I have condemn'd in his Conduct, he is naturally just, sincere, liberal and beneficent. His Courage is without Blemish ; he abhors Deceit, when he has once discover'd it, and when he truly follows the real Byass of his Inclinations. His exterior Gifts are great, and proportion'd to his Rank ; his Ingenuity in acknowledging his Errors, his Mildness and Patience in suffering me to say the harshest Things to him ; his Fortitude, employ'd against himself, openly to correct his Oversights, and thus to rise above the Censures of the World ; manifest a Soul that's truly great. Prosperity, or the Advice of others, may prevent a Man of a very limited Genius from being guilty of certain Errors ; but it is alone a sublime Virtue which can prevail upon a Monarch, so long misled by Flattery, to repair what he had done amiss. It is by much more glorious thus to rise again, than never have to fallen.

Idomeneus has been guilty of Errors, which few Monarchs have not committed ; but then, again, scarce any Sovereign does what he has done for his Amendment. As for my Part, I
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could not sufficiently admire him at the very Instant that he allow'd me to contradict him. He ought also, my dear *Telemachus*, to be the Object of your Admiration : it is with less Regard to his Character, than to your Advantage, that I have given you this Advice.

Mentor, by this Discourse, made *Telemachus* sensible of the Danger of being unjust, in being too prone to severely censure others, especially those, who are charged with the Trouble and Difficulties of Government. At length *Mentor* said, It is Time you should depart; Farewell : I will wait your Return, my dear *Telemachus*. Remember that he who fears the Gods has nothing to apprehend from Man. You will be involv'd in the greatest Dangers ; but know, that *Minerva* never will desert you.

At these Words, *Telemachus* thought himself sensible of the Goddess's Presence, and had even discover'd that it was she herself, who spoke to inspire him a Resolution full of Hope, had not she recalled to his Mind the Image of *Mentor*, by saying : Forget not, my Son, all the Care I took while you were in a State of Infancy, that you might equal your great Father in Wisdom and Intrepidity. Do nothing unworthy of the bright Examples he has set, and of those virtuous Maxims which *Mentor* has endeavour'd to inspire.

The Sun, already risen, had gilt the Mountain Tops, when the Monarchs left *Salentum*, to return and join their Troops : these, encamp'd around the Town, began their March under their respective Leaders. On all Hands were seen a Grove of Pikes, the glittering of the Bucklers was intolerable to Sight, and Clouds of Dust obscured the chearful Day. *Idomeneus*

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and *Mentor* accompany'd the confederate Monarchs to the Plain, and they withdrew from the City Walls. At length, after reciprocal Marks of a sincere Friendship given, they parted: the Allies having experienced the good Intentions of *Idomeneus*, who had been represented to them in a very different Light, were thoroughly satisfied that the Peace would be a lasting one. The Judgment they had before made of the King of *Salentum*, was not from his natural Sentiments, but from the unjust and adulating Counsels he had blindly follow'd.

The Army being departed, *Idomeneus* conducted *Mentor* through all the Quarters of the City. Let us examine, said the latter, what Number of Men you have in both the Town and Country. Let an Account be taken of, and then see how many among them are Husbandmen. Let us also inspect into the Quantity of Corn your Land yields in a moderate Season; and what Oil, what Wine, and other Necessaries it produces. We shall thus know if it is sufficient to subsist your People, and with an Overplus to carry on a beneficial Trade with Foreign Nations. Let us examine too, how many Ships and Mariners you have; it is from them that you must compute your Strength. He inspected the Haven, and went on Board of every individual Ship; he inform'd himself of the Countries with which every one in particular carry'd on a Trade, what were the Goods exported and imported, and what the Expence of every Voyage to each respective Ship: the reciprocal Loans among the Merchants; the Companies they form'd among themselves, to discover if they were faithfully and equitably maintain'd.

tain'd. In fine, the Dangers of Shipwrecks and other Misfortunes to which Trade is liable, to prevent the Ruine of the Merchants, who, through Avidity of Lucre, often undertake above their Strength.

He advis'd all Bankrupts being severely punished; for even such as cannot be tax'd with Fraud, seldom can be absolv'd from Rashness. At the same Time he laid down some Rules, by which Bankruptcies might be always prevented. He appointed Magistrates, to whom the Merchants gave in an Account of their Effects, their Profits, their Disbursements, and of their Undertakings. They were never permitted to run any Hazard of another Man's Fortune, and could not even risque more than one Half of their own Capitals. Moreover, those Enterprizes, which were too great for any one, in particular, were undertaken by a joint Company; and the Regulations of these Companies were inviolable, through the rigorous Punishment incurr'd by not observing them. Moreover, a free and full Liberty of Trade was granted, and far from cramping it with Duties, a Reward was promis'd to all Merchants who could bring a Trade to *Salentum*, from any State with which they had hitherto had no Dealings.

Thus Dealers from all Countries flock'd to the Port of *Salentum*; the Trade of the City was like the Flux and Re-flux of the Sea, and Wealth flow'd in, as the Waves roll one upon another. It was a free Port both for Import and Exportation. Whatever was imported was useful; whatever was exported, left Riches to supply it's Place. Strict Justice presided o'er all the different Nations, in the Harbour of

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Salentum. Exemption from Imposts, Sincerity and Candour seem'd from the Height of those tall stately Towers to invite the Merchants, from the most distant Climes : All these Negotiators, whether they came from those Eastern Coasts, where *Phæbus* daily rises from the Bosom of the Deep, or they, who came from the vast Ocean, in which, weary'd with his Course, the God of Day descends to quench his Light, lived in *Salentum* with Security and Peace, as in their native Soils.

Within the City, *Mentor* made a Review of all the Ware-houses, Shops, and publick Places, and prohibited the Importation, from Foreign Countries, of whatever Wares might tend to the Introduction of Luxury, and to Effeminacy : He regulated the Dress, the Tables, the Furniture, the Extent and Embellishment of Houses, for every Class of Subjects ; he forbid all Ornaments of Gold and Silver, and told *Idomeneus*, that the only Method he knew to bring his People to a frugal Way of Life, was that of his own Example. 'Tis, said he, necessary that you should preserve a certain exterior Majesty ; but your Authority will be sufficiently distinguish'd by your Guards and the principal Officers, who attend you. Content your self with a Garment of the finest Wool of Purple-Die ; let your great Officers of State be cloath'd with the same Manufacture, and the Difference consist alone in Colour, and a slight Gold-Embroidery to border yours. Different Colours will suffice to distinguish the different Ranks, without having Recourse to Gold, to Silver, or to Jewels. Do you regulate Precedence according to Birth. Place those who are of the most ancient and
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most conspicuous Families, in the foremost Class, Men of Merit, and of Authority by their Employments, will readily consent to follow those, whose ancient and illustrious Families have so long been in Possession of the highest Honours : Men who have not the same Advantage of Nobility will readily give them Place, provided you do not habituate them to forget themselves, by a too great and too sudden Fortune, and that those who are modest in Prosperity ; experience your publick Approbation of their *Æquanimity*. The Distinction, least exposed to Envy, is that which we derive from a long Train of Ancestors.

You will sufficiently excite Virtue, and Men will be forward enough to serve the State, if you reward generous Exploits with Crowns and Statues, and make them the first Step to raise the Children of such, who have thus distinguish'd themselves, to the Degree of Nobles.

Let those of the first Quality, next your self, be cloath'd in White, and their Garments be border'd with a Gold Fringe ; wear a Gold Ring, and about their Neck your Effigies in a golden Medal. Be the next Rank dress'd in Blue, with the Ornament of a Silver Fringe and a Ring ; but not a Medal. Let the third Class wear Green, without either Ring or Fringe, but having the Medal. Order the fourth to dress in Aurora ; the fifth in Pale Red, or Rose Colour ; the sixth in Gridelin ; the seventh, which I count the lowest, in Yellow intermix'd with White.

These are the Cloathings for the seven different Ranks of Free Men. As to the Slaves, let them wear a Russet Grey ; thus, without any

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Expenſe, every one will be diſtinguiſh'd according to his Quality, and all Crafts, which tend only to nourish Pride, will be banish'd from *Salentum*. Such Artificers, who are employ'd in these pernicious Myſteries, may be of Use in neceſſary Arts, which are not many in Number, in Merchandize or Husbandry. No Change ought to be allow'd in Dreſs, either in the Nature of Stuffs, or in the Form of Garments; for 'tis a Diſgrace that Men, destin'd to a ſedate and an exalted Courſe of Life, ſhould waſte their Time in the Invention of ſtudy'd Trappings, or even permit their Wives, in whom theſe Amuſements are leſs reproachful, to be guilty of ſuch Exceſs.

Mentor, like an expert Gardener, who lops away the uſeleſs Wood of his bearing Trees, endeavour'd to reſcind all Pomp which tends but to corrupt the Manners of Men, and reduced ev'ry Thing to a noble and frugal Plainneſs. In like Manner he regulated the Diet both of Citizens and Slaves. How ſcandalous is it, ſaid he, that Men, of the greateſt Dignity, ſhould place their Grandeur in high-ſeaſon'd Diſhes, by which they debilitate the Mind, and inſenſibly ruine their Health of Body? They ought to make their Happineſs conſiſt in their Moderation, in the Power of benefiting others, and in that Reputation which is the Reſult of Actions laudable. Sobriety makes the plaineſt, the moſt agreeable Diet; 'tis this Virtue, which, with the moſt vigorous Health, affords the pureſt and the moſt ſtable Pleaſures. You ſhould then confine your Diet to the beſt Viands, dreſs'd without Seaſonings. The Skill of provoking Appetite, beyond what is really neceſſary, is an Art to poiſon.

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Idomeneus perceiv'd that he had done wrong in suffering the Inhabitants of his new City to enervate themselves and corrupt their Manners, by breaking through all the Laws of Sobriety instituted by *Minos*: but the prudent *Mentor* made him sensible, that even these Laws reviv'd would prove fruitless, if the Example of the King did not give them that Authority which they could derive from no other. *Idomeneus* immediately regulated his own Table, to which he allow'd nothing to be brought but excellent Bread, Wine of the Country Growth, (strong and agreeable) and that sparingly, and plain Dishes, such, as with the other *Greeks*, he fed on at the *Trojan* Siege. Nobody durst complain of a Regulation, to which the King himself submitted, and thus every one retrench'd all Delicacy and Profuseness, into which they were plunging, with regard to their Tables.

Mentor, after this, banish'd all soft and enervating Musick, which corrupted the whole Body of the Youth, and was not less severe with Regard to that of the *Bacchanalians*, which intoxicates no less than Wine, and is productive of violent and shameless Manners. He restrain'd all Musick to Festivals, and allow'd it not out of the Circuit of Temples, there, alone, to chant the Praises of the Gods, and of such Heroes who had been Examples of the most uncommon Virtues. He would allow the stately Ornaments of Architecture, such as Columns, Pediments and Porticoes, to be alone employ'd in sacred Structures. He laid down Models of a plain but agreeable Manner of Building, by which a light and commodious House, for a large Family, might be rais'd on a small Spot of Ground, and
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after such a Plan that its Prospect should be healthy, the Apartments separate, easy to be kept clean and in good Order, and liable but to small Disbursements for Repairs.

He would have every House, above the common, be allow'd a Hall and a little Peristyle, with small Chambers, for all the Freemen of the Family; but he strictly forbade a superfluous Number of these, and all Magnificence in the Apartments.

These different Models of Houses, according to the Largeness of the respective Families, not only, at a small Expence, embellish'd one Part of the City, but made it extremely regular; whereas the other, which was before compleated, according to the Vanity and Fancy of the respective Owners, notwithstanding it's Magnificence, was neither so commodious, nor so agreeable in it's Disposition. This new City was finish'd in a small Space of Time, as the neighbouring Coast of *Greece* furnish'd able Architects, and as a great Number of Masons was sent for from *Epirus* and other Countries, on Terms, that, their Work being finish'd, they should have Liberty to settle round about *Salentum*, take up Lands to clear, and contribute to People the Country.

Painting and Sculpture *Mentor* esteem'd, as Arts by no Means to be given up; then he would allow but very few in *Salentum* to apply themselves to them. He founded a School, in which presided Masters of a refin'd Taste, who examin'd the Pupils. These Arts, said he, which are not absolutely necessary, should have nothing mean or faulty; consequently they ought to admit none but Youths of a very promising Genius,

nus, who are emulous of the utmost Perfection. Others were born for Arts much inferior, and may be usefully employ'd in the common Affairs of the Republick. Painters and Sculptures should be employ'd to perpetuate the Memory of great Men, and great Exploits, and to that End only. Publick Structures, or Tombs, ought to preserve the Representations of what sublime Virtue has perform'd, for the Advantage of the Country. The Moderation and Frugality of *Mentor* did not however prevent his authorizing all the vast Structures design'd for Horse and Chariot Races, for Wrestling, for the *Cæstus*, and for all other Exercises beneficial to the Body, by making it more vigorous and elastic.

He put down a vast Number of Merchants who vend'd figured Silks, gold Embroideries of excessive Price; Gold and Silver Vessels, with the Figures of Gods, Men and Animals; in short, Cordial Waters and Perfumes: He even enjoin'd all the Furniture of the Houses to be plain, and made to last. In such sort did he manage, that the People of *Salentum*, who had loudly complain'd of their Poverty, began to perceive how much useless Wealth they were possess'd of. But these were deceitful Riches, by which they were Impoverish'd, and they in Reality grew Rich, in proportion to the Courage they had to divest them. It is, said they themselves, being truly Rich to despise those Treasures which drain a State, and to lessen our Wants by reducing them to the sole Demands of Nature.

Mentor lost no Time but inspected all the Arsenals and Stores, to examine whether the Arms and other Instruments of War were well condition'd;

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for, said he, we must be always prepared for War, to the end we may not be reduced to the Misfortune of making it. He perceiv'd, every where many Things wanting, and thereupon immediately drew together Handycrafts-men, to employ their Work on Iron, Steel, and Brass. Now were seen to rise the fiery Forges and Clouds of intermingled Flame and Smoak, like the Subterranean Fires which *Ætna* belches forth; the Sledges thunder'd on the solid Anvils, which groan'd beneath repeated Strokes: The neighbouring Hills and Coasts eccho'd to the Hammers, and one might have thought himself in that Isle where *Vulcan* encouraging his *Cyclopes*, Forges th' avenging Bolts for the dread Father of th' Immortal Gods. Thus by wise precaution, all the Preparatives for War were seen in Peace profound.

Mentor now, with *Idameneus*, left the Town, and observ'd a large and fertile Tract of Land uncultivated; and some again but half improv'd, by the Negligence and Poverty of the Husbandman, who wanting Hands sufficient, wanted also Heart and Strength to give the last Perfection to his Agriculture. *Mentor*, observing this waste Country, said to the King, these Grounds wou'd enrich the Inhabitants if they were not neglected by them. Let us then take all the superfluous Artificers in the City, whose Trades serve only to deprave good Manners, and employ them in the Cultivation of these Fields and Hills. It is indeed a Misfortune, that these Men practising Arts which require a sedantry Life, are not inured to Labour; but we must thus remedy this Evil; divide among them all the vacant Lands, and call to their Assistance all the Neighbouring

ring People, who working under, will discharge them from, tasks the most laborious Work. These People will undertake it, provided you make them suitable Returns, out of the Product of the very Lands which themselves shall clear. They may, in the Sequel, have a part given them in Possession, and be incorporated with your *Cretans*, whose Number is too small. If these are Laborious and obedient to the Laws, you cannot have better Subjects, and they will besides augment your Power. Your Craftsmen of the City, transplanted to the Country, will rear their Children to the Cares and Labours of a Rural Life. Moreover, all the Masons of Foreign Climes, who are employed to raise your Town, have oblig'd themselves to clear a part of your Grounds, and to enter on the Business of a Hind. As soon as these have finish'd their present Work, incorporate them with your People: These Workmen will be overjoy'd to pass the Remainder of their Days under a Government which is now so mild. As they are a strong and laborious set of Men, their Example will be a Means to stir up to Labour the Artificers transplanted from the City to the Plains, as they will be intermingled with them. In process of Time the whole Country will be Peopled with healthy Families addicted to Husbandry.

As to the Multiplication of this People you need give your self no Trouble; they will soon become innumerable, if you facilitate the Means of Marriage, and nothing is easier. All Men have an Inclination to marry, and Poverty alone checks it. If you do not load them with Taxes, they will find no Difficulty to support

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their Wives and Children; for the Earth is never ungrateful, she always yields a Subſtenance, in her Produce, to thoſe who are induſtrious in her Cultivation. She reſuſes her Benefits to them alone who reſuſe her their Labour. The more numerous is the Husband-man's Family, the greater is his Wealth, if not impoveriſh'd by the Sovereign; for their Children, even in their tender Years, begin to contribute their Aſſiſtance. The youngſt tend the Flocks in the Paſtures, they who are of riper Years are Herdſmen, and the eldeſt aſſiſt their Father in his Tillage: In the Interim, the Mother, with all her Family makes ready a plain Repaſt for her beloved Spouſe and Children, who muſt neceſſarily return fatigued with the Labour of the Day. She takes Care to drain the Udders of her Kine and Sheep, and we ſee flowing Rivulets of Milk. She lights up a large Fire, around the which the innocent and contented Family delight themſelves in Singing all the Evening, 'till friendly Sleep comes on. She makes Cheeſe, lays up Cheſnuts, and preſerves Fruits freſh, as when newly gather'd from the Trees.

The Shepherd returns with his ſweet Pipe, and to the collected Family ſings what new Songs he has learn'd in neighb'ring Hamlets. The Ploughman brings home his Plough, and tired Oxen, which, notwithstanding urged by the pungent Goad, proceed, with Necks inclin'd, and ſlow and heavy Steps. All the diſpleaſing Labours of the Day are finiſh'd with it. The Poppies which *Morpheus*, by the Gods Decree, ſcatters o'er the Earth, by their ſoft Charms aſſuage corroding Cares, and keep all Nature in a ſweet Enchantment. All indulge to Sleep, improvident of the Mor-

row's Ills. Happy are these Men void of Ambition, Strangers to Jealousies and to Deceits, if the Gods bless them with a Prince who breaks not in upon their innocent Enjoyments! How shocking is that Inhumanity which, for ambitious Views and pompous Schemes, rend from them the sweet Product of their Lands, which they hold from the liberal Hand of Nature and their own Toil. Nature alone would, from her fertile Bosom, afford sufficient for a Number infinite of temperate and laborious Men; but they are the Pride, the Effeminacy of certain Persons, which introduce a pinching Poverty among so many others.

But, said *Idomeneus*, what Method shall I take, if these People, with whom I shall fill the Country, neglect to cultivate the Lands? Do, reply'd *Mentor*, the Contrary of what is commonly practis'd. Covetous and improvident Princes think only of loading, with their Taxes, such of their Subjects as are the most careful and the most industrious to improve their Lands, as they hope, by these, to be paid with less Trouble; and at the same time they impose less on those whose Wretchedness is the Result of their Idleness. Put an End to this ill-judg'd Method, which ruins the valuable Subject, rewards Vice, and introduces a Neglect not less fatal to the Monarch than to the Commonwealth in general. Impose Taxes, Mulcts, and even, if need be, severe Punishments on such as neglect their Grounds; as you would punish a Soldier, who should desert his Post in Time of War. On the contrary grant Favours, and Exemptions to such Families, who, in multiplying, proportionably, extend their Tillage. These Families will soon encrease, and every one will be encourag'd to La-

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bour ; nay, it will become reputable, the Husbandman's Profession will be contemptible no longer, as it will no longer be overwhelm'd with such Oppressions. We shall see again the Plough esteem'd honourable, and held by the victorious Hands which had been the Bulwarks of their Country. It will be no less glorious to cultivate the Patrimony descended from our Fathers in the happy Times of Peace, than bravely to have defended it in the Tumults of a War. All the Country will again flourish. *Ceres* will crown her Head with Ears of gilded Corn. *Bacchus*, pressing the blushing Grape beneath his Feet, shall from the Declivity of the verdant Hills pour Rivulets of Wine, which shall excell e'en Nectar in its grateful Flavour. The humble Vales shall eccho with the Concerts of the Swains, who on the Banks of Rivers, rolling a Chrystal Stream, shall to the Flute join the harmonious Song, while the skipping wanton Flocks, fearless of the Wolf, graze amidst the fragrant Flowers.

Can you, O *Idomeneus*, be other than extremely happy in seeing deriv'd from you, as from the Source, so many Blessings, and such a Number of People enjoy a desirable Tranquility beneath the Shadow of your Name. This Glory, is it not more affecting than that of making the World desolate, and spreading not only in foreign vanquish'd States, but almost as much within your own, even in the midst of Triumphs, Slaughter, Confusion, Horror, Afflictions, Consternation, devouring Famine, and a fell Despair ?

Happy is that Sovereign who is thus favoured by the Gods, and has a Greatness of

Soul to incite him thus, to be the Delight, the Joy of all his Subjects, and to exhibit to all Ages an amiable Portrait, in the Contemplation of his Reign! The World entire, far from resisting his Power, by bloody Battles, wou'd cast themselves at his Feet, to entreat his accepting a Dominion over them.

Idomeneus replied, but when my People shall enjoy such Peace and Plenty, Pleasures will corrupt them, and the Strength they have receiv'd from, they'll turn against, me. Fear not this Inconveniency, answer'd *Mentor*. It is a Pretence constantly alledged to flatter Princes who are profuse, and overload their Subjects with their Subsidies. The Remedy is easy. The Laws of Husbandry which we have but now establish'd will make their Lives laborious, and their Affluence will not exceed the Necessaries of Life, as we retrench all the Arts employ'd in Superfluities. Nay, this Plenty, by the Facility of Marriage, will suffer a Diminution from the great Multiplication of Families; each being numerous, and having but little Land, will be under a Necessity of manuring it with incessant Labour. The Insolence and Rebellion of Subjects rise on the Base of Idleness and Luxury. Yours will, 'tis true, have a Sustenance sufficient, but then they will have nothing beyond the Bread, and other Produce of their own Lands, raised by the Sweat of their own Brows.

To restrain your Subjects to this Temperance, you must instantaneously begin to fix the Limits of the Grounds destin'd for the respective Families. You know we have rang'd all your Subjects in seven Classes, according to their different Qualities. You must allow no one Family to

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possess an Extent of Land beyond what is necessary to support the Number of Persons it contains. This Rule being inviolable, the Nobility will not be able to make any Acquisitions on the Poor; all will be provided with Lands, but every one in particular will have but a small Tract, and therefore will be excited to cultivate it well. If in a long Space of Time, there should not be a sufficient Quantity here, Colonies may be planted which will extend this Dominion.

I am even of Opinion that you shou'd not suffer Wines to become too Plenty in your State. If too many Vines are planted, they should be rooted up. Wine is the Source of the greatest Mischiefs among the People; from that spring Deseases, Quarrels, Seditions, Slothfulness, a Disgust to Toil, and Excess in Families: Let it therefore be reserved for a Sort of Cordial, or as a Liquor extremely rare, which is alone made Use of in Sacrifices and extraordinary Entertainments. But never hope that you can make a Regulation of such Importance take Place, among your Subjects, if you your self do not set th'Example. You must, beside all this, strictly enjoyn an inviolable Obedience to the Laws of *Minos*, for the Education of the Children; and found publick Schools, in which the Masters must inculcate a religious Fear of the Immortal Powers, Love for their native Soil, a Veneration for the Laws, and a Preference of Probity not only to Pleasures, but even to Life it self.

You must create Magistrates to inspect the Conduct both of entire Families, and particular Persons. Do you your self keep an Eye over them. You, who are a King, that is a Shepherd to,
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Night and Day, watch o'er your Flock. By these Means you will prevent many Irregularities, and many Crimes ; and those which you cannot prevent, punish immediately with Severity. It is an Act of Clemency, by immediate Examples to stop the Course of Iniquity. A little Blood, opportunely shed, will in the Sequel, prevent the Effusion of a great deal, and be able to impress a Fear of your Authority, without being often rigorous ; but what a detestable Maxim is it, to imagine that your sole Security consists in the oppressing of your People ! To neglect their Instruction, and the guiding them in the Paths of Virtue ; never to engage their Affections ; to drive them to Despair by Dint of being terrible, and to force them on the dreadful Necessity of being depriv'd for ever of all Liberty or of shaking off the Yoke of your tyrannick Government ; are these the Ways which lead to Glory ?

Remember that in the Countries, where the Government of the Sovereign is most absolute, there the Sovereign is the least powerful. The Monarch there siezes on, and ruins all, and he alone possesses the whole Commonwealth ; wherefore it grows feeble, the Country lies uncultivated and almost desert, the Towns grow daily thin, and Trade is stagnated. A King, who cannot be such, if he has no one to govern ; and has the Denomination, only, from having Subjects, gradually destroys the Essence of his Sovereignty, as he insensibly destroys his People, who are the Fountain of both his Treasures and his Power. His Country is drain'd of Men and Money ; and the former is by much the greater and more irreparable Loss ; his despotick Power makes as many Slaves as he has Subjects. Men flatter, and make a Shew of ador-

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ing him, they tremble at the least Look of his; but if the least Revolution happens, this unnatural Power, carry'd to an Excess outrageous, cannot subsist. It has no Resource in the Hearts of the People; it has wearied out and incens'd the whole Body of the State, and has constrain'd every Member of this Body to pant after such a Change with universal Warmth. The first Blow levels this Idol with the Ground, and it is trampled under Foot. Contempt, Hate, Fear, Repentment, Jealousy, and, in a Word, every human Passion conspire against a Power so very odious. That Monarch, who in a vain Prosperity found not a Man daring enough to tell him Truth, will not, under Misfortunes, find any who will vouchsafe to excuse him to, or defend him against, his Enemies.

After this Discourse, *Idomeneus*, by the Persuasions of *Mentor*, immediately made a Distribution of the vacant Lands, peopled them with the unnecessary Mechanicks, and put in Execution whatever had been before determin'd. He reserv'd only Lands for the Masons, which had been design'd them, but which they could not cultivate 'till they had finish'd the Work they were engaged in, in the City.

End of the Twelfth Book.



